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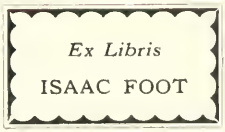

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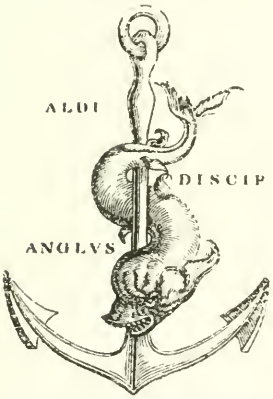

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
Faustus	1
Faustus (with a later text)	85
Ballad of Faustus	157
Edward the Second	161
Massacre at Paris	291
Dido	361

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

The Tragicall History of D. Faustus. As it hath bene Acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his seruants. Written by Ch. Marl. London Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell 1604.

In reprinting this edition, I have here and there amended the text by means of the later 4tos,—1616, 1624, 1631.—Of 4to 1663, which contains various comparatively modern alterations and additions, I have made no use.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Pope.
Cardinal of Lorrain.
The Emperor of Germany.
Duke of Vanholt.
Faustus.
Valdes, } *friends to Faustus.*
Cornelius, }
Wagner, *servant to Faustus.*
Clown.
Robin.
Ralph.
Vintner.
Horse-courser.
A Knight.
An Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

Duchess of Vanholt.

Lucifer.
Belzebub.
Mephistophilis.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shapes of Alexander the Great, of his paramour, and of Helen.

Chorus.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate* the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt† his‡ heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen, we must perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas‖ his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.

* *mate*] i. e. confound, defeat.
† *vaunt*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "daunt."
‡ *his*] Qy. "her"? (but so all the 4tos).
‖ *Whereas*] i. e. where.

So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning*, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now† with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*‡

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.

* *cunning*] i. e. knowledge.

† *now*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "more."

‡ *Faustus discovered in his study*] Most probably, the Chorus, before going out, drew a curtain, and discovered Faustus sitting. In B. Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607, we find; "*Scen. Vltima. Alexander vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls* in his study *looking vpon a booke*, whilst a groome draweth the Curtaine." Sig. L 3.

Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou* hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that† end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy‡ farewell, and§ Galen come,
Seeing, *ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills‖ hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst¶ thou make men** to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

* *Analytics, 'tis thou, &c.*] Qy. "Analytic"? (but such phraseology was not uncommon).

† *that*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "the" (the printer having mistaken "y^{t}" for "y^{e}").

‡ *Economy*] So the later 4tos (with various spelling).—2to 1604 "Oncaymæon."

§ *and*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

‖ *bills*] i. e. placards.

¶ *Couldst*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "Wouldst."

** *men*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "man."

Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.*
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.†
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the Law‡:
This§ study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile‖ and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [*Reads*] *Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;* If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;

* *legatur*] All the 4tos "legatus."
† *&c.*] So two of the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.
‡ *Law*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "Church."
§ *This*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "His."
‖ *Too servile*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "The deuill."

Lines, circles, scenes *, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire† thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER‡.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAG. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

* *scenes*] "And sooner may a gulling weather-spie
By drawing forth heavens *Sceanes* tell certainly," &c.
Donne's *First Satyre*,—p. 327, ed. 1633.

† *tire*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "trie."

‡ *Enter Wagner, &c.*] Perhaps the proper arrangement is,—
"Wagner!

Enter Wagner.

Commend me to my dearest friends," &c.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Oh, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure* is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements†.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve‡ me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk§,

* *treasure*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "treasury."

† *these elements*] I should have supposed that the right reading was "the *elements*," but that we find in a subsequent scene, "Within the bowels of *these* elements," &c. p. 32.

‡ *Resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

§ *silk*] All the 4tos "skill" (and so the modern editors!).

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the* provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge†,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

* *the*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "our."

† *the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge*] During the blockade of Antwerp by the Prince of Parma in 1585, "They of Antuerpe knowing that the bridge and the Stocadoes were finished, made a great shippe, to be a meanes to breake all this worke of the prince of Parmaes: this great shippe was made of masons worke within, in the manner of a vaulted caue: vpon the hatches there were layed myll-stones, graue-stones, and others of great weight; and within the vault were many barrels of powder, ouer the which there were holes, and in them they had put matches, hanging at a thred, the which burning vntill they came vnto the thred, would fall into the powder, and so blow vp all. And for that they could not haue any one in this shippe to conduct it, Lauckhaer, a sea captaine of the Hollanders, being then in Antuerpe, gaue them counsell to tye a great beame at the end of it, to make it to keepe a straight course in the middest of the streame. In this sort floated this shippe the fourth of Aprill, vntill that it came vnto the bridge; where (within a while after) the powder wrought his effect, with such violence, as the vessell, and all that was within it, and vpon it, flew in pieces, carrying away a part of the Stocado and of the bridge. The marquesse of Roubay Vicont of Gant, Gaspar of Robles lord of Billy, and the Seignior of Torchies, brother vnto the Seignior of Bours, with many others, were presently slaine; which were torne in pieces, and dispersed abroad, both vpon the land and vpon the water." Grimeston's *Generall Historie of the Netherlands*, p. 875, ed. 1609.

Enter VALDES AND CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts:
Yet not your words only*, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vild†:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms‡
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning§ as Agrippa‖ was,
Whose shadow¶ made all Europe honour him.

* *only*] Qy. "alone"? (This line is not in the later 4tos.)
† *vild*] i. e. vile.
‡ *concise syllogisms*] Old ed. "Consissylogismes."
§ *cunning*] i. e. knowing, skilful.
‖ *Agrippa*] i. e. Cornelius Agrippa.
¶ *shadow*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "shadowes."

VALD. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits* of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters† with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the‡ white breasts of the queen of love:
From§ Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

FAUST. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

CORN. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in‖ minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,¶

* *spirits*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "subiects."
† *Almain rutters*] See note, vol. i. 122.
‡ *have the*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "in their."
§ *From*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "For."
‖ *in*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.
¶ *renown'd*] See note, vol. i. 27.

And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

VALD. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus'* works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORN. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning † by himself.

VALD. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUST. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Albertus'*] i. e. Albertus Magnus.—The correction of I. M. in *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841.—All the 4tos "Albanus."

† *cunning*] i. e. skill.

Enter Two Scholars.*

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo.*

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

First Schol. How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon†: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were

* *Enter Two Scholars*] Scene, perhaps, supposed to be before Faustus's house, as Wagner presently says, "My master is within at dinner."

† *upon*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "vpon't."

not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would* inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!† [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. Oh, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

* *speak, would*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "*speake*, it *would*."

† *my dear brethren*] This repetition (not found in the later 4tos) is perhaps an error of the original compositor.

Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure* *.

FAUST. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antartic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd†,
Th' abbreviated‡ names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring§ stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aërii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut ap-

* *Enter Faustus to conjure*] The Scene is supposed to be a grove: see p. 14.

† *anagrammatiz'd*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "and Agramithist."

‡ *Th' abbreviated*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "The breuiated."

§ *erring*] i. e. wandering.

pareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris *: *per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus* † *Mephistophilis!*

Enter a Devil.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [*Exit Devil.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjurer laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis, Mephistophilis, fratris imagine.

* *surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris*] The later 4tos have "*surgat Mephistophilis* Dragon, *quod tumeraris.*"—There is a corruption here, which seems to defy emendation. For "*quod* tumeraris," Mr. J. Crossley, of Manchester, would read (rejecting the word "*Dragon*") "*quòd* tu mandares" (the construction being "*quod tu mandares ut Mephistophilis appareat et surgat*"): but the "*tu*" does not agree with the preceding "*vos.*"—The Revd. J. Mitford proposes "*surgat Mephistophilis, per Dragon* (or *Dagon*) *quod* numen est æris."

† *dicatus*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "dicatis."

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS*.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUST. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPH. No, I came hither† of mine own accord.

* *Enter Mephistophilis*] i. e. the devil, or evil spirit Mephistophilis, who has just gone out, re-enters dressed as a Franciscan friar.—According to *The History of Dr. Faustus*, on which this play is founded, Faustus raises Mephistophilis in "a thicke wood neere to Wittenberg, called in the German tongue Spisser Wolt..... Presently, not three fathom above his head, fell a flame in manner of a lightning, and changed itselfe into a globe. ..... Suddenly the globe opened, and sprung up in the height of a man; so burning a time, in the end it converted to the shape of a fiery man [?]. This pleasant beast ran about the circle a great while, and, lastly, appeared in the manner of a Gray Fryer, asking Faustus what was his request?" Sigs. A 2, A 3, ed. 1648. Again; "After Doctor Faustus had made his promise to the devill, in the morning betimes he called the spirit before him, and commanded him that he should alwayes come to him like a fryer after the order of Saint Francis, with a bell in his hand like Saint Anthony, and to ring it once or twice before he appeared, that he might know of his certaine coming." *Id.* Sig. A 4.

† *came hither*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "*came* now *hither*."

FAUST. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens**;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUST. So Faustus hath already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPH. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence!
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

* *accidens*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "accident."

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUST. Where are you damn'd?

MEPH. In hell.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it* :
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
Oh, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUST. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these † tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's ‡ deity,

* *Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it*] Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 75;

"Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell."

† *these*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "those."

‡ *Jove's*] I may notice that Marlowe is not singular in applying the name *Jove* to the God of Christians;

"Beneath our standard of *Joues* powerfull sonne [i. e. Christ]."
Mir. for Magistrates, p. 642, ed. 1610.

"But see the judgement of almightie *Joue*," &c.
Id. p. 696.

And so the Italian poets;

"O sommo *Giove* per noi crocifisso," &c.
Pulci,—*Il Morg. Mag.*, C. ii st. 1.

Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty * years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve † me of thy master's mind.

MEPH. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough ‡ the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country § continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd ‖,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

* *four and twenty*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "24."

† *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

‡ *thorough*] So one of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "through."

§ *country*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "land."

‖ *desir'd*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "desire."

Enter WAGNER* *and* CLOWN.

WAG. Sirrah boy, come hither.

CLOWN. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts† as I have: boy, quotha!

WAG. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

CLOWN. Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

WAG. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

CLOWN. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend: burlady‡, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAG. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus*§?

CLOWN. How, in verse?

WAG. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre‖.

CLOWN. How, how, knaves-acre! ay, I thought

* *Enter Wagner, &c.*] Scene, a street most probably.

† *pickadevaunts*] i. e. beards cut to a point.

‡ *burlady*] i. e. by'r lady—by our Lady.

§ *Qui mihi dicipulus*] The first words of W. Lily's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*,—

"*Qui mihi discipulus*, puer, es, cupis atque doceri,
Huc ades," &c.

‖ *staves-acre*] A species of larkspur.

that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

Clown. Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin*.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars †, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh, as if they had paid for their‡ meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these gilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no: here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

* *vermin*] Which the seeds of staves-acre were used to destroy.

† *familiars*] i. e. attendant-demons.

‡ *their*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "my."

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils: say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop*? he has killed the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils; *and the* Clown *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! spirits, away!

[*Exeunt Devils.*

Clown. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vild† long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil: I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! no, no, sir; if you turn me

* *slop*] i. e. wide breeches.

† *vild*] i. e. vile.

into any thing, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and every where: oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets! I'll be amongst them, i'faith.

WAG. Well, sirrah, come.

CLOWN. But, do you hear, Wagner?

WAG. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN. Oh, Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

WAG. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras** *insistere.* [*Exit.*

CLOWN. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

FAUST. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.

* *vestigias nostras*] Most probably the blunder was intended by the author.

To God? he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUST. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

G. ANG. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. ANG. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make* men foolish that do trust them most.

G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. ANG. No, Faustus; think of honour and of† wealth. [*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

* *make*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "makes."
† *of*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me* what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPH. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives†,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

FAUST. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPH. But, Faustus, thou must bequeathe it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

FAUST. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

MEPH. Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUST. Is that the reason why‡ he tempts us thus?

MEPH. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*§.

FAUST. Why‖, have you any pain that torture¶ others?

MEPH. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

* *me*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *he lives*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "I liue."

‡ *why*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

§ *Solamen miseris, &c.*] An often-cited line of modern Latin poetry: by whom it was written I know not.

‖ *Why*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

¶ *torture*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "tortures."

FAUST. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

MEPH. Then, Faustus*, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUST. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPH. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUST. Ay, so I will [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.
[*Exit.*

FAUST. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill†?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

* *Faustus*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *bill*] i. e. writing, deed.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

MEPH. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on*.

FAUST. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

MEPH. Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul?
[*Aside.*

FAUST. *Consummatum est;* this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription‡ on mine arm?
Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me§ down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.
[*Aside, and then exit.*

* *Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on*] This would not be intelligible without the assistance of *The History of Dr. Faustus*, the sixth chapter of which is headed, — "How Doctor Faustus set his blood in a saucer on warme ashes, and writ as followeth." Sig. B, ed. 1648.

‡ *But what is this inscription*, &c.] "He [Faustus] tooke a small penknife and prickt a veine in his left hand; and for certainty thereupon were seen on his hand these words written, as if they had been written with blood, *O homo, fuge.*" *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Sig. B, ed. 1648.

§ *me*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "thee."

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* DEVILS, *who give crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *dance, and then depart.*

FAUST. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

FAUST. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPH. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUST. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!

FAUST. Then hear me read them. [*Reads*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires*. Fourthly,*

* *he desires*] Not in any of the four 4tos. In the tract just cited, the "3d Article" stands thus,—"That Mephostophiles should bring him any thing, and doe for him whatsoever." Sig. A 4, ed. 1648. A later ed. adds "he desired." Marlowe, no doubt, followed some edition of the *History* in which these words, or something equivalent to them, had been omitted by mistake. (2to 1661, which I consider as of no authority, has "he requireth.")

that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above-written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUST. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

MEPH. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUST. First will I question with thee about hell. Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPH. Under the heavens.

FAUST. Ay, but whereabout?

MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there* must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are† not heaven.

* *there*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *are*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "is."

FAUST. Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPH. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUST. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

MEPH. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUST. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond* to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

MEPH. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

FAUST. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing, &c.†.
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife‡,

* *fond*] i. e. foolish.

† *What! walking, disputing*, &c.] The later 4tos have "What, sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!" But it is evident that this speech is not given correctly in any of the old eds.

‡ *let me have a wife*, &c.] The ninth chapter of *The History of Dr. Faustus* narrates "How Doctor Faustus would have married, and how the Devill had almost killed him for it," and concludes as follows. "It is no jesting [said Mephistophilis] with us: hold thou that which thou hast vowed, and we will performe as we have promised; and more than that, thou shalt have thy hearts desire of what woman soever thou wilt, be she alive or dead, and so long as thou wilt thou shalt keep her by thee.—These words pleased Faustus wonderfull well, and repented himself that he was so foolish to wish himselfe married,

The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

MEPH. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUST. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

MEPH. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* DEVIL *drest like a* WOMAN, *with fire-works.*

MEPH. Tell me§, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

FAUST. A plague on her for a hot whore!

MEPH. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no* more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba†, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[*Gives book.*

that might have any woman in the whole city brought him at his command; the which he practised and persevered in a long time." Sig. B 3, ed. 1648.

§ *me*] Not in 4to 1604. (This line is wanting in the later 4tos.)

* *no*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *Saba*] i. e. Sabea—the Queen of Sheba.

The iterating‡ of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

FAUST. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

MEPH. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*

FAUST. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

MEPH. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

FAUST. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

MEPH. Here they be.

FAUST. Oh, thou art deceived!

MEPH. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

FAUST. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

MEPH. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUST. How provest thou that?

‡ *iterating*] i. e. reciting, repeating.

MEPH. It was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

FAUST. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me: I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. ANG. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. ANG. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUST. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. ANG. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt* ANGELS.

FAUST. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder* in mine ears,
"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?

* *thunder*] Old ed. "thunders." (This line is not in the later 4tos.)

I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology*.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPH. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus, all jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring† stars.

FAUST. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore?*

MEPH. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

FAUST. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days.

* *And argue of divine astrology, &c.*] In *The History of Dr. Faustus*, there are several tedious pages on the subject; but our dramatist, in the dialogue which follows, has no particular obligations to them.

† *erring*] i. e. wandering.

Tush, these are freshmen's† suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

MEPH. Ay.

FAUST. How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPH. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

FAUST. Well, resolve* me in this question; why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPH. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*

FAUST. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

MEPH. I will not.

FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPH. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUST. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

MEPH. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPH. Remember this. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

† *freshmen's*] "A Freshman, *tiro, novitius.*" Coles's *Dict.* Properly, a student during his first term at the university.

* *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

E. ANG. Too late.

G. ANG. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. ANG. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. ANG. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* ANGELS.

FAUST. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save* distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUC. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUST. Oh, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

LUC. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

FAUST. Oh, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

LUC. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam too.

FAUST. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

* *Seek to save*] Qy. "*Seek* thou *to save*"?

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me, as Paradise was to Adam, the first day of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins*.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except

* *Enter the Seven Deadly Sins*] In *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Lucifer amuses Faustus, not by calling up the Seven Deadly Sins, but by making various devils appear before him, "one after another, in forme as they were in hell." "First entered Beliall in forme of a beare," &c.—"after him came Beelzebub, in curled haire of a horse-flesh colour," &c.—"then came Astaroth, in the forme of a worme," &c. &c. During this exhibition, "Lucifer himselfe sate in manner of a man all hairy, but of browne colour, like a squirrell, curled, and his tayle turning upward on his backe as the squirrels use: I think he could crack nuts too like a squirrell." Sig. D, ed. 1648.

the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUST. What art thou, the second?

COVET. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest: oh, my sweet gold!

FAUST. What art thou, the third?

WRATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case* of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUST. What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

FAUST. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

GLUT. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a-day

* *case*] i. e. couple.

and ten bevers,*—a small trifle to suffice nature. Oh, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; oh, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

Faust. Away, to hell, to hell!† [*Exeunt the* Sins.

* *bevers*] i. e. refreshments between meals.

† *Away, to hell, to hell*] In 4to 1604, these words stand on a line by themselves, without a prefix. (In the later 4tos, the corresponding passage is as follows;

"—— begins with Lechery.

Luc. Away to hell, away! On, piper! [*Exeunt the Sins.*

Faust. Oh, how this sight doth delight my soul!" &c.)

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. Oh, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. Oh, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight*.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt* Lucifer *and* Belzebub.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus†.

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy‡

* *I will send for thee at midnight*] In *The History of Dr. Faustus*, we have a particular account of Faustus's visit to the infernal regions, Sig. D 2, ed. 1648.

† *Enter Chorus*] Old ed. "*Enter* Wagner solus." That these lines belong to the Chorus would be evident enough, even if we had no assistance here from the later 4tos.—The parts of Wagner and of the Chorus were most probably played by the same actor: and hence the error.

‡ *Learnèd Faustus,*

To know the secrets of astronomy, &c.] See the 21st chapter of *The History of Dr. Faustus*,—"How Doctor Faustus was caried

Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS‡.

FAUST. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier§,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next‖, coasting the realm of France,

through the ayre up to the heavens, to see the whole world, and how the sky and planets ruled," &c.

‡ *Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis*] Scene, the Pope's privy-chamber.

§ *Trier*] i. e. Treves or Triers.

‖ *From Paris next*, &c.] This description is from *The History of Dr. Faustus;* "He came From Paris to Mentz, where the river of Maine falls into the Rhine: notwithstanding he tarried not long there, but went into Campania, in the kingdome of Neapol, in which he saw an innumerable sort of cloysters, nunries, and churches, and great houses of stone, the streets faire and large, and straight forth from one end of the towne to the other as a line; and all the pavement of the city was of bricke, and the more it rained into the towne, the fairer the streets were:

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents*:
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut†, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one's night's space;

there saw he the tombe of Virgill, and the highway that he cut through the mighty hill of stone in one night, the whole length of an English mile," &c. Sig. E 2, ed. 1648.

* *Quarter . . . . equivalents*] Old ed. "Quarters . . . . equiuolence." (This line is not in the later 4tos.)

† *The way he cut*, &c.] During the middle ages Virgil was regarded as a great magician, and much was written concerning his exploits in that capacity. The *Lyfe of Virgilius*, however, (see Thoms's *Early Prose Romances*, vol. ii.,) makes no mention of the feat in question. But Petrarch speaks of it as follows. "Non longe a Puteolis Falernus collis attollitur, famoso palmite nobilis. Inter Falernum et mare mons est saxeus, hominum manibus confossus, quod vulgus insulsum a Virgilio magicis cantaminibus factum putant: ita clarorum fama hominum, non veris contenta laudibus, sæpe etiam fabulis viam facit. De quo cum me olim Robertus regno clarus, sed præclarus ingenio ac literis, quid sentirem, multis astantibus, percunctatus esset, humanitate fretus regia, qua non reges modo sed homines vicit, jocans nusquam me legisse magicarium fuisse Virgilium respondi: quod ille severissimæ nutu frontis approbans, non illic magici sed ferri vestigia confessus est. Sunt autem fauces excavati montis angustæ sed longissimæ atque atræ: tenebrosa inter horrifica semper nox: publicum iter in medio, mirum et religioni proximum, bélli quoque immolatum temporibus, sic

From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands‡,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPH. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

FAUST. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPH. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills

vero populi vox est, et nullis unquam latrociniis attentatum, patet: Criptam Neapolitanam dicunt, cujus et in epistolis ad Lucilium Seneca mentionem fecit. Sub finem fusci tramitis, ubi primo videri cœlum incipit, in aggere edito, ipsius Virgilii busta visuntur, pervetusti operis, unde hæc forsan ab illo perforati montis fluxit opinio." *Itinerarium Syriacum*,— *Opp.* p. 560, ed. Bas.

‡ *From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,*
In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands, &c.] The later 4tos "*In* one *of which*," &c.—*The History of Dr. Faustus* shews *what* "sumptuous temple" is meant: "From thence he came to Venice . . . . He wondred not a little at the fairenesse of S. Marks Place, and the sumptuous church standing thereon, called S. Marke, how all the pavement was set with coloured stones, and all the rood or loft of the church double gilded over." Sig. E 2, ed. 1648.

That underprop* the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst† runs flowing Tyber's stream
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make‡ safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte§ Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

FAUST. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of‖ Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear,
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPH. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

FAUST. Well, I am content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.

* *underprop*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "vnderprops."

† *Just through the midst, &c.*] This and the next line are not in 4to 1604. I have inserted them from the later 4tos, as being absolutely necessary for the sense.

‡ *make*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "makes."

§ *Ponte*] All the 4tos "Ponto."

‖ *of*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

Then charm me, that I *
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him.*

MEPH. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet. † *Enter the* POPE *and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* FRIARS *attending.*

POPE. My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?

FAUST. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

POPE. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

FIRST FRIAR. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

FAUST. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

POPE. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

FAUST. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches the dish.*

* *Then charm me, that I,* &c.] A corrupted passage.—Compare *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Sig. E 3, ed. 1648; where, however, the Cardinal, whom the Pope entertains, is called the Cardinal of *Pavia*.

† *Sonnet*] Variously written, *Sennet, Signet, Signate,* &c.—A particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Sennet.*

POPE. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

FAUST. I'll pledge your grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

C. OF LOR. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

POPE. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to. [*The* POPE *crosses himself.*

FAUST. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.
[*The* POPE *crosses himself again.*

FAUST. Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;
I give you fair warning.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

MEPH. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

FAUST. How! bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS *to sing the Dirge.*

FIRST FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that strook his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* FRIARS, *and fling fire-works among them; and so exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHOR. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and nearest companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learnèd skill,
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,

Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see perform'd. [*Exit.*

Enter ROBIN* *the Ostler, with a book in his hand.*

ROBIN. Oh, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked, before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH, *calling* ROBIN.

RALPH. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

ROBIN. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

RALPH. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

ROBIN. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

* *Enter Robin*, &c] Scene, near an inn.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras* at any tabern† in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. Oh, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name.

[*Exeunt.*

* *ippocras*] Or *hippocras*,—a medicated drink composed of wine (usually red) with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so called from *Hippocrates* (contracted by our earliest writers to *Hippocras*); perhaps because it was strained,—the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification being termed *Hippocrates' sleeve*.

† *tabern*] i. e. tavern.

Enter Robin *and* Ralph* *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph: did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce, signum!* here's a simple purchase* for horse-keepers: our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner.

Drawer‡, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[*Searches* Robin.

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Robin and Ralph, &c.] Perhaps a scene is wanting after the *Exeunt* of Robin and Ralph.

† *purchase*] i. e. booty—gain, acquisition.

‡ *Drawer*] There is an inconsistency here: the Vintner cannot properly be addressed as "Drawer." The later 4tos are also inconsistent in the corresponding passage: Dick says, "*the Vintner's boy* follows us at the hard heels," and immediately the "*Vintner*" enters.

RALPH. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER *searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

VINT. Well, tone* of you hath this goblet about you.

ROBIN. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to* RALPH].

VINT. What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to Ralph*].—[*Reads*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis,* &c.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.*

VINT. *O, nomine Domini!* what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

RALPH. *Peccatum peccatorum!*—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.

[*Gives the goblet to* VINTNER, *who exit.*

ROBIN. *Misericordia pro nobis!* what shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

* *tone*] i. e. the one.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

MEPH. Monarch of hell*, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

ROBIN. How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

MEPH. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone! [*Exit.*

ROBIN. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

RALPH. And I must be a dog.

ROBIN. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. [*Exeunt.*

* MEPH. *Monarch of hell,* &c.] Old ed. thus:—

"MEPH. Vanish vilaines, th' one like an Ape, an other like a Beare, the third an Asse, for doing this enterprise.

Monarch of hell, vnder whose blacke surney," &c.

What follows, shews that the words which I have omitted ought to have no place in the text; nor is there any thing equivalent to them in the corresponding passage of the play as given in the later 4tos.

Enter Emperor*, Faustus, *and a* Knight, *with Attendants.*

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus†, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must

* *Enter Emperor*, &c.] Scene—An apartment in the Emperor's Palace. According to *The History of Dr. Faustus*, the Emperor "was personally, with the rest of the nobles and gentlemen, at the towne of Inzbrack, where he kept his court." Sig. G, ed. 1648.

† *Master Doctor Faustus*, &c.] The greater part of this scene is closely borrowed from the history just cited: *e.g.* "Faustus, I have heard much of thee, that thou art excellent in the black art, and none like thee in mine empire; for men say that thou hast a familiar spirit with thee, and that thou canst doe what thou list: it is therefore (said the Emperor) my request of thee, that thou let me see a proofe of thy experience: and I vow unto thee, by the honour of my emperiall crowne, none evill shall happen unto thee for so doing," &c. *Ibid.*

confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

EMP. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed*, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,

* *As we that do succeed*, &c.] A corrupted passage (not found in the later 4tos).

Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

FAUST. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

KNIGHT. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

FAUST. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability* to present before your eyes the true sub-

* *But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability,* &c.] "D. Faustus answered, My most excellent lord, I am ready to accomplish your request in all things, so farre forth as I and my spirit are able to performe: yet your majesty shall know that their dead bodies are not able substantially to be brought before you; but such spirits as have seene Alexander and his Paramour alive shall appeare unto you, in manner and form as they both lived in their most flourishing time; and herewith I hope to please your Imperiall Majesty. Then Faustus went a little aside to speake to his spirit; but he returned againe presently, saying, Now, if it please your Majesty, you shall see them; yet, upon this condition, that you demand no question of them, nor speake unto them; which the Emperor agreed unto. Wherewith Doctor Faustus opened the privy-chamber doore, where presently entered the great and mighty emperor Alexander Magnus, in all things to looke upon as if he had beene alive; in proportion, a strong set thicke man, of a middle stature, blacke haire, and that both thicke and curled, head and beard, red cheekes, and a broad face, with eyes like a basiliske; he had a compleat harnesse [*i. e.* suit of armour] burnished and graven, exceeding rich to look upon: and so, passing towards the Emperor Carolus, he made low and reverend courtesie: whereat the Emperour Carolus would have stood up to receive and greet him with the like reverence; but Faustus tooke hold on him, and would not permit him to doe it. Shortly after, Alexander made humble reverence, and went out againe; and comming to the

stantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

KNIGHT. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

FAUST. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they best* lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

EMP. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

KNIGHT. Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

doore, his paramour met him. She comming in made the Emperour likewise reverence: she was cloathed in blew velvet, wrought and imbroidered with pearls and gold; she was also excellent faire, like milke and blood mixed, tall and slender, with a face round as an apple. And thus passed [she] certaine times up and downe the house; which the Emperor marking, said to himselfe, Now have I seene two persons which my heart hath long wished to behold; and sure it cannot otherwise be (said he to himselfe) but that the spirits have changed themselves into these formes, and have but deceived me, calling to minde the woman that raised the prophet Samuel: and for that the Emperor would be the more satisfied in the matter, he said, I have often heard that behind, in her neck, she had a great wart or wen; wherefore he tooke Faustus by the hand without any words, and went to see if it were also to be seene on her or not; but she, perceiving that he came to her, bowed downe her neck, when he saw a great wart; and hereupon she vanished, leaving the Emperor and the rest well contented." *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Sig. G, ed. 1648.

* *best*] Qy. "both"?

FAUST. How then, sir?

KNIGHT. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

FAUST. No, sir; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

KNIGHT. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone.

[*Exit.*

FAUST. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* SPIRITS *in the shapes of* ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR.

EMP. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

FAUST. Your highness may boldly go and see.

EMP. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

[*Exeunt Spirits.*

FAUST. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

EMP. One of you call him forth. [*Exit Attendant.*

Re-enter the KNIGHT *with a pair of horns on his head.*

EMP. How now, sir knight? why, I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,

Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

FAUST. Oh, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

EMP. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

FAUST. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight*. [*Mephistophilis re-*

* *Mephistophilis, transform him straight*] According to *The History of Dr. Faustus*, the knight was not present during Faustus's "conference" with the Emperor; nor did he offer the doctor any insult by doubting his skill in magic. We are there told that Faustus happening to see the knight asleep, "leaning out of a window of the great hall," fixed a huge pair of hart's horns on his head; "and, as the knight awaked, thinking to pull in his head, he hit his hornes against the glasse, that the panes thereof flew about his eares: thinke here how this good gentleman was vexed, for he could neither get backward nor forward." After the emperor and the courtiers, to their great amusement, had beheld the poor knight in this condition, Faustus removed the horns. When Faustus, having taken leave of the emperor, was a league and a half from the city, he was attacked in a wood by the knight and some of his companions: they were in armour, and mounted on fair

moves the horns.]—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

EMP. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, KNIGHT, *and* ATTENDANTS.

FAUST. Now, Mephistophilis†, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

MEPH. What, will you go on horse-back or on foot?

FAUST. Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER‡.

HORSE-C. I have been all this day seeking one

palfreys; but the doctor quickly overcame them by turning all the bushes into horsemen, and "so charmed them, that every one, knight and other, for the space of a whole moneth, did weare a paire of goates hornes on their browes, and every palfry a paire of oxe hornes on his head; and this was their penance appointed by Faustus." A second attempt of the knight to revenge himself on Faustus proved equally unsuccessful. Sigs. G 2, I 3, ed. 1648.

† *Faust. Now, Mephistophilis*, &c.] Here the scene is supposed to be changed to the "fair and pleasant green" which Faustus presently mentions.

‡ *Horse-courser*] i. e. Horse-dealer.—We are now to suppose the scene to be near the home of Faustus, and presently that it is the interior of his house, for he falls asleep in his chair.—

Master Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!

FAUST. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

HORSE-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

FAUST. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

HORSE-C. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you, speak for me.

MEPH. I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

FAUST. Well, come, give me your money [*Horse-courser gives Faustus the money*]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

HORSE-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

FAUST. Oh, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

HORSE-C. Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever: I'll not leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttocks as slick as an eel [*Aside*].—Well, God b'w'ye, sir: your

"How Doctor Faustus deceived a Horse-courser" is related in a short chapter (the 34th) of *The History of Doctor Faustus*: "After this manner he served a horse-courser at a faire called Pheiffering," &c.

boy will deliver him me: but, hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

FAUST. Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? [*Exit Horse-courser.*

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into§ my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

HORSE-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quoth a? mass, Doctor Lopus‖ was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse va-

§ *into*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "vnto."

‖ *Doctor Lopus*] i. e. Doctor Lopez, domestic physician to Queen Elizabeth, who was put to death for having received a bribe from the court of Spain to destroy her. He is frequently mentioned in our early dramas: see my note on Middleton's *Works*, iv. 384.

nished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—Oh, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, hey-pass¶, where's your master?

MEPH. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

HORSE-C. But I will speak with him.

MEPH. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

HORSE-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

MEPH. I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

HORSE-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

MEPH. See, where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-C. Ay, this is he.—God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

MEPH. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-C. So ho, ho! so ho, ho! [*Hollows in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

FAUST. Oh, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers.—My leg, my leg!

MEPH. Come, villain, to the constable.

¶ *hey-pass*] Equivalent to—juggler.

Horse-c. Oh, Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more!

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me: come to my ostry*, and I'll give them you.

Meph. Be gone quickly. [*Horse-courser runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter Wagner.

How now, Wagner? what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning†.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke *of* Vanholt, *the* Duchess, *and* Faustus‡.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

* *ostry*] i. e. inn,—lodging.

† *cunning*] i. e. skill.

‡ [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, the Duchess, and Faustus] Old ed.; " *Exeunt.*

Enter to them the Duke, the Dutchess, the Duke speakes." In the later 4tos a scene intervenes between the " *Exeunt* " of Faus-

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and,

tus, Mephistophilis, and Wagner, and the entrance of the Duke of Vanholt, &c.—We are to suppose that Faustus is now at the court of the Duke of Vanholt: this is plain, not only from the later 4tos,—in which Wagner tells Faustus that the Duke "hath sent some of his men to attend him, with provision fit for his journey,"—but from *The History of Doctor Faustus*, the subjoined portion of which is closely followed in the present scene. "Chap. xxxix. *How Doctor Faustus played a merry jest with the Duke of Anholt in his Court.* Doctor Faustus on a time went to the Duke of Anholt, who welcommed him very courteously; this was the moneth of January; where sitting at the table, he preceived the dutchess to be with child; and forbearing himselfe untill the meat was taken from the table, and that they brought in the banqueting dishes [i. e. the dessert], Doctor Faustus said to the dutchesse, Gratious lady, I have alwayes heard that great-bellied women doe alwayes long for some dainties; I beseech therefore your grace, hide not your minde from me, but tell me what you desire to eat. She answered him, Doctor Faustus, now truly I will not hide from you what my heart doth most desire; namely, that, if it were now harvest, I would eat my bellyfull of grapes and other dainty fruit. Doctor Faustus answered hereupon, Gracious lady, this is a small thing for me to doe, for I can doe more than this. Wherefore he tooke a plate, and set open one of the casements of the window, holding it forth; where incontinent he had his dish full of all manner of fruit, as red and white grapes, peares, and apples, the which came from out of strange countries: all these he presented

were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUST. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit Mephistophilis.*] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

DUKE. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

FAUST. If it like your grace, the year is divided

the dutchesse, saying, Madam, I pray you vouchsafe to taste of this dainty fruit, the which came from a farre countrey, for there the summer is not yet ended. The dutchesse thanked Faustus highly, and she fell to her fruit with full appetite. The Duke of Anholt notwithstanding could not withhold to ask Faustus with what reason there were such young fruit to be had at that time of the yeare. Doctor Faustus told him, May it please your grace to understand that the yeare is divided into two circles of the whole world, that when with us it is winter, in the contrary circle it is notwithstanding summer; for in India and Saba there falleth or setteth the sunne, so that it is so warm that they have twice a yeare fruit; and, gracious lord, I have a swift spirit, the which can in the twinkling of an eye fulfill my desire in any thing; wherefore I sent him into those countries, who hath brought this fruit as you see: whereat the duke was in great admiration."

into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba *, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

DUCHESS. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

FAUST. I am glad they content you so, madam.

DUKE. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

DUCHESS. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding † for this courtesy.

FAUST. I humbly thank your grace.

DUKE. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WAGNER ‡.

WAG. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods §:
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,

* *Saba*] i. e. Sabea.

† *beholding*] i. e. beholden.

‡ *Enter Wagner*] Scene, a room in the house of Faustus.

§ *he hath given to me all his goods*] Compare chap. lvi. of *The History of Doctor Faustus*,—"How Doctor Faustus made his will, in which he named his servant Wagner to be his heire."

Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.

[*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *with two or three* SCHOLARS, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FIRST SCHOL. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage*‖.

‖ *Helen passeth over the stage*] In *The History of Doctor Faustus* we have the following description of Helen. "This lady appeared before them in a most rich gowne of purple velvet, costly imbrodered; her haire hanged downe loose, as

SEC. SCHOL. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.
THIRD SCHOL. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
FIRST SCHOL. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!
FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you. [*Exeunt* SCHOLARS.

Enter an OLD MAN*.

OLD MAN. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail

faire as the beaten gold, and of such length that it reached downe to her hammes; having most amorous cole-black eyes, a sweet and pleasant round face, with lips as red as a cherry; her cheekes of a rose colour, her mouth small, her neck white like a swan; tall and slender of personage; in summe, there was no imperfect place in her: she looked round about with a rolling hawkes eye, a smiling and wanton countenance, which neere-hand inflamed the hearts of all the students; but that they perswaded themselves she was a spirit, which made them lightly passe away such fancies." Sig. I 4, ed. 1648.

* *Enter an Old Man*] See chap. xlviii of *The History of Doctor Faustus*,—"How an old man, the neighbour of Faustus, sought to perswade him to amend his evill life and to fall into

To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vild† and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin*
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost‡ come";
And Faustus now§ will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*

OLD MAN. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

repentance,"—according to which history, the Old Man's exhortation is delivered at his own house, whither he had invited Faustus to supper.

† *vild*] i. e. vile.

* *sin*] Old ed. "sinnes" (This is not in the later 4tos).

‡ *almost*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

§ *now*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

FAUST. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
OLD MAN. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*
FAUST. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.
FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
MEPH. Do it, then, quickly*, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.
FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
MEPH. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with

* *Meph. Do it, then, quickly, &c.*] After this speech, most probably, there ought to be a stage direction, "*Faustus stabs his arm, and writes on a paper with his blood.* Compare *The History of Doctor Faustus*, chap. xlix,—"How Doctor Faustus wrote the second time with his owne blood, and gave it to the Devill."

I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUST. One thing, good servant*, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those† thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Faustus, this‡, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

* *One thing, good servant, &c.*] "To the end that this miserable Faustus might fill the lust of his flesh and live in all manner of voluptuous pleasure, it came in his mind, after he had slept his first sleepe, and in the 23 year past of his time, that he had a great desire to lye with faire Helena of Greece, especially her whom he had seen and shewed unto the students at Wittenberg: wherefore he called unto his spirit Mephostophiles, commanding him to bring to him the faire Helena; which he also did. Whereupon he fell in love with her, and made her his common concubine and bed-fellow; for she was so beautifull and delightfull a peece, that he could not be one houre from her, if he should therefore have suffered death, she had so stoln away his heart: and, to his seeming, in time she was with childe, whom Faustus named Justus Faustus. The childe told Doctor Faustus many things which were don in forraign countrys; but in the end, when Faustus lost his life, the mother and the childe vanished away both together." *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Sig. I 4, ed. 1648.

† *Those*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "These."

‡ *Faustus, this*] Qy. "This, Faustus"?

Re-enter HELEN.

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless † towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck ‡ forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is § in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

† *topless*] i. e. not exceeded in height by any.
‡ *suck*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "suckes."
§ *is*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "be."

Enter the Old Man*.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils.

Sathan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile†
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt,—on one side*, Devils, *on the other*, Old Man.

* *Enter the Old Man*] Scene, a room in the Old Man's house. —In *The History of Doctor Faustus* the Old Man makes himself very merry with the attempts of the evil powers to hurt him. "About two dayes after that he had exhorted Faustus, as the poore man lay in his bed, suddenly there was a mighty rumbling in the chamber, the which he was never wont to heare, and he heard as it had beene the groaning of a sow, which lasted long: whereupon the good old man began to jest and mocke, and said, Oh, what barbarian cry is this? Oh faire bird, what foul musicke is this? A [Ah] faire angell, that could not tarry two dayes in his place! beginnest thou now to runne into a poore mans house, where thou hast no power, and wert not able to keepe thy owne two dayes? With these and such like words the spirit departed," &c. Sig. I 2, ed. 1648.

† *smile*] Old ed. "smiles"; and in the next line "laughs." (This scene is not in the later 4tos).

Enter FAUSTUS‡ *with* SCHOLARS.

FAUST. Ah, gentlemen!

FIRST SCHOL. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

SEC. SCHOL. What means Faustus?

THIRD SCHOL. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

FIRST SCHOL. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

FAUST. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

SEC. SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell,

‡ *Enter Faustus, &c.*] Scene, a room in the house of Faustus.

ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

THIRD SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Oh, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

ALL. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning‖!

ALL. God forbid!

FAUST. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOL. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before¶, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but

‖ *cunning*] i. e. knowledge, skill.

¶ *Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, &c.*] "Wherefore one of them said unto him, Ah, friend Faustus, what have you done to conceale this matter so long from us? We would, by the helpe of good divines and the grace of God, have brought you out of this net, and have torne you out of the bondage and chaines of Satan; whereas now we feare it is too late, to the utter ruine both of your body and soule. Doctor Faustus answered, I durst never doe it, although I often minded to settle my life [myself?] to godly people to desire counsell and helpe; and once mine old neighbour counselled me that I should follow his learning and leave all my conjurations: yet, when I was

the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save † Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear*, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.—*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus,

minded to amend and to follow that good mans counsell, then came the Devill and would have had me away, as this night he is like to doe, and said, so soone as I turned againe to God, he would dispatch me altogether." *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Sig. K 3, ed. 1648.

† *save*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

* *and what noise soever ye hear, &c.*] "Lastly, to knit up my troubled oration, this is my friendly request, that you would go to rest, and let nothing trouble you; also, if you chance heare any noyse or rumbling about the house, be not therewith afraid, for there shall no evill happen unto you," &c. *Id. ibid.*

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente,† *lente currite, noctis equi!*
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

† *O lente, &c.*] "At si, quem malles, Cephalum complexa teneres,
Clamares, *Lente currite, noctis equi.*" Ovid,—*Amor.* i. xiii. 39.

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That, when you* vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast‡! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer

* *you,* &c.] It would seem that there is some error here; yet all the editions agree in this reading.

‡ *and I be chang'd*
Unto some brutish beast] "Now, thou Faustus, damned wretch, how happy wert thou, if, as an unreasonable beast, thou mightest dye without [a] soule! so shouldst thou not feele any more doubts," &c. *The History of Doctor Faustus,* Sig. K. ed. 1648.

That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Oh, soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt* DEVILS *with* FAUSTUS§.

§ *Exeunt Devils with Faustus*] *In The History of Doctor Faustus,* his "miserable and lamentable end" is described as follows: it took place, we are informed, at "the village called Rimlich, halfe a mile from Wittenberg."—"The students and the other that were there, when they had prayed for him, they wept, and so went forth; but Faustus tarried in the hall; and when the gentlemen were laid in bed, none of them could sleepe, for that they attended to heare if they might be privy of his end. It happened that betweene twelve and one a clocke at midnight, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house, as though it would have blowne the foundation thereof out of his place. Hereupon the students began to feare and goe out of their beds, comforting one another; but they would not stirre out of the chamber; and the host of the house ran out of doores, thinking the house would fall. The students lay neere unto the hall wherein Doctor Faustus lay, and they heard a mighty noyse and hissing, as if the hall had beene full of snakes and adders. With that, the hall-doore flew open, wherein Doctor Faustus was, that he began to cry for helpe, saying, Mur-

Enter CHORUS.

CHOR. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

ther, murther! but it came forth with halfe a voyce, hollowly: shortly after, they heard him no more. But when it was day, the students, that had taken no rest that night, arose and went into the hall, in the which they left Doctor Faustus; where notwithstanding they found not Faustus, but all the hall lay sprinkled with blood, his braines cleaving to the wall, for the devill had beaten him from one wall against another; in one corner lay his eyes, in another his teeth; a pittifull and fearefull sight to behold. Then began the students to waile and weepe for him, and sought for his body in many places. Lastly, they came into the yard, where they found his body lying on the horse-dung, most monstrously torne and fearefull to behold, for his head and all his joynts were dashed in peeces. The fore-named students and masters that were at his death, have obtained so much, that they buried him in the village where he was so grievously tormented. After the which they returned to Wittenberg; and comming into the house of Faustus, they found the servant of Faustus very sad, unto whom they opened all the matter, who tooke it exceeding heavily. There found they also this history of Doctor Faustus noted and of him written, as is before declared, all save only his end, the which was after by the students thereto annexed; further, what his servant had noted thereof, was made in another booke. And you have heard that he held by him in his life the spirit of faire Helena, the which had by him one sonne, the which he named Justus Faustus: even the same day of his death they vanished away, both mother and sonne. The house before was so darke that scarce any body could abide therein. The same night Doctor Faustus appeared unto his servant lively, and shewed unto him many secret things, the which he had done and hidden in his life-time. Likewise there were certaine which saw Doctor Faustus looke out of the window by night, as they passed by the house." Sig. K 3, ed. 1648.

And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. Written by Ch. Mar. London, Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe of the Bible, 1616, 4*to*.

The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. With new Additions. Written by Ch. Mar. Printed at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, 1621, 4*to*.

The Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. With new Additions. Written by Ch. Mar. Printed at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, 1631, 4*to*.

In a few places I have amended the text of this play by means of 4to 1604.—I have made no use of the comparatively modern edition, 4to 1663.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
RAYMOND, *king of Hungary.*
DUKE OF SAXONY.
BRUNO.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
MARTINO, FREDERICK, BENVOLIO, } *gentlemen.*
FAUSTUS.
VALDES, CORNELIUS, } *friends to Faustus.*
WAGNER, *servant to Faustus.*
CLOWN.
ROBIN.
DICK.
VINTNER.
HORSE-COURSER.
CARTER.
AN OLD MAN.
Scholars, Cardinals, Archbishop of Rheims, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
HOSTESS.

LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
GOOD ANGEL.
EVIL ANGEL.
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.
DEVILS.
Spirits in the shapes of Alexander the Great, of his paramour, of Darius, and of Helen.

CHORUS.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. NOT marching in the fields of Tharsimene,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens*;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of† a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon‡ cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,

* *Carthagens*] So 4tos 1616, 1624, (and compare 4to 1604, p. 5).—2to 1631 "Carthagen."

† *of*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "and."

‡ *upon*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "on the."

Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene dissevere et finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come:
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand* desperate maladies been cur'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them† to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur‡ duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty§ case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c. ‖

* *thousand*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "diners."
† *them*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "men."
‡ *legatur*] Old eds. "legatus."
§ *petty*] I may notice that 4to 1604 has "pretty," which is perhaps the right reading.
‖ *&c.*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the Law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.* The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [*Reads*] *Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;* If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters*;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a demigod:
Here tire, my brains, to gain† a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

* *circles, scenes, letters, and characters*] So 4to 1604 (see note, p. 9). The later 4tos "*circles, letters, characters.*"

† *gain*] So 4tos 1624, 1631 (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "get."

WAG. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. ANG. Oh, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures :—that is blasphemy.

E. ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. [*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise* I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair† Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk‡,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp-bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

* *enterprise*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "enterprises."

† *make swift Rhine circle fair*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "with *swift Rhine circle* all."

‡ *silk*] Old eds. "skill."

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest* with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits:
'Tis magic, magic that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm† to my problems, as th' infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALD. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to‡ canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have‖ the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they§ drag huge¶ argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs** old Philip's treasury;

* *blest*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "wise."
† *Swarm*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "Sworne."
‡ *to*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
‖ *have*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "has."
§ *shall they*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "they shall."
¶ *huge*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "whole."
** *stuffs*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "stuff'd."

If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.
FAUST. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.
CORN. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd*,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?
FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.
VALD. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus'† works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.
CORN. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.
VALD. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
FAUST. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*

* *renowm'd*] So 4to 1616 (See note, vol. i. 27).—2tos 1624, 1631, "renown'd."

† *Albertus'*] Old eds. "Albanus."

Enter TWO SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOL. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

SEC. SCHOL. That shall we presently know; here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

FIRST SCHOL. How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

WAG. God in heaven knows.

SEC. SCHOL. Why, dost not thou know, then?

WAG. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOL. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

WAG. That follows not by force of argument, which you, being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

SEC. SCHOL. Then you will not tell us?

WAG. You are deceived, for I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is he not *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

FIRST SCHOL. Oh, Faustus!
Then I fear that which I have long suspected,
That thou art fallen into that * damnèd art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

SEC. SCHOL. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,

* *that*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "the."

The danger of his soul would make me mourn.
But, come, let us go and inform the Rector:
It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him *.
FIRST SCHOL. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.
SEC. SCHOL. Yet let us see what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS †.

FAUST. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her‡ pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
Th' abreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring§ stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform. [*Thunder.*

Sint mihi dii Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, ærii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris‖: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus¶ Mephistophilis!

* *him*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *Enter Faustus*] Old eds. "*Thunder. Enter Lucifer and 4 deuils, Faustus to them with this speech*,"—wrongly.

‡ *her*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "his."

§ *erring*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "euening."

‖ *Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris*] See note, p. 18.

¶ *dicatus*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "dicatis."

Enter a DEVIL.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [*Exit Devil.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?
FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.
MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.
FAUST. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
MEPH. No, I came hither * of mine own accord.
FAUST. Did not my conjuring speeches † raise thee? speak!
MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* ‡;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
FAUST. So Faustus hath already done; and holds this principle,

* *came hither*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "*came* now *hether*."
† *speeches*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.
‡ *accidens*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "accident."

There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium:
My ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPH. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence!
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell* with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUST. Where are you damn'd?

MEPH. In hell.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
Oh, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike† a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUST. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,

* *fell*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "line."

† *strike*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "strikes."

So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPH. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough* the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributary to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

Enter WAGNER *and* CLOWN.

WAG. Come hither, sirrah boy.

CLOWN. Boy! oh, disgrace to my person! zounds, boy in your face! You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

WAG. Sirrah†, hast thou no comings in?

CLOWN. Yes, and goings out too, you may see, sir.

WAG. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness! I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

* *thorough*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "through."
† *Sirrah*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

Clown. Not so neither: I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me, and I will make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus*?

Clown. What, in verse?

Wag. No, slave; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

Clown. Staves-acre! that's good to kill vermin: then, belike, if I serve you, I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why, so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no; for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Nay, sir, you may save* yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wag. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Yes, marry, sir; and I thank you, too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. Here, take your guilders again†; I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I; thou art pressed: prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away.—Banio! Belcher!

Clown. Belcher! an Belcher come here, I'll belch him: I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two Devils.

Wag. How now, sir, will you serve me now?

Clown. Ay, good Wagner; take away the devil, then.

Wag. Spirits, away! [*Exeunt Devils.*] Now, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. I will, sir: but hark you, master; will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

* *save*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "spare."

† *again*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

WAG. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

CLOWN. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! oh, brave, Wagner!

WAG. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrally fixed upon my left heel, that thou mayst *quasi vestigias nostras* insistere.*

CLOWN. Well, sir, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

FAUST. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needs be damn'd, canst thou not be sav'd.
What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now, go not backward†, Faustus; be resolute:
Why‡ waver'st thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ear,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Why, he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

E. ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous§ art.

G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUST. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of|| these?

G. ANG. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. ANG. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men¶ foolish that do use them most.

G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

* *vestigias nostras*] See note, p. 26.

† *backward*] So 4to 1616 (and so 4to 1604).—2tos 1624, 1631, "backe."

‡ *Why*] So 4to 1616 (and so 4to 1604).—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

§ *that famous*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631 "*that* most *famous*."

|| *of*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "be."

¶ *men*] So 4tos 1624, 1631 (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "them."

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. Wealth!
Why the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Mephistophilis, come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile !*

Enter Mephistophilis.

Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeathe it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I'll give it thee†.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine‡ arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;

* *Mephistophile*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Mephostophilis."

† *thee*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "him."

‡ *thine*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "thy."

And* then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUST. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his proper blood
Assures his soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my† wish.

MEPH. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUST. [*Writing*] Ay, so I do. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

FAUST. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it‡ unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: oh, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul*§.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with the chafer of fire.*

MEPH. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

FAUST. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an‖ end immediately. [*Writes.*

MEPH. What will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

FAUST. *Consummatum est;* this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge: whither should¶ I fly?
If unto God**, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:
Oh, yes, I see it plain; even here is writ,

* *And*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
† *my*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "thy."
‡ *Is it*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "It is."
§ *soul*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
‖ *an*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.
¶ *should*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "shall."
** *God*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "heauen."

Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Aside, and then exit.*

Enter DEVILS, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS. *They dance, and then depart.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. What means this show? speak, Mephistophilis.

MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

FAUST. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

MEPH. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUST. Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll*,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All covenants and articles between us both!

MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us both!

FAUST. Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis. [*Reads.*
On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires †. *Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, four-and-twenty years being expired, and these articles above-written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh and‡ blood, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

* *this scroll*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *he desires*] Not in the 4tos. See note, p. 31.

‡ *and*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

FAUST. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good of it!
MEPH. So, now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.
FAUST. First I will question with* thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the† place that men call hell?
MEPH. Under the heavens.
FAUST. Ay, so are all things else; but whereabouts?
MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are‡ not heaven.
FAUST. I think hell's a fable§.
MEPH. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
FAUST. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?
MEPH. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
FAUST. Ay, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.
MEPH. But I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in hell.
FAUST. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:
What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.
MEPH. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *fetches in a woman-devil.*

* *with*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.
† *the*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "that."
‡ *are*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "is."
§ *hell's a fable*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*hell's a* meere *fable*."

FAUST. What sight is this?
MEPH. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?
FAUST. Here's a hot whore, indeed: no, I'll no wife.
MEPH. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,
And, if thou lov'st me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine * eye shall like, thy † heart shall have,
Were she as chaste as was ‡ Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness § shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.
FAUST. Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book:
This will I keep as chary as my life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *in his study, and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. When I behold the heavens ‖, then I repent,

* *thine*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thy."
† *thy*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "thine."
‡ *was*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "were."
§ *harness*] i. e. armour.
‖ *This will I keep as chary as my life.* [Exeunt.

Enter FAUSTUS, in his study, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. *When I behold the heavens*, &c.] Old eds. (that is, 4tos 1616, 1624, 1631) thus;
"This will I keepe, as chary as my life. *Exeunt.*

Enter WAGNER *solus.*

WAG. Learned Faustus
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Graven in the booke of Joues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaky [2to 1621 "yoaked"] Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

MEPH. 'Twas thine * own seeking, Faustus; thank thyself.
But, think'st thou heaven is † such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes ‡ on earth.

FAUST. How prov'st thou that?

MEPH. 'Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.

FAUST. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. ANG. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. ANG. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUST. Who buzzeth in mine ears § I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. ANG. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;

And as I gesse will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court;
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That to [2tos 1624, 1631, "on"] this day is highly solemnized.

Exit WAGNER.

Enter FAUSTUS *in his Study, and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. When I behold the heauens," &c.

The lines which I have here omitted belong to a subsequent part of the play, where they will be found with considerable additions, and are rightly assigned to the *Chorus*. (As given in the present place by the 4tos 1616, 1624, 1631, these lines exhibit the text of the earlier *Faustus*; see p. 43.) It would seem that something was intended to intervene here between the exit of Faustus and Mephistophilis, and their re-appearance on the stage: compare, however, the preceding play, p. 35.

* *thine*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thy."

† *is*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *breathes*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "breathe."

§ *ears*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "eare."

And long ere this I ‖ should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And reason of divine astrology.
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPH. As are the elements, such are the heavens,
Even from the moon unto th' empyreal orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose termine* is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring† stars.

FAUST. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?

MEPH. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.

FAUST. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion‡ of the planets?
That the first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. These are freshmen's questions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

‖ *this I*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "*this* time *I*."

* *termine*] I may notice that 4to 1604 (see p. 57) has "terminine," which at least is better for the metre.

† *erring*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "euening."

‡ *motion*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "motions."

MEPH. Ay.

FAUST. How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPH. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

FAUST. But is there not *cælum igneum et crystallinum*?

MEPH. No, Faustus, they be but fables.

FAUST. Resolve me, then, in this one question; why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPH. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*

FAUST. Well, I am answered. Now tell me who made the world?

MEPH. I will not.

FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPH. Move me not, Faustus.

FAUST. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

MEPH. Ay*, that is not against our kingdom; this is. Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPH. Remember this. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

E. ANG. Too late.

G. ANG. Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

E. ANG. If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

G. ANG. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. Oh, Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Help to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUC. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUST. Oh, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

* *Ay*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. Oh, Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul!

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luc. Thou call'st on Christ, contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou shouldst not think on God.

Luc. Think on the devil.

Belz. And his dam too.

Faust. Nor will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

Luc. So shalt thou shew thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Belz. Faustus, we are come from hell in person to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant unto me, as Paradise was to Adam the first day of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise or creation; but mark the show.—Go, Mephistophilis, and* fetch them in.

Mephistophilis *brings in the* Seven Deadly Sins.

Belz. Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon.—What art thou, the† first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck; then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips‡; and then, turning myself to a wrought smock, do what I list. But, fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the grouud be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave, indeed.—What art thou, the second?

* *and*] So 4to 1631.—Not in 4tos 1616, 1624.
† *the*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.
‡ *lips*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.

COVET. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in a leather bag: and, might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all, should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: oh, my sweet gold!

FAUST. And what art thou, the third?

ENVY. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh, that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I'd be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

FAUST. Out, envious wretch!—But what art thou, the fourth?

WRATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce an hour old; and ever since have run * up and down the world with this† case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUST. And what art thou, the fifth?

GLUT. I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension, and that buys me thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. I come‡ of a royal pedigree: my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; but my godmother, oh, she was an ancient gentlewoman; her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUST. Not I.

GLUT. Then the devil choke thee!

FAUST. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH. Heigho! I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

* *and ever since have run*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "and haue euer since run."

† *this*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "these."

‡ *come*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "came."

FAUST. And what are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECHERY. Who, I *, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

LUC. Away to hell, away! On, piper! [*Exeunt the Sins.*

FAUST. Oh, how this sight doth delight my soul!

LUC. Tut §, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUST. Oh, might I see hell, and return again safe,
How happy were I then!

LUC. Faustus, thou shalt; at midnight I will send for thee.
Meanwhile peruse this book and view it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUST. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUC. Now, Faustus, farewell.

FAUST. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt* LUCIFER *and* BELZEBUB. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN †, *with a book.*

ROB. What, Dick! look to the horses there, till I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books; and now we'll have such knavery as't passes.

Enter DICK.

DICK. What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

ROB. I walk the horses! I scorn't, faith ‡: I have other matters in hand: let the horses walk themselves, an they will.—[*Reads*]

* *I*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "I I."

§ *Tut*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "But."

† *Robin*] Old eds. "the Clowne" (and so frequently afterwards): but he is evidently a distinct person from the "Clown," Wagner's attendant, who has previously appeared (see p. 99). Most probably the parts of the Clown and Robin were played by the same actor; and hence the confusion in the old eds.

‡ *faith*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631 "i'faith." (And so afterwards in this scene.)

A per se, a; t, h, e, the; o per se, o; Deny orgon gorgon.—Keep further from me, oh, thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

DICK. 'Snails, what hast thou got there? a book! why, thou canst not tell* ne'er a word on't.

ROB. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

DICK. That's like, faith! you had best leave your foolery; for, an my master come, he'll conjure you, faith.

ROB. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap as fair a† pair of horns on's head, as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

DICK. Thou needst‡ not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

ROB. Ay, there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

DICK. A plague take you! I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring-book?

ROB. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or, if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret-wine, sack, muscadine, malmsey, and whippincrust, hold, belly, hold; and we'll not pay one penny for it.

DICK. Oh, brave! Prithee§, let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

ROB. Come, then, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHOR. Learnèd Faustus,
To find the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him‖ up to scale Olympus' top;
Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright,

* *not tell*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
† *as fair a*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "a faire."
‡ *needst*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "needs."
§ *Pri hee*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "I *prithee*."
‖ *him*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

Drawn by the strength of yokèd dragons' necks,
He views * the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the hornèd moon
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile;*
And, whirling round with this† circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole,
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Not long he stay'd within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toil;
But new exploits do hale him out again:
And, mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round ‡ with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine §,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to ‖ Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,

* *He views*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "To view."

† *with this*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "*with* his." This passage is sufficiently obscure.

‡ *round*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

§ *Rhine*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "Rhines."

‖ *up to*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "vnto."

The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents* :
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough† a rock of stone, in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest‡,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is pav'd with sundry-colour'd stones,
And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me§ now, what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPH. I have, my Faustus; and, for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope;
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his privy-chamber for our use.

FAUST. I hope his Holiness will bid us‖ welcome.

MEPH. All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
But now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through¶ the midst runs flowing Tyber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which two stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte** Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance,

* *Quarter the town in four equivalents*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.

† *Thorough*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "Through."

‡ *rest*] So 4to 1604 (see note, p. 46).—The later 4tos "East."

§ *me*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

‖ *us*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "you."

¶ *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."

** *Ponte*] Old eds. "Ponto."

As that the double cannons, forg'd of brass,
Do match* the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year;
Beside the gates, and high pyramides,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

FAUST. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear,
That I do long to see the† monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPH. Nay, stay, my Faustus: I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which, in state and‡ high solemnity,
This day, is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man:
My four-and-twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst§ this bright frame doth stand,
May be admir'd thorough‖ the furthest land.

MEPH. 'Tis well said, Faustus. Come, then, stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

FAUST. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephistophilis,
And grant me my¶ request, and then I go.
Thou know'st, within the compass of eight days
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell:
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,
That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me
No bigger than my hand in quantity;

* *match*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "watch."
† *the*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "those."
‡ *in state and*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "this day with."
§ *whilst*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "while."
‖ *thorough*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "through."
¶ *my*] Qy. "one"?

There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning* see.
MEPH. Let it be so, my Faustus. But, first, stay,
And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this† solemnity;
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antics at‡ his triple crown;
To beat the beads about the friars' pates,
Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals' heads;
Or any villany thou canst devise;
And I'll perform it§, Faustus. Hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter the CARDINALS *and* BISHOPS, *some bearing crosiers, some the pillars;* MONKS *and* FRIARS, *singing their procession; then the* POPE, *and* RAYMOND KING *of* HUNGARY, *with* BRUNO *led in chains.*

POPE. Cast down our footstool.
RAY. Saxon Bruno, stoop,
Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.
BRU. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me;
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.
POPE. To me and Peter shalt thou grovelling lie,
And crouch before the Papal dignity.—
Sound trumpets, then; for thus Saint Peter's heir,
From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.
[*A flourish while he ascends.*
Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,

* *cunning*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "comming." (And so in the fourth line of the next speech.)
† *this*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "his."
‡ *at*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "to."
§ *it*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprize*.—
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forthwith to our † holy consistory,
And read, amongst the statutes decretal,
What, by the holy council held at Trent,
The sacred synod hath decreed for him
That doth assume the Papal government
Without election and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.

FIRST CARD. We go, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CARDINALS *of France and Padua.*

POPE. Lord Raymond.

FAUST. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory;
And, as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness,
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this ‡ Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor;
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

MEPH. Faustus, I go.

FAUST. Despatch it soon:
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.

[*Exeunt* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

BRU. Pope Adrian, let me have right§ of law:
I was elected by the Emperor.

POPE. We will depose the Emperor for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him:
Both he and thou shall‖ stand excommunicate,

* *And smite with death thy hated enterprise*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *our*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

‡ *this*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

§ *have right*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "*have* some *right*."

‖ *shall*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "shall."

And interdict from church's privilege,
And all society of holy men.
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And, like a steeple, overpeers the church:
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;
And, as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise,
"That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk,"
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And, by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.

BRU. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperors their lawful lords.

POPE. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rights,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
And therefore, though we would, we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast sealèd with seven seals,
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assurèd of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Re-enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS, *in the shapes of the Cardinals of France and Padua.*

MEPH. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

FAUST. Yes, Mephistophilis; and two such cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.

But, whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

RAY. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

POPE. Welcome, grave fathers: answer presently
What hath * our holy council there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our state and papal dignity?

FAUST. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
By full consent of all the synod †
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed,—
That Bruno and the German Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace:
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb Saint Peter's chair,
The statutes decretal have thus decreed,—
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

POPE. It is enough. Here, take him to your charge,
And bear him straight to Ponte ‡ Angelo,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast.
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take his § triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.
Make haste again, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

MEPH. So, so; was never devil thus bless'd before.

FAUST. Away, sweet Mephistophilis, begone;

* *hath*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "haue."
† *synod*] Qy. "holy *synod*"?
‡ *Ponte*] Old eds. "Ponto."
§ *his*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "this."

The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[*Exeunt* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* BRUNO.

POPE. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peter's feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory. [*Exeunt.*

A Sennet while the banquet is brought in; and then enter* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS *in their own shapes.*

MEPH. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth:
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud-pac'd steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woful Emperor.

FAUST. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day,
That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please, unseen of any.

MEPH. Faustus, thou shalt: then kneel down presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand.
First, wear this girdle; then appear
Invisible to all are here:
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the Furies' forkèd hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see!
So, Faustus, now, for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

FAUST. Thanks, Mephistophilis.—Now, friars, take heed,

* *Sennet*] Old eds. "Senit" and "Sonet". See note, p. 48.

Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

MEPH. Faustus, no more: see, where the Cardinals come!

Enter POPE, RAYMOND, ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, &c. *and* ATTENDANTS; *then the* CARDINALS *of France and Padua with a book.*

POPE. Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit down.—
Lord Raymond, take your seat.—Friars, attend,
And see that all things be * in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

FIRST CARD. First, may it please your sacred Holiness
To view the sentence of the reverend synod
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor?

POPE. What needs this question? did I not tell you,
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursèd Emperor
Were by the holy council both condemn'd
For loathèd Lollards and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

FIRST CARD. Your grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

RAY. Deny it not; we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd,
And put into the church's treasury.

BOTH CARD. By holy Paul, we saw them not!

POPE. By Peter, you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!—
Hale them to† prison, lade their limbs with gyves.—
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS *with the two* CARDINALS.

FAUST. So, they are safe. Now, Faustus, to the feast:
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

* *be*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "are."

† *them to*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*them* forth *to*."

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

Archb*. I thank your Holiness.

Faust. Fall to; the devil choke you†, 'an you spare!

Pope. Who is that spoke?—Friars, look about.—
Lord Raymond, pray, fall to. I am beholding‡
To the Bishop of Milan for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! who snatch'd the meat from me?
Villains, why speak you not?—
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

Faust. I'll have that too. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such § great indignity?
Fetch me some wine.

Faust. Ay, pray, do, for Faustus is a-dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond,
I drink unto your grace.

Faust. I pledge your grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

Pope. My wine gone too!—Ye lubbers, look about,
And find the man that doth this villany,
Or, by our sanctitude, you all shall die!—
I pray, my lords, have patience at this
Troublesome banquet.

Archb. Please it‖ your Holiness, I think it be some ghost crept out of purgatory, and now is come unto your Holiness for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so.—
Go, then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Faust. How now! must every bit be spic'd with a cross?—
Nay, then, take that. [*Strikes the Pope.*

* *Archb.*] Old eds. "Bish." and "Bishop" (and so afterwards).

† *you*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

‡ *beholding*] So 4to 1616 (see note, p. 63).—2tos 1624, 1631, "beholden."

§ *such*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "this."

‖ *it*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

POPE. Oh, I am slain!—Help me, my lords!
Oh, come and help to bear my body hence!—
Damn'd be his* soul for ever for this deed!

[*Exeunt* POPE *and his train.*

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what will you do now? for I can tell you you'll be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

FAUST. Bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Enter the FRIARS, *with bell, book, and candle, for the Dirge.*

FIRST FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion. [*They sing.*

Cursed be he that stole his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck† his Holiness a blow on‡ the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* FRIARS, *fling fire-works among them, and exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN *and* DICK, *with a cup.*

DICK. Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same§ cup, for the Vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels‖.

* *his*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "this."

† *struck*] Here the old eds. have "stroke" and "strooke;" but in the next clause they all agree in having "strucke."

‡ *on*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

§ *same*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

‖ *at the hard heels*] The modern editors, ignorant of the old phraseology, thought that they corrected this passage in printing "hard at the heels."

Rob. 'Tis no matter; let him come: an he follow us, I'll so conjure him, as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him. Let me see the cup.

Dick. Here 'tis. Yonder he comes: now, Robin, now or never shew thy cunning.

Enter Vintner*.

Vint. Oh, are you here? I am glad I have found you. You are a couple of fine companions: pray, where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

Rob. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say: we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny't, for I know you have it; and I'll search you.

Rob. Search me! ay, and spare not.—Hold the cup, Dick [*Aside to* Dick, *giving him the cup*].—Come, come, search me, search me. [Vintner *searches him*.

Vint. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick. Ay, ay, do, do.—Hold the cup, Robin [*Aside to* Robin, *giving him the cup*].—I fear not your searching: we scorn to steal your† cups, I can tell you. [Vintner *searches him*.

Vint. Never out-face me for the matter; for, sure, the cup is between you two.

Rob. Nay, there you lie; 'tis beyond us both.

Vint. A plague take you! I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

Rob. Ay, much‡! when, can you tell?—Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life.—Vintner, you shall have your cup anon.—Say nothing, Dick.—[*Reads from a book*] *O per se, O; Demogorgon; Belcher, and Mephistophilis!*

* *Vintner*] So all the old eds.; and presently Robin addresses this person as "Vintner:" yet Dick has just spoken of him as "the Vintner's boy." See note, p. 53

† *your*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

‡ *much*] Equivalent to—by no means, not at all. This ironical exclamation is very common in our old dramatists. (Mr. Hunter,—*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 56,—explains it very differently.)

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

MEPH. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexèd by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves. [*Exit* VINTNER.

ROB. By lady*, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to† take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester‡ in your purse, and go back again?

DICK. Ay, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

MEPH. To purge the rashness of this cursèd deed,
First, be thou turnèd to this ugly shape,
For apish deeds transformèd to an ape.

ROB. Oh, brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about, to shew some tricks.

MEPH. And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy back. Away! begone!

ROB. A dog! that's excellent: let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently.—Come, Dick, come. [*Exeunt* ROBIN *and* DICK.

MEPH. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus, to the Great Turk's court. [*Exit.*

Enter MARTINO *and* FREDERICK *at several doors.*

MART. What, ho, officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor.—
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight:
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state§ in readiness.

FRED. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,
That on a Fury's back came post from Rome?

* *By lady*] i. e. By our Lady.

† *to*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

‡ *tester*] i. e. sixpence.

§ *the state*] i. e. the raised chair or throne, with a canopy.

Will not his grace consort the Emperor?
MART. Oh, yes; and with him comes the German conjurer,
The learnèd Faustus, fame of Wittenberg,
The wonder of the world for magic art;
And he intends to shew great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors,
And bring in presence of his majesty
The royal shapes and perfect* semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.
FRED. Where is Benvolio?
MART. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
He took his rouse† with stoops of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.
FRED. See, see, his window's ope! we'll call to him.
MART. What, ho! Benvolio!

Enter BENVOLIO *above, at a window, in his nightcap, buttoning.*

BENV. What a devil ail you two?
MART. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you;
For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,
And at his heels a‡ thousand Furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoe'er the doctor please.
BENV. What of this?
MART. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This conjurer perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.
BENV. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet!
He was upon the devil's back late enough:
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again!
FRED. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?
BENV. Not I.

* *perfect*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "warlike."
† *rouse*] i. e. bumper.
‡ *a*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "ten."

MART. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it, then?

BENV. Ay, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time.

MART. The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

BENV. Well, go you attend the Emperor. I am content, for this once, to thrust my head out at a* window; for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a charm in my head, shall control him as well as the conjurer, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* FREDERICK *and* MARTINO †.

A Sennet. Enter CHARLES, *the German Emperor*, BRUNO, *Duke of* SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, FREDERICK, MARTINO, *and Attendants.*

EMP. Wonder of men, renown'd magician,
Thrice-learnèd Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professèd enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou couldst command the world's obedience:
For ever be belov'd of Carolus!
And if this Bruno, thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through ‡ all Italy,
And honour'd of the German Emperor.

FAUST. These § gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet:

* *a*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "the."

† *Exeunt Frederick and Martino*] At the end of this speech the old eds. have "Exit": but Benvolio certainly remains above at the window; and the old eds. mark the entrance of Frederick and Martino with the Emperor, &c.

‡ *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."

§ *These*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Those."

For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleas'd,
The doctor stands prepar'd by power of art
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through*
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.

BENV. Blood, he speaks terribly! but, for all that, I do not greatly believe him: he looks as like a† conjurer as the Pope to a costermonger. [*Aside.*

EMP. Then, Faustus, as thou late didst promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

FAUST. Your majesty shall see them presently.—
Mephistophilis, away,
And, with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound,
Present before this‡ royal Emperor
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

MEPH. Faustus, I will. [*Exit.*

BENV. Well, Master Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds, I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing!

FAUST. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.—
My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That, when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand§ no questions of the king,
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

EMP. Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

BENV. Ay, ay, and I am content too: an thou bring Alex-

* *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."
† *a*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.
‡ *this*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."
§ *demand*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "demands."

ander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Actæon, and turn myself to a stag.

FAUST. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.

Sennet. Enter, at one door, the* EMPEROR ALEXANDER, *at the other,* DARIUS. *They meet.* DARIUS *is thrown down;* ALEXANDER *kills him, takes off his crown, and, offering to go out, his paramour meets him. He embraceth her, and sets* DARIUS' *crown upon her head; and, coming back, both salute the Emperor, who, leaving his state* †, *offers to embrace them; which* FAUSTUS *seeing, suddenly stays him. Then trumpets cease, and music sounds.*

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself;
These ‡ are but shadows, not substantial.

EMP. Oh, pardon me! my thoughts are so ravish'd
With sight of this renowned emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him.
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts § at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said
That this fair lady, whilst ‖ she liv'd on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole;
How may I prove that saying to be true?

FAUST. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

EMP. Faustus, I see it plain;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me
Than if I gain'd ¶ another monarchy.

FAUST. Away! begone! [*Exit show.*]—See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast is yon, that thrusts his head out at window**?

EMP. Oh, wondrous sight!—See, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened

* *door*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.
† *state*] See note, p. 126.—So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "seat."
‡ *These*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "They."
§ *thoughts*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "thought."
‖ *whilst*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "while."
¶ *I gain'd*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "I had *gain'd*."
** *at window*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*at* the *window*."

Upon the head of young Benvolio!

SAX. What, is he asleep or dead?

FAUST. He sleeps, my lord; but dreams not of his horns.

EMP. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.—What, ho, Benvolio!

BENV. A plague upon you! let me sleep a while.

EMP. I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head of thine own.

SAX. Look up, Benvolio; 'tis the Emperor calls.

BENV. The Emperor! where?—Oh, zounds, my head!

EMP. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's armed sufficiently.

FAUST. Why, how now, Sir Knight? what, hanged by the horns! this is* most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head, for shame! let not all the world wonder at you.

BENV. Zounds, doctor, this is† your villany!

FAUST. Oh, say not so, sir! the doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd,
In bold Actæon's shape, to turn a stag:—
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,
As‡ all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcase from their bloody fangs.—
Ho, Belimoth, Argiron, Asteroth¶!

BENV. Hold, hold!—Zounds, he'll raise up a kennel of devils, I think, anon.—Good my lord, entreat for me.—'Sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

EMP. Then, good Master Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns;

* *is*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

† *this is*] So 4to 1624 (and rightly, as the next line proves).—2tos 1616, 1631, "is this."

‡ *As*] So 4to 1616.—2to 1624 "That."—2to 1631 "And."

¶ *Belimoth .... Asteroth*] Old eds. here "Belimote (and "Belimot") .... Asterote": but see p. 135.

He has* done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns†.—Mephistophilis, transform him [Mephistophilis *removes the horns*]:—and hereafter, sir‡, look you speak well of scholars.

Benv. Speak well of ye! 'sblood, an scholars be such cuckold-makers, to clap horns of§ honest men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more.—But, an I be not revenged for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water! [*Aside, and then exit above.*

Emp. Come, Faustus: while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live belov'd of mighty Carolus. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Frederick, *and Soldiers.*

Mart. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway‖ thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjurer¶.

Benv. Away! you love me not, to urge me thus:
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
"Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns to-day?"
Oh, may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that** conjurer slain!
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute;
If not, depart: here will Benvolio die,

* *has*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "hath."
† *horns*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "horne."
‡ *sir*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.
§ *of*] i. e. on.
‖ *sway*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "stay."
¶ *this attempt against the conjurer*] See note, p. 61.
** *that*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

But Faustus' death shall quit my* infamy.
FRED. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill that† doctor, if he come this way.
BENV. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,
And place our servants and our followers
Close in an‡ ambush there behind the trees.
By this, I know the conjurer is near:
I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave, laden with rich rewards.
Then, soldiers, boldly§ fight: if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.
FRED. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove:
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.
[*Exit* FREDERICK *with* SOLDIERS.
BENV. My head is lighter, than it was, by the horns;
But yet my heart's|| more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that¶ conjurer dead.
MART. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?
BENV. Here will we stay to bide the first assault:
Oh, were that damnèd hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace!

Re-enter FREDERICK.

FRED. Close, close! the conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready, then, and strike the** peasant down.
BENV. Mine be that honour, then. Now, sword, strike home!
For horns he gave I'll have his head anon.
MART. See, see, he comes!

* *my*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "thy."
† *that*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."
‡ *an*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
§ *boldly*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "bravely."
|| *heart's*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "heart."
¶ *that*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."
** *the*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "that."

Enter FAUSTUS *with a false head.*

BENV. No words. This blow ends all:
Hell take his soul! his body thus must fall. [*Stabs* FAUSTUS.

FAUST. [*falling.*] Oh!

FRED. Groan you, Master Doctor?

BENV. Break may his heart with groans!—Dear Frederick, see,
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

MART. Strike with a willing hand.

[BENVOLIO *strikes off* FAUSTUS' *head.*

His head is off.

BENV. The devil's dead; the Furies now * may laugh.

FRED. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

MART. Was this that damnèd head, whose art† conspir'd
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

BENV. Ay, that's the head, and there‡ the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

FRED. Come, let's devise how we may add more shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.

BENV. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'll nail huge forkèd horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yok'd me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

MART. What use shall we put his beard to?

BENV. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

FRED. What shall his § eyes do?

BENV. We'll pull ‖ out his eyes; and they shall serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

MART. An excellent policy! and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do? [FAUSTUS *rises.*

* *now*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *art*] Old eds. "heart" (which, after all, may be right).

‡ *there*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "here."

§ *his*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

‖ *pull*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "put."

BENV. Zounds, the devil's alive again!
FRED. Give him his head, for God's sake.
FAUST. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,
Ay, call your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And, had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?—
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis?

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *and other* DEVILS.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven:
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell.
Yet, stay: the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt.
Take thou this other, drag him through* the woods
Amongst† the pricking thorns and sharpest briers;
Whilst, with my gentle Mephistophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,
That, rolling down, may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence; despatch my charge immediately.
FRED. Pity us, gentle Faustus! save our lives!
FAUST. Away!
FRED. He must needs go that the devil drives.

[*Exeunt* MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* DEVILS *with* BENVOLIO, MARTINO, *and* FREDERICK.

* *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."
† *Amongst*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Among."

Enter the ambushed SOLDIERS*.

FIRST SOLD. Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;
Make haste to help these noble gentlemen:
I heard them parley with the conjurer.
SEC. SOLD. See, where he comes! despatch and kill the slave.
FAUST. What's here? an ambush to betray my life!
Then, Faustus, try thy skill.—Base peasants, stand!
For, lo, these† trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery!
Yet, to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold, an army comes incontinent!
[FAUSTUS *strikes the door*‡, *and enter a* DEVIL *playing on a drum; after him another, bearing an ensign; and divers with weapons;* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with fire-works. They set upon the* SOLDIERS, *and drive them out.*

Enter, at several doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERICK, *and* MARTINO, *their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt; all having horns on their heads.*

MART. What, ho, Benvolio!
BENV. Here.—What, Frederick, ho!
FRED. Oh, help me, gentle friend!—Where is Martino?
MART. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.
FRED. Martino, see, Benvolio's horns again!
MART. Oh, misery!—How now, Benvolio?
BENV. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?
MART. Nay, fear not, man; we have no power to kill.
BENV. My friends transformèd thus! oh, hellish spite!
Your heads are all set with horns.

* *Enter the ambushed Soldiers*] Here (though it seems that Faustus does not quit the stage) a change of scene is supposed.

† *these*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624. 1631, "the."

‡ *the door*] i. e. the stage-door,—the writer here addressing himself to *the actor* only, for the scene lies in a wood.

FRED. You hit it right;
It is your own you mean; feel on your head.
BENV. Zounds *, horns again!
MART. Nay, chafe not, man; we all are † sped.
BENV. What devil attends this damn'd magician,
That, spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?
FRED. What may we do, that we may hide our shames?
BENV. If we should follow him to work revenge,
He'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.
MART. What shall we, then, do, dear Benvolio?
BENV. I have a castle joining near these woods;
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter these ‡ our brutish shapes:
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *a* HORSE-COURSER, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

HORSE-C. I beseech your worship, accept of these forty dollars.

FAUST. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price. I have no great need to sell him: but, if thou likest him for ten dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

HORSE-C. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

FAUST. Well, I will not stand with thee: give me the money [HORSE-COURSER *gives* FAUSTUS *the money*]. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but, do you hear? in any case, ride him not into the water.

HORSE-C. How, sir? not into the water! why, will he not drink of all waters?

* *Zounds*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616, "Zons."
† *all are*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "are all."
‡ *these*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "this."

FAUST. Yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: o'er hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

HORSE-C. I warrant you, sir.—Oh, joyful day! now am I a made man for ever! [*Exit.*

FAUST. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit. [*He sits to sleep.*

Re-enter the HORSE-COURSER, *wet.*

HORSE-C. Oh, what a cozening doctor was this! I, riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape* drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again.—Ho, sirrah Doctor, you cozening scab! Master Doctor, awake, and rise, and give me my money again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay, Master Doctor! [*He pulls off* FAUSTUS' *leg*]. Alas, I am undone! what shall I do? I have pulled off his leg.

FAUST. Oh, help, help! the villain hath murdered me.

HORSE-C. Murder or not murder, now he has† but one leg, I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

[*Aside, and then runs out.*

FAUST. Stop him, stop him, stop him!—Ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner? what news with thee?

* *escape*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "scape."
† *has*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "hath."

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend you ‡, with provision fit for your journey.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, away!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Robin, Dick, *the* Horse-courser, *and a* Carter.

Cart. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe.—What, ho, hostess! where be these whores?

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now? what lack you? What, my old guess * ! welcome.

Rob. Sirrah Dick, dost thou † know why I stand so mute?

Dick. No, Robin: why is't?

Rob. I am eighteen-pence on the score: but say nothing; see if she have forgotten me.

Host. Who's this that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest!

Rob. Oh, hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. Ay, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

Dick. Why, hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.

Host. You shall presently.—Look up into the hall there, ho!

[*Exit.—Drink is presently brought in.*

Dick. Come, sirs, what shall we do now ‡ till mine hostess comes?

Cart. Marry, sir §, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me. You know Doctor Faustus?

‡ *you*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

* *guess*] A corruption of *guests* (very frequent in our early dramatists), which occurs again at p. 145. So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "guests."

† *thou*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *now*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

§ *sir*] Qy. "sirs"? but see the next speech of the Carter, and the next speech but one of the Horse-courser, who, in his narrative, uses both "sirs" and "sir."

Horse-c. Ay, a plague take him! here's some on's have cause to know him. Did he conjure thee too?

Cart. I'll tell you how he served me. As I was going to Wittenberg, t'other day*, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat. Now, sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings: so he presently gave me my† money and fell to eating; and, as I am a cursen‡ man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

All. Oh, monstrous! eat a whole load of hay!

Rob. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horse-c. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villanously he served me. I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars. So, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money. So, when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water. Now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality§ that he would not have me know of, what did I but rid‖ him into a great river? and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sate straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All. Oh, brave doctor!

Horse-c. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it. I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep. I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears; but all could not wake him. I, seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

Rob. And has the doctor but one leg, then? that's excellent; for one of his devils turned me into the likeness of an ape's face.

* *As I was going to Wittenberg t'other day*, &c.] See *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Chap. xxxv,—"How Doctor Faustus eat a load of hay."—The Carter does not appear in the earlier play.

† *my*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *cursen*] i. e. christened.

§ *some quality*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*some* rare *quality*."

‖ *rid*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "ride."

CART. Some more drink, hostess!

ROB. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink a while, and then we'll go seek out the doctor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, *his* DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air*, the sight whereof so delighted † me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

FAUST. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth ‡ your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed.—But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

DUCHESS. True, Master Doctor; and, since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and, were it now summer, as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUST. This is but a small matter.—Go, Mephistophilis; away! [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here now, taste you these: they should be good, for they come § from a far country, I can tell you.

DUKE. This makes me wonder more than all the rest, that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes ‖.

* *that enchanted castle in the air*] This is not mentioned in the earlier play: but see *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Chap. xl,—"How Doctor Faustus through his charmes made a great Castle in presence of the Duke of Anholt."

† *delighted*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "delighteth."

‡ *it pleaseth*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*it* hath pleased."

§ *come*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "came."

‖ *these ripe grapes*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*these grapes.*"

FAUST. Please it your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that, when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a-year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought, as you see.

DUCHESS. And, trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted. [*The Clowns bounce*‡ *at the gate, within.*

DUKE. What rude disturbers have we at the gate?
Go, pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

[*They knock again, and call out to talk with* FAUSTUS.

SERV. Why, how now, masters? what a coil is there!
What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

DICK [*within*]. We have no reason for it; therefore a fig for him!

SERV. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

HORSE-C. [*within*]. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

SERV. It appears so: pray, be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the Duke.

DUKE. What would they have?

SERV. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

CARTER [*within*]. Ay, and we will speak with him.

DUKE. Will you, sir?—Commit the rascals.

DICK [*within*]. Commit with us! he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

FAUST. I do beseech your grace, let them come in;
They are good subject for* a merriment.

DUKE. Do as thou wilt, Faustus; I give thee leave.

FAUST. I thank your grace.

‡ *The Clowns bounce*, &c.] 2to 1616 "*The* Clowne *bounce.*" 2tos 1624, 1631, "*The* Clowne bounceth." (In the next stage-direction all the 4tos have "They *knock again*," &c.)

* *for*] So 1to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "to."

Enter ROBIN, DICK, CARTER, *and* HORSE-COURSER.

Why, how now, my good friends?
Faith, you are too outrageous: but, come near;
I have procur'd your pardons† : welcome, all.

ROB. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take.—What, ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged!

FAUST. Nay, hark you; can you tell me‡ where you are?

CART. Ay, marry, can I; we are under heaven.

SERV. Ay; but, Sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?

HORSE-C. Ay, ay, the house is good enough to drink in.—Zouns, fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles!

FAUST. Be not so furious: come, you shall have beer.—
My lord, beseech you give me leave a while,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

DUKE. With all my heart, kind doctor; please thyself;
Our servants and our court's at thy command.

FAUST. I humbly thank your grace.—Then fetch some beer.

HORSE-C. Ay, marry, there spake§ a doctor, indeed! and, faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

FAUST. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

CART. Ha, ha, ha!—Dost hear him‖, Dick? he has forgot his leg.

HORSE-C. Ay, ay, he does not stand much upon that.

FAUST. No, faith; not much upon a wooden leg.

CART. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

FAUST. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

† *pardons*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "pardon."

‡ *me*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

§ *spake*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "spoke."

‖ *Dost hear him*] So 4to 1616.—2to 1621 "*dost* thou *heare* me." 2to 1631 "*dost* thou *heare him*."

CART. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him ¶ into the water?

FAUST. Yes, I do very well remember that.

CART. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

FAUST. No, in good sooth.

CART. Then, I pray you *, remember your courtesy.

FAUST. I † thank you, sir.

CART. 'Tis not so much worth. I pray you, tell me one thing.

FAUST. What's that?

CART. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together?

FAUST. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such questions?

CART. No, truly, sir; I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter HOSTESS *with drink.*

FAUST. Then, I assure thee certainly, they are.

CART. I thank you; I am fully satisfied.

FAUST. But wherefore dost thou ask?

CART. For nothing, sir: but methinks you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

HORSE-C. Why, do you hear, sir? did not I ‡ pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

FAUST. But I have it again, now I am awake: look you here, sir.

ALL. Oh, horrible! had the doctor three legs?

CART. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of——

[FAUSTUS, *in the middle of each speech, charms them dumb.*

DICK. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's——

HORSE-C. You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cozened me with a ho——

¶ *him*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

* *you*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616 (but compare the Carter's next speech).

† *I*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *not I*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1621 "I not."

Rob. Ha' § you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-pass and re-pass: do you remember the dog's fa——

[*Exeunt* Clowns.

Host. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master Doctor; now you have sent away my guess,‖ I pray who shall pay me for my a—— [*Exit* Hostess.

Duchess. My lord,
We are much beholding ¶ to this learnèd man.

Duke. So are we, madam; which we will recompense
With all the love and kindness that we may:
His artful sport †† drives all sad thoughts away. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Devils *with covered dishes;* Mephistophilis *leads them into* Faustus's *study; then enter* Wagner.

Wag. I think my master* means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods †, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready-coined. I wonder what he means: if death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er ‡ saw the like: and, see where they come! belike the feast is ended**. [*Exit.*

Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, *and two or three* Scholars.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of

§ *Ha'*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Haue."

‖ *guess*] See note, p. 139. So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "guests."

¶ *beholding*] So 4tos 1616, 1624, (see note, p. 69).—2to 1631 "beholden."

†† *sport*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "sports."

* *I think my master,* &c.] The alterations which this speech has undergone prevent its arrangement as verse: compare the earlier play, p. 69.

† *goods*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "good."

‡ *ne'er*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "neuer."

** *ended*] So 4tos 1624, 1631, (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "done."

Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
It is not Faustus' custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds. MEPHISTOPHILIS *brings in* HELEN; *she passeth over the stage.*

SEC. SCHOL. Was this fair Helen, whose admirèd worth
Made Greece with ten years' war § afflict poor Troy?

THIRD SCHOL. Too simple is my wit ‖ to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

FIRST SCHOL. Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,
We'll take our leaves: and, for this blessèd sight,
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: the same wish I to you.

[*Exeunt* SCHOLARS.

Enter an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. Oh, gentle Faustus, leave this damnèd art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation!
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persèver in it like a devil:
Yet, yet thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven:
No mortal can express the pains of hell.

§ *war*] Old eds. "warres."
‖ *wit*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "will."

It may be, this my exhortation
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee*, but in tender love,
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come";
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*

OLD MAN. Oh, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUST. Oh, friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Accursèd Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

FAUST. I do repent I e'er offended him.
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

* *Or envy of thee*] So Ro 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631. "*Or* of *enuie* to *thee*."

MEPH.* Do it, then, Faustus, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments † that our hell affords.
MEPH. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict ‡ his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
FAUST. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I may have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean §
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my oath ‖ I made to Lucifer.
MEPH. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN, *passing over the stage between two Cupids.*

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.

* *Meph.*] This and the next prefix are omitted in the old eds.

† *torments*] So 4tos 1624, 1631 (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "torment."

‡ *I may afflict*] So 4to 1616.—2to 1624 "*I afflict.*"—2to 1631 "*I* can *afflict.*"

§ *clean*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "clear."

‖ *oath*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "vow."

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening || air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd * arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

Thunder. *Enter* LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUC. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend
To view the subjects of our monarchy,
Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell;
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,
Bringing with us lasting damnation
To wait upon thy soul: the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

MEPH. And, this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

BELZ. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

MEPH. How should he but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it; and his † labouring brain
Begets a world of idle fantasies
To over-reach the devil; but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He and his servant Wagner are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See, where they come!

Enter FAUSTUS *and* WAGNER.

FAUST. Say, Wagner,—thou hast perus'd my will,—
How dost thou like it?

WAG. Sir, so wondrous well,

|| *evening*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "euenings."

* *azur'd*] So 4to 1624 (a reading which I prefer only because it is also that of 4to 1604.)—2tos 1616, 1631, "azure."

† *his*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

FAUST. Gramercy ||, Wagner.

Enter SCHOLARS.

Welcome, gentlemen. [*Exit* WAGNER.

FIRST SCHOL. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

FAUST. Oh, gentlemen!

SEC. SCHOL. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

FIRST SCHOL. Oh, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

SEC. SCHOL. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

THIRD SCHOL. He is not well with being over-solitary.

SEC. SCHOL. If it be so, we'll have physicians,
And Faustus shall be cur'd.

THIRD SCHOL. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir*; fear nothing.

FAUST. A surfeit of deadly† sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

SEC. SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen, hear me‡ with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never§ seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed,

|| *Gramercy*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "Gramercies."
* *sir*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.
† *of deadly*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*of* a *deadly*."
‡ *me*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.
§ *never*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "nere."

the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, oh, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

SEC. SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Oh, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em?

ALL. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Oh, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

ALL. Oh, God forbid!

FAUST. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOL. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis* too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SEC. SCHOL. Oh, what may we do to save Faustus?

FAUST. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

THIRD SCHOL. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOL. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

FAUST. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

SEC. SCHOL. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt* SCHOLARS.

* *'tis*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1621, 1631, "it *is*."

MEPH. Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven;
Therefore despair; think only upon hell,
For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

FAUST. Oh, thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness!

MEPH. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice:
'Twas I, that when thou wert i'the way to heaven,
Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye †.
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late; despair! Farewell:
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [*Exit* ‡.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL *at several doors.*

G. ANG. Oh, Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had follow'd thee!
But thou didst love the world.

E. ANG. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell-pains § perpetually.

G. ANG. Oh, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Avail thee now?

E. ANG. Nothing, but vex thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

G. ANG. Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold,
[*Music, while a throne descends.*
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit *
In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell. That hast thou lost;

† *And led thine eye*] A portion of this line has evidently dropt out.

‡ *Exit*] It seems doubtful whether Lucifer and Belzebub should also make their exeunt here, or whether they remain to witness the catastrophe.

§ *hell-pains*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "hels *paines*."

* *sit*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "set."

And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee:
The jaws of hell are open† to receive thee.
[*Exit.* *The throne ascends.*
E. Ang. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
[*Hell is discovered.*
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the Furies tossing damnèd souls
On burning forks; their bodies boil‡ in lead;
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.
Faust. Oh, I have seen enough to torture me!
E. Ang. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all:
He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.
[*Exit.* *Hell disappears.—The clock strikes eleven.*
Faust. Oh, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?—

† *are open*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "is readie."
‡ *boil*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "broyle."

See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament* !
One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!—
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him: oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone:
And, see, a threatnening arm, an† angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! Oh, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath‡ allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon§ labouring cloud,
That, when you‖ vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*

Oh, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, if†† my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last¶ be sav'd!
No end is limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,

* *See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament*] So 8vos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

† *an*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "and."

‡ *hath*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "haue."

§ *yon*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "your."

‖ *you*, &c.] See note, p. 81.

†† *Oh, if*, &c.] 2to 1601, in the corresponding passage, has "*Oh*, God, *if*," &c. (see p. 81), and that reading seems necessary for the sense.

¶ *at last*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*at* the *last*."

For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
Oh, soul, be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Thunder. *Enter* DEVILS.

Oh, mercy, heaven! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt* DEVILS *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter SCHOLARS.

FIRST SCHOL. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen;
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

SEC. SCHOL. Oh, help us, heaven*! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death!

THIRD SCHOL. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have† torn him thus;
For, twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought,
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which self‡ time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

* *heaven*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "heauens."

† *devils . . . . . have*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Diuell . . . . . hath."

‡ *self*] So 4to 1616. 2tos 1624, 1631, "same."

Sec. Schol. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

BALLAD OF FAUSTUS.

[In the course of the notes on the earlier *Faustus* several extracts have been given from the prose *History of Doctor Faustus*; and the following ballad on the same subject may properly find a place here. It is now re-printed from a copy in *The Roxburghe Collection*, vol. ii. 235, Brit. Museum].

The Judgment of God shewed upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity. Tune of Fortune, my Foe.

All Christian men, give ear a while to me,
How I am plung'd in pain, but cannot die:
I liv'd a life the like did none before,
Forsaking Christ, and I am damn'd therefore.

At Witteoburge, a town in Germany,
There was I born and bred of good degree;
Of honest stock, which afterwards I sham'd;
Accurst therefore, for Faustus was I nam'd.

In learning, loe, my uncle brought up me,
And made me Doctor in Divinity;
And, when he dy'd, he left me all his wealth,
Whose cursed gold did hinder my souls health.

Then did I shun the holy Bible-book,
Nor on Gods word would ever after look;
But studied accursed conjuration,
Which was the cause of my utter damnation.

The devil in fryars weeds appear'd to me,
And streight to my request he did agree,
That I might have all things at my desire:
I gave him soul and body for his hire.

Twice did I make my tender flesh to bleed,
Twice with my blood I wrote the devils deed,
Twice wretchedly I soul and body sold,
To live in peace * and do what things I would.

For four and twenty years this bond was made,
And at the length my soul was truly paid:
Time ran away, and yet I never thought
How dear my soul our Saviour Christ had bought.

Would I had first been made a beast by kind!
Then had not I so vainly set my mind;
Or, would when reason first began to bloom,
Some darksome den had been my deadly tomb!

Woe to the day of my nativity!
Woe to the time that once did foster me!
And woe unto the hand that seal'd the bill!
Woe to myself, the cause of all my ill!

The time I past away, with much delight,
'Mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight:
I wrought such wonders by my magick skill,
That all the world may talk of Faustus still.

The devil he carried me up into the sky,
Where I did see how all the world did lie;
I went about the world in eight daies space,
And then return'd unto my native place.

What pleasure I did wish to please my mind
He did perform, as bond and seal did bind;
The secrets of the stars and planets told,
Of earth and sea, with wonders manifold.

When four and twenty years was almost run,
I thought of all things that was past and done;
How that the devil would soon claim his right,
And carry me to everlasting night.

* *peace*] Another copy of this ballad in the British Museum.—*Ballads*, &c. 643, *m.* 10,—has "pleasure."

Then all too late I curst my wicked deed,
The dread † whereof doth make my heart to bleed;
All daies and hours I mourned wondrous sore,
Repenting me of all things done before.

I then did wish both sun and moon to stay,
All times and seasons never to decay;
Then had my time nere come to dated end,
Nor soul and body down to hell descend.

At last, when I had but one hour to come,
I turn'd my glass, for my last hour to run,
And call'd in learned men to comfort me;
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve a clock my glass was almost out:
My grieved conscience then began to doubt;
I wisht the students stay in chamber by;
But, as they staid, they heard a dreadful cry.

Then present, lo ‡, they came into the hall,
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall;
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
My bowels gone: this was an end of me.

You conjurors and damned witches all,
Example take by my unhappy fall;
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
See that the smallest hair you do not sell.

But hope that Christ his kingdom you may gain,
Where you thall never fear such mortal pain;
Forsake the devil and all his crafty ways,
Embrace true faith that never more decays.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

† *dread*] So the other copy.—The Roxburghe copy "deed."
‡ *present, lo,*] The other copy "presently."

EDWARD THE SECOND.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer: And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of king Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne, 1598, 4to.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty fauorite of King Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane ouer against the Rolles, 1612. 4to.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the Tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gauestone, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty Fauorite of King Edward the second. As it was publikely acted by the late Queenes Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull in S. Johns streete. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. London, Printed for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Lame-Hospitall Gate, neere Smithfield, 1622, 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE SECOND.
PRINCE EDWARD, *his son, afterwards King Edward the Third.*
KENT, *brother to King Edward the Second.*
GAVESTON.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF COVENTRY.
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
WARWICK.
LANCASTER.
PEMBROKE.
ARUNDEL.
LEICESTER.
BERKELEY.
MORTIMER *the elder.*
MORTIMER *the younger, his nephew.*
SPENSER *the elder.*
SPENSER *the younger, his son.*
BALDOCK.
BEAUMONT.
TRUSSEL.
GURNEY.
MATREVIS.
LIGHTBORN.
SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.
LEVUNE.

Rice ap Howel.
Mayor of Bristow.
Abbot.
Monks.
Herald.
Lords, Poor Men, James, Mower, Champion, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Queen Isabella, *wife to King Edward the Second.*
Niece to King Edward the Second, *daughter to the Duke of Glocester.*
Ladies.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

Enter GAVESTON*, *reading a letter.*

GAV. *My father is deceas'd. Come, Gaveston,*
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come! these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul:
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie†,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?

* *Enter Gaveston,* &c.] Scene, a street, in London (see line 10).

† *lie*] Old eds. "die."

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,—
Tanti,—I'll fawn§ first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.

Enter three Poor Men.

But how now? what are these?

Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gav. What canst thou do?

First P. Man. I can ride.

Gav. But I have no horse.—What art thou?

Sec. P. Man. A traveller.

Gav. Let me see: thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
And what art thou?

Third P. Man. A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.

Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you:
I have no war; and therefore, sir, be gone.

Third P. Man. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital!

Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porcupine,

§ *fawn*] Old eds. "fanne." Something has dropt out from this line.

And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.—
[*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king:
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

ALL. We thank your worship.

GAV. I have some business: leave me to myself.

ALL. We will wait here about the court.

GAV. Do. [*Exeunt* POOR MEN.

These are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan* nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay;
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,

* *sylvan*] Old eds. "Siluian."

One like Actæon, peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall ‡ seem to die:
Such things as these best please his majesty.
Here comes my lord the king ||, and the nobles,
From the parliament. I'll stand aside. [*Retires.*

Enter KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, KENT, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and Attendants.*

EDW. Lancaster!

LAN. My lord?

GAV. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*

EDW. Will you not grant me this?—In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.
[*Aside.*

E. MOR. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

GAV. That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death.
[*Aside.*

Y. MOR. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to ¶ your father at his death,

‡ *shall*] Old eds. "and."

|| *Here comes my lord the king, &c.*] Old eds. "My Lord, *here comes the king,*" &c.

¶ *sworn to*] The modern editors print "*sworn* unto": but "sworn" was often used as a dissyllable.

That he should ne'er return into the realm :
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

GAV. *Mort dieu !* [*Aside.*

EDW. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words :
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king ?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster ?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston ; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

GAV. Well done, Ned ! [*Aside.*

LAN. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston ?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster,—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester ;
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm :
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

KENT. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute ;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the North, being highly mov'd,

Brav'd Mowbray* in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,
And Mowbray and he were reconcil'd:
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.—
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

WAR. Oh, our heads!

EDW. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant.

WAR. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. MOR. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.—
Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

E. MOR. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

WAR. All Warwickshire will leave† him for my sake.

LAN. And northward Lancaster‡ hath many friends.—
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head

* *Mowbray*] A trisyllable here (and, indeed, in 4to 1598, it is spelt "Moubery").

† *leave*] Old eds. "loue."

‡ *Lancaster*] Old eds. "Gaueston."

The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt all, except* KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON, *and Attendants.*

EDW. I cannot brook these haughty menaces:
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?—
Brother, display my ensigns in the field:
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

GAV. I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

EDW. What, Gaveston! welcome! Kiss not my hand:
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why shouldst thou kneel? know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston:
Not Hylas was more mournèd for of§ Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

GAV. And, since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

EDW. I know it.—Brother, welcome home my friend.—
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High-chamberlain,

§ *of*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

GAV. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

KENT. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

EDW. Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words.—
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts:
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.
If for these dignities thou be envièd,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment‖.
Fear'st thou thy person¶? thou shalt have a guard:
Wantest* thou gold? go to my treasury:
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

GAV. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love;
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.

EDW. Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

BISH. OF COV. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

‖ *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.

¶ *Fear'st thou thy person*] i. e. fearest thou *for* thy person.

* *Wantest*] Old eds. "Wants."

EDW. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

GAV. 'Tis true; and, but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

BISH. OF COV. I did no more than I was bound to do:
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

GAV. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

EDW. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel* christen him anew.

KENT. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

GAV. Let him complain unto the see of hell:
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

EDW. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee; here, use him as thou wilt.

GAV. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

EDW. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

BISH. OF COV. For this offence, be thou accurs'd of God!

EDW. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

* *channel*] i. e. kennel.

Bish. of Cov. True, true. †

Edw. But, in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may beseem‡ his holiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on one side, the elder Mortimer§, *and the younger* Mortimer; *on the other,* Warwick, *and* Lancaster.

War. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lan. What, will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.

Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

† *True, true*] Altered by one of the modern editors to "Do, do"; which may be the right reading. But qy. "Prut, prut." (an exclamation of contempt)?

‡ *may beseem*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "*may* best *beseeme.*"

§ *Enter, on one side, the elder Mortimer, &c.*] Qy. where is this scene supposed to pass?—The words of the Queen (p. 177), "Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer," would lead us to fix it at Windsor; but, as the Archbishop (p. 178) begs the nobles "to cross to Lambeth," it would seem to take place in London.

E. Mor. How now? why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. Mor. An earl!

War. Ay, and besides Lord-chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

E. Mor. We may not nor we will not suffer this.

Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lan. "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word;
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing§ of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay, more, the guard upon his lordship waits,
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

Lan. All stomach him‖, but none dare speak a word.

Y. Mor. Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster!
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,

§ *vailing*] i. e. lowering.

‖ *stomach him*] i. e. think of him with anger and ill-will. So afterwards in this play Gaveston says,

"I know, my lord, many will *stomach* me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate."

We'd ¶ hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

WAR. Here comes my Lord of Canterbury's grace.

LAN. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and an Attendant.*

ARCHB. OF CANT. First, were his sacred garments rent and torn;
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next,
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseiz'd:
This certify the Pope: away, take horse.
[*Exit Attendant.*

LAN. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

ARCHB. OF CANT. What need I? God himself is up in arms
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Y. MOR. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

ARCHB. OF CANT. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

¶ *We'd*] Old eds. "Weele"

Enter Queen Isabella.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

Isab. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston:
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And, when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.

E. Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitch'd?

Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

Archb. of Cant. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No; but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Isab. Then let him stay; for, rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

Archb. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent

Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

LAN. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. MOR. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

WAR. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

ARCHB. OF CANT. At the New Temple.

Y. MOR. Content.

ARCHB. OF CANT.* And, in the mean time, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

LAN. Come, then, let's away.

Y. MOR. Madam, farewell.

ISAB. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. MOR. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON † *and* KENT.

GAV. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth: there let them remain.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Archb. of Cant.*] This prefix is wanting in the old eds.

† *Enter Gaveston, &c.*] Scene, a street perhaps.

Enter LANCASTER†, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and Attendants.*

LAN. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

ARCHB. OF CANT. Give me the paper.

[*He subscribes, as the others do after him.*

LAN. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

WAR. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.

Y. MOR. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declin'd from‡ that base peasant.

Enter KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, *and* KENT.

EDW. What, are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

LAN. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earl is so safe.

E. MOR. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?

† *Enter Lancaster, &c.*] Qy. Scene, "the New Temple" (see p. 178), though the king exclaims, "Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne" (p. 181)? Perhaps a change of scene is supposed at p. 184.

‡ *declin'd from*] i. e. turned away from.

Quam male conveniunt§*!*—
See, what a scornful look the peasant casts!

PEM. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

WAR. Ignoble vassal, that, like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!

Y. MOR. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

EDW. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!

E. MOR. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!

KENT. Is this the duty that you owe your king?

WAR. We know our duties: let him know his peers.

EDW. Whither will you bear him? stay, or ye shall die.

E. MOR. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.

GAV. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home.
Were I a king—

Y. MOR. Thou, villain! wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

EDW. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

LAN. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!

E. MOR. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[*Attendants remove* GAVESTON *and* KENT.

§ *Quam male conveniunt*] Was the poet thinking of Ovid,—"Non bene *conveniunt*," &c, *Met.* ii. 846.

EDW. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king:
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

LAN. Learn, then, to rule us better, and the realm.

Y. MOR. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.

WAR. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

EDW. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

ARCHB. OF CANT. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

Y. MOR. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

EDW. Meet you for this, proud over-daring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet‖ upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

ARCHB. OF CANT. You know that I am legate to the Pope:
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Y. MOR. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.

EDW. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

LAN. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

‖ *fleet*] i. e. float.

ARCHB. OF CANT. Remember how the bishop was abus'd:
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords§
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

EDW. It boots me not to threat; I must speak fair:
The legate of the Pope will be obey'd.— [*Aside.*
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High-Admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

ARCHB. OF CANT. Nothing shall alter us; we are resolv'd.

LAN. Come, come, subscribe.

Y. MOR. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?

EDW. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston!
You that be¶ noble-born should pity him.

WAR. You that are princely-born should shake him off:

§ *lords*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "Lord."
¶ *be*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "are."

For shame, subscribe, and let the lown* depart.

E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.

Archb. of Cant. Are you content to banish him the realm?

Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

[*Subscribes.*

Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.

Edw. 'Tis done: and now, accursèd hand, fall off!

Lan. Give it me: I'll have it publish'd in the streets.

Y. Mor. I'll see him presently despatch'd away.

Archb. of Cant. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine.

Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt all except* King Edward.

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers† to kiss the lowly ground,

* *lown*] Or *loon*,—i. e. base low fellow.

† *The papal towers*, &c.] The modern editors print "Thy *papal* towers," &c: but, towards the end of *The Massacre at Paris*, Marlowe has,—

"*I'll fire* his *crazèd buildings, and* incense
The papal towers to kiss the holy [qy. "*lowly*"?] earth."

With slaughter'd priests make† Tyber's channel swell,
And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Re-enter GAVESTON§.

GAV. My lord, I hear it whisper'd every where,
That I am banish'd and must fly the land.

EDW. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston: oh, were it‡ false!
The legate of the Pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay; or, if thou dost,
I'll come to thee: my love shall ne'er decline.

GAV. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

EDW. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

GAV. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For no where else seeks he felicity.

EDW. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.

† *make*] Old eds. "may."

§ *Re-enter Gaveston*] Qy. "Enter *Gaveston*,"—a change of place being supposed here?

‡ *were it*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "*were it* were it."

Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine:
[*They exchange pictures.*
Oh, might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable.

GAV. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

EDW. Thou shalt not hence: I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

GAV. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

EDW. Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part.
Stay, Gaveston; I cannot leave thee thus.

GAV. For every look, my lord, drops § down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

EDW. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill.
But, come, sweet friend; I'll bear thee on thy way.

GAV. The peers will frown.

EDW. I pass || not for their anger. Come, let's go:
Oh, that we might as well return as go!

§ *my lord, drops*] One of the modern editors prints "*my* love *drops*."

|| *pass*] i. e. care.

Enter Queen Isabella¶.

Isab. Whither goes my lord?

Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.

Isab. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

Gav. On Mortimer; with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.

Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd:
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Isab. Your highness knows, it lies not in my power.

Edw. Away, then! touch me not.—Come, Gaveston.

Isab. Villain, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

Edw. Speak not unto her: let her droop and pine.

Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel!

Edw. And witness Heaven how dear thou art to me!

¶ *Enter Queen Isabella*] Old eds. "*Enter* Edmund [i. e. Kent] *and Queene Isabell*": but the entrance of Kent seems to have been marked here by mistake.

There weep; for, till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and* GAVESTON.

ISAB. Oh, miserable and distressèd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe*, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape! or at† the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison!
Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno, will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursèd Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath;
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston;
And so am I for ever miserable.

Re-enter LANCASTER‡, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder* MORTIMER, *and the younger* MORTIMER.

LAN. Look, where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!

WAR. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.

* *Circe*] Old eds. "Circes" (the genitive of proper names being formerly often put for the nominative).

† *at*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "that."

‡ *Re-enter Lancaster, &c.*] Perhaps it should be merely "Enter *Lancaster*," &c: see note, p. 184.

PEM. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
Y. MOR. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
E. MOR. Why, he is gone.
Y. MOR. Madam, how fares your grace?
ISAB. Ah, Mortimer, now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not!
Y. MOR. Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him.
ISAB. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain; he'll ne'er love me.
LAN. Fear you not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.
ISAB. Oh, never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal:
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.
LAN. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwrack'd body.
WAR. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
Y. MOR. But, madam, would you have us call him home?
ISAB. Ay, Mortimer; for, till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
Y. MOR. What, would you have me plead for Gaveston?
E. MOR. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

LAN. And so am I, my lord: dissuade the queen.

ISAB. Oh, Lancaster, let him dissuade the king!
For 'tis against my will he should return.

WAR. Then speak not for him; let the peasant go.

ISAB. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

PEM. No speaking will prevail*; and therefore cease.

Y. MOR. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

ISAB. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Y. MOR. It is impossible: but speak your mind.

ISAB. Then thus; but none shall hear it but ourselves.

LAN. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

E. MOR. Not I, against my nephew.

PEM. Fear not; the queen's words cannot alter him.

WAR. No? do but mark how earnestly she pleads!

LAN. And see how coldly his looks make denial!

WAR. She smiles: now, for my life, his mind is chang'd!

LAN. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

Y. MOR. Well, of necessity it must be so.—
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston

* *prevail*] i. e. avail.

I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

LAN. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Y. MOR. My Lord of Lancaster, mark the respect†.

LAN. In no respect can contraries be true.

ISAB. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.

WAR. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolv'd.

Y. MOR. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

PEM. I would he were!

Y. MOR. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

E. MOR. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.

Y. MOR. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas‡ he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

WAR. Mark you but that, my Lord of Lancaster.

Y. MOR. But, were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd

† *respect*] i. e. consideration.
‡ *whereas*] i. e. where.

To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer§,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague!

PEM. He saith true.

LAN. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Y. MOR. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail‖ the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. MOR. But how if he do not, nephew?

Y. MOR. Then may we with some colour rise in arms;

For, howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So shall we have the people of¶ our side,
Which, for his father's sake, lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump*,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility:
And, when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.

§ *murderer*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "murther."
‖ *vail*] i. e. lower.
¶ *of*] i. e. on. So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "on."
* *mushrump*] i. e. mushroom.

My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

LAN. On that condition Lancaster will grant.

WAR. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. MOR. And I.

Y. MOR. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

ISAB. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new† return'd. This news will glad him much:
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston: would he lov'd me
But half so much! then were I treble-blest.

Re-enter KING EDWARD, *mourning*.

EDW. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn:
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And, could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

ISAB. Hark, how he harps upon his minion!

EDW. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.

† *new*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "news" and "newes."

Ah, had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre stroke‡ me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!

LAN. *Diablo*, what passions call you these?

ISAB. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

EDW. That you have parled§ with your Mortimer?

ISAB. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

EDW. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true.

ISAB. But will you love me, if you find it so?

EDW. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

ISAB. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

EDW. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston;
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy‖ neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

ISAB. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.
Oh, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

EDW. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

ISAB. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

EDW. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,

‡ *stroke*] i. e. struck. So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2tos 1622 "strooke."
§ *parled*] From *parle* (not from *parley*).
‖ *thy*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "my."

Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's* smile:
Live thou with me as my companion.

LAN. This salutation overjoys my heart.

EDW. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

WAR. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

EDW. In solemn triumphs and in public shows
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

PEM. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

EDW. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

Y. MOR. My lord, I'll marshal so† your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

EDW. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve‡ no common place nor mean reward,
Be you the general of the levied troops
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. MOR. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

ISAB. Now is the king of England rich and strong,

* *sovereign's*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "soueraigne."
† *so*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "all."
‡ *Deserve*] Old eds. "Deserues."

Having the love of his renownèd peers.

EDW. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.—
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston to Ireland!—Beaumont, fly
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.

BEAU. It shall be done, my gracious lord. [*Exit.*

EDW. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd;
For wot§ you not that I have made him sure‖
Unto our cousin*, the Earl of Glocester's heir?

LAN. Such news we hear, my lord.

EDW. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the¶ triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

WAR. In this or aught your highness shall command us.

EDW. Thanks, gentle Warwick. Come, let's in and revel.

[*Exeunt all, except the elder* MORTIMER *and the younger* MORTIMER.

E. MOR. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.
Leave now to oppose thyself against the king:

§ *wot*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "wrote."

‖ *made him sure*] i. e. affianced him.

* *cousin*] Equivalent here to niece. (So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the King calls his nephew Hamlet "cousin").

¶ *the*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm;
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions;
Great Alexander lov'd Hephæstion,
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept*,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd:
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius,
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely-born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay.
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And, Midas-like, he jets† it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions‡ at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk:

* *The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept*] 2tos 1598, 1612, "*The conquering* Hector, *for Hilas wept.*"—2to 1622, "*The conquering* Hector did *for Hilas weepe.*"

† *jets*] i. e. struts.

‡ *cullions*] i. e. abject fellows,—scoundrels.

He wears a short Italian-hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others‡ walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Y. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service:
But, whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the younger Spenser§ *and* Baldock.

Bald. Spenser,
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Glocester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me: a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live.
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

‡ *others*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "other."

§ *Enter the younger Spenser, &c.*] Scene, a hall in the mansion of the Duke of Glocester.

BALD. What, mean you, then, to be his follower?

Y. SPEN. No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

BALD. But he is banish'd; there's small hope of him.

Y. SPEN. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repeal'd and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And, as she read, she smil'd; which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

BALD. 'Tis like enough; for, since he was exil'd,
She neither walks abroad nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Y. SPEN. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

BALD. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. SPEN. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs* to a nobleman,

* *legs*] i. e. bows.

Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,
And saying, " Truly, an't may please your honour,"
Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

BALD. Spenser, thou know'st I hate such formal † toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord, whiles he liv'd, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villany.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod.*

Y. SPEN. But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

BALD. Leave off this jesting; here my lady comes.

Enter KING EDWARD'S NIECE.

NIECE. The grief for his exile was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me.
[*Reads.*
I will not long be from thee, though I die;—

† *formal*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

This argues the entire love of my lord;— [*Reads.*
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart!—
But stay‡ thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*
Now to the letter of my lord the king:
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?—
Who's there? Baldock!
See that my coach be ready; I must hence.

BALD. It shall be done, madam.

NIECE. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
[*Exit* BALDOCK.
Spenser, stay you, and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My Lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

Y. SPEN. I knew the king would have him home again.

NIECE. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spenser, shall be thought upon.

Y. SPEN. I humbly thank your ladyship.

NIECE. Come, lead the way: I long till I am there.
[*Exeunt.*

‡ *stay*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

Enter KING EDWARD§, QUEEN ISABELLA, LANCASTER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and Attendants.*

EDW. The wind is good; I wonder why he stays:
I fear me he is wrack'd upon the sea.
ISAB. Look, Lancaster, how passionate‖ he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
LAN. My lord,—
EDW. How now? what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?
Y. MOR. Nothing but Gaveston! what means
your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon:
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.
EDW. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Y. MOR. A homely one, my lord, not worth the
telling.
EDW. Pray thee, let me know it.
Y. MOR. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is;
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all;
The motto, *Æque tandem.*

§ *Enter King Edward, &c.*] Scene, before Tynmouth-Castle.
‖ *passionate*] i. e. sorrowful.

Edw. And what is your's, my Lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a† flying-fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursu'd, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear;
The motto this, *Undique mors est.*

Kent‡. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

Isab. Sweet husband, be content; they all love you.

Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar; shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses§ that will pull you down;
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry

† *a*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

‡ *Kent*] Old eds. "Edw." (a mistake for "*Edm.*", which is generally the prefix in the old eds. to Kent's speeches). That the present speech belongs to Kent, is proved by the last line of it,—"Against the Earl of Cornwall and *my brother.*"

§ *jesses*] i. e. the short straps round the legs of the hawk, having small rings (called the varvels), to which was fastened the falconer's leash.—Old eds. "gresses" (a mistake for "gesses.").

Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying-fish,
And threaten'st death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.

Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas§ he shall be present?

Lan. That shall we see: look, where his lordship comes!

Enter Gaveston.

Edw. My Gaveston!
Welcome to Tynmouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danäe,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous,
So did it fare|| with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth¶ mine;
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolics not more to see the painted spring
Than I do to behold your majesty.

§ *whenas*] i. e. when.
|| *fare*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "sure."
¶ *preventeth*] i. e. anticipateth.

EDW. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

LAN. Salute him! yes.—Welcome, Lord Chamberlain!

Y. MOR. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

WAR. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

PEM. Welcome, Master Secretary!

KENT. Brother, do you hear them?

EDW. Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

GAV. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

ISAB. Aye me, poor soul, when these begin to jar! [*Aside.*

EDW. Return it to their throats; I'll be thy warrant.

GAV. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home, and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

LAN. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
[*Draws his sword, and offers to stab* GAVESTON.

EDW. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

PEM. Here, here, king!

EDW. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him*.

GAV. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

* Pem. *Here, here, king!*
Edw. *Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him*] Old eds. (with various pointing),—
"*Pem.* Here here King: conuey hence Gaueston, thail murder him,"—
(I should have taken the word "King" for a prefix crept by mistake into the text, but that the speeches of Edward have always the prefix "Edw.").

Y. Mor. Villain, thy life! unless I miss mine aim.
[*Wounds* Gaveston.

Isab. Ah, furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain. [*Exit* Gaveston *with attendants.*

Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live:
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed:
Out of my presence! come not near the court.

Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

Edw. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus:
But, if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men:
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.
[*Exeunt* King Edward, Queen Isabella, *and* Kent.

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.

Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now;
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.
Lan. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king:
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters! from whence?
Mes. From Scotland, my lord.
[*Giving letters to* Mortimer.
Lan. Why, how now, cousin? how fare* all our friends?
Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man: be of good cheer.
Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.
Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.
War. Meantime, my Lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.
Y. Mor. About it, then, and we will follow you.
Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.
War. I warrant you. [*Exit with* Pembroke.
Y. Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,

* *fare*] Old eds. "fares."

As never subject did unto his king.

LAN. Content; I'll bear my part.—Holla! who's there?

Enter GUARD.

Y. MOR. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

LAN. Lead on the way.

GUARD. Whither will your lordships?

Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king?

GUARD. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

LAN. Why, so he may; but we will speak to him.

GUARD. You may not in, my lord.

Y. MOR. May we not?

Re-enter KING EDWARD *and* KENT.

EDW. How now?

What noise is this? who have we there? is't you?

[*Going.*

Y. MOR. Nay, stay, my lord; I come to bring you news;

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

EDW. Then ransom him.

LAN. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.

Y. MOR. And you shall ransom him, or else—

KENT. What, Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

EDW. Quiet yourself; you shall have the broad seal,

To gather for him th[o]roughout the realm.

LAN. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. MOR. My lord, the family of the Mortimers

Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,

'Twould† levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

EDW. Shall I still be haunted‡ thus?

Y. MOR. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.

LAN. And so will I; and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. MOR. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak§;
The murmuring commons, overstretchèd, break‖.

LAN. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd:
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates;
The wild Oneil, with swarms of Irish kerns¶,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale;
Unto the walls of York the Scots make* road**,
And, unresisted, drive away rich spoils.

Y. MOR. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas††,

† *'Twould*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "Would."

‡ *haunted*] The modern editors print "taunted."

§ *thy treasury dry, and made thee weak*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "*thy* treasure *drie, and made* the *weake*."

‖ *break*] So the modern editors: but I am far from being convinced that it is the right word.—Old eds. "hath."

¶ *Irish kerns*] i. e. Irish foot-soldiers of the lowest description.

* *make*] Old eds. "made," and in the next line "draue"; but the present tense is obviously necessary here.

** *road*] i. e. inroad.

†† *The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas*] So in *The Third Part of K. Henry VI*, act i, sc. i,—"Stern Faulconbridge

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

LAN. What foreign prince sends thee embassadors?

Y. MOR. Who loves thee, but a sort† of flatterers?

LAN. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. MOR. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make‡ a king seem glorious to the world,
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love;
Libels are cast again§ thee in the street;
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

LAN. The northern borderers, seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. MOR. When wert thou in the field with banner‖ spread,
But once? and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes, not armour, and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

LAN. And thereof came it that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig¶;

commands the narrow seas,"—a line retained by Shakespeare from *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of York.*

† *sort*] i. e. set.

‡ *make*] Old eds. "makes."

§ *again*] i. e. against. So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "against."

‖ *banner*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "banners."

¶ *jig*] i. e. ballad.

Maids of England *, *sore may you mourn,*
For your lemans† *you have lost at Bannocksbourn,*
With a heave and a ho‡*!*
What weeneth the king of England
So soon to have won Scotland,
With a rombelow‡*?*

Y. Mor. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And, when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If you be mov'd, revenge it as § you can:
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exit with* Y. Mortimer.

Edw. My swelling heart for || very anger breaks:
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives'-blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;

* *Maids of England,* &c.] Taken (with very slight variations) from Fabyan's *Chron.* vol. ii. fol. 169, ed. 1559.

† *lemans*] i. e. lovers.

‡ *With a heave and a ho!*

‡ *With a rombelow*] Common burdens to songs: see Skelton's *Works*, ii. 110, ed. Dyce.

§ *as*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "if."

|| *for*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "with."

And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

EDW. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

KENT. Ay; and it grieves me that I favour'd him.

EDW. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.

KENT. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

EDW. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

KENT. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.

EDW. Away! [*Exit* KENT.

Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me!
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynmouth here;
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

Re-enter QUEEN ISABELLA, *with* EDWARD'S NIECE, *two* LADIES, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, *and the younger* SPENSER.

ISAB. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

EDW. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour 'em¶.

ISAB. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

NIECE. Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.

GAV. My lord, dissemble with her; speak her fair.

EDW. Pardon me, sweet; I forgot myself.

ISAB. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

¶ *'em*] Old eds. "him."

Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.

Gav. Why, then, we'll have him privily made away.

Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Niece. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd:
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? what is thine arms?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.

Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav. Ay, my lord;
His name is Spenser; he is well allied:
For my sake let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

Edw. Then, Spenser, wait upon me for his sake:
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me
Than to be favour'd of your majesty!

Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast:—
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the Earl of Glocester late deceas'd.

GAV. I know, my lord, many will stomach me †;
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

EDW. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and, when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels and their 'complices! [*Exeunt.*

Enter LANCASTER ‡, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and others.*

KENT. My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel, and the realm's behoof,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

LAN. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.

WAR. He is your brother; therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

KENT. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

Y. MOR. Stay, Edmund: never was Plantagenet
False of his word; and therefore trust we thee.

PEM. But what's the reason you should leave him now?

KENT. I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.

LAN. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,

† *stomach me*] See note, p. 175.

‡ *Enter Lancaster, &c.*] Scene, near Tynmouth Castle.

And here in Tynmouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.

Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.

War. And I'll follow thee.

Y. Mor. This totter'd † ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that Dead Sea
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle['s] walls.—
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

Lan. None be so hardy as to ‡ touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter, severally, King Edward § *and the younger* Spenser.

Edw. Oh, tell me, Spenser, where is Gaveston?

Y. Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

Edw. No, here he comes: now let them spoil and kill.

Enter Queen Isabella, King Edward's Niece, Gaveston, *and Nobles.*

Fly, fly, my lords; the earls have got the hold;
Take shipping, and away to Scarborough:
Spenser and I will post away by land.

† *totter'd*] A common form of *tattered.*

‡ *to*] So 4to 1622.—Not in 4tos 1598, 1612.

§ *Enter, severally, King Edward,* &c.] Scene,—within Tynmouth Castle.

GAV. Oh, stay, my lord! they will not injure you.
EDW. I will not trust them. Gaveston, away!
GAV. Farewell, my lord.
EDW. Lady, farewell.
NIECE. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
EDW. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.
ISAB. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
EDW. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover's sake.
ISAB. Heavens can witness, I love none but you.

[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ISABELLA.

From my embracements thus he breaks away.
Oh, that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That, when I had him, we might never part!

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and others. Alarums within.*

LAN. I wonder how he scap'd.
Y. MOR. Who's this? the queen!
ISAB. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston;
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. MOR. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?

Isab. What would you with the king? is't him you seek?

Lan. No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston:
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign!
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Isab. He's gone by water unto Scarborough:
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War. Forslow* no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.

Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he is parted?

Isab. That thus§, your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd: therefore† begone.

Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy:
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come, aboard! 'tis but an hour's sailing.

Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.

Isab. No, Mortimer; I'll to my lord the king.

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Isab. You know the king is so suspicious,

* *Forslow*] i. e. delay.

§ *thus*] Old eds. "this."

† *suppress'd: therefore*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "*suppress*; and *therefore*."

As, if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, begone.

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you:
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except* Queen Isabella.

Isab. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston.
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer:
If he be strange, and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet, I hope, my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain. [*Exit.*

Enter Gaveston ‡, *pursued.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits;
And, though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,

‡ *Enter Gaveston, &c.*] There is such uncertainty about the location of this scene, that I can only mark it—an open country.

It may not be amiss to state the real circumstances which attended the close of Gaveston's career.—The king and Gaveston fled by sea from Tynmouth to Scarborough; the king then repaired to York, while Gaveston remained in Scarborough Castle, to which the Earls of Surrey and Pembroke, commissioned by the Earl of Lancaster, laid siege. "It was in vain that Edward sent them a mandate to retire. The un-

Breathing in hope (malgrado§ all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see‖ his royal sovereign once again.

fortunate Gaveston finding the place untenable, surrendered with the king's consent to the Earl of Pembroke, on condition, that if no accommodation was effected before the first of August, he should be reinstated in the possession of Scarborough. It had been agreed that the prisoner should be confined in his own castle of Wallingford: and the earl and the lord Henry Percy bound themselves for his safety to the king, under the forfeiture of their lands, limbs, and lives. From Scarborough Gaveston proceeded under their protection towards Wallingford: at Dedington, Pembroke left him in the custody of his servants, and departed to spend the night with his countess in the neighbourhood. He retired to rest without any suspicion of danger: but the 'black dog [Warwick] had sworn that the favourite should feel his teeth'; and before dawn he received a peremptory order to dress himself and leave his chamber. At the gate, instead of his former guards, he found, to his astonishment, his enemy the earl of Warwick, with a numerous force. He was immediately placed on a mule, and his arrival at the castle of Warwick was announced by martial music and shouts of triumph. There the chiefs of the party sate in council over the fate of their prisoner. To a proposal to save his life, a voice replied, 'you have caught the fox: if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again': and it was ultimately resolved to disregard the capitulation, and to put him to death in conformity with one of the ordinances. When his doom was announced, Gaveston threw himself at the feet of the earl of Lancaster; and implored, but in vain, the pity and protection of his 'gentle lord.' He was hurried to Blacklow-hill (now Gaversike), and beheaded in the presence of the earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Surrey." Lingard's *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. 396-8, ed. 1823.

§ *malgrado*] i. e. in spite of (Ital.).

‖ *see*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "these."

Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, *the younger* MORTIMER, *Soldiers, James and other Attendants of Pembroke.*

WAR. Upon him, soldiers! take away his weapons!

Y. MOR. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and, were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

LAN. Monster of men,
That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

WAR. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?—
Go, soldiers, take him hence; for, by my sword,
His head shall off.—Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person.—Hang him at a bough.

GAV. My lord,—

WAR. Soldiers, have him away.—
But, for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands†.

† *our hands*] After these words, a line in which Warwick said something about Gaveston's being *beheaded*, seems to have dropt out.

GAV. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter ARUNDEL.

LAN. How now, my Lord of Arundel?

ARUN. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

WAR. Arundel, say your message.

ARUN. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And, if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

WAR. How now?

GAV. Renowmèd‖ Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

WAR. No, it needeth not:
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.—
Soldiers, away with him!

GAV. Why, my Lord of Warwick,
Will now these short delays beget my hopes¶?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at:

‖ *Renowmèd*] See note, vol. i. 27. So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "Renowned."

¶ *Will now these short delays beget my hopes*] Old eds., "*Will* not *these delaies beget my hopes*?" The modern editors print, "*Will these delays beget* me any *hopes*?"

Yet grant King Edward this.

Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant?—Soldiers, away with him!—
Thus we'll gratify the king;
We'll send his head by thee: let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lord, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And on* the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

War. When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits†,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

Arun. Then, if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Y. Mor. 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;
But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true‡ man for a thief.

Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base.

* *on*] Old eds. "in."

† *He that the care of his realm remits*] 2to 1598,—
"*He that the care of realme remits.*"
2tos 1612, 1622,—
"*He that* hath *the care of Realme-remits.*"

‡ *true*] i. e. honest.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!
Question with thy companions and mates.
Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my Lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.
War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had I wist‡, and let him go?
Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours:
But, if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.
Arun. My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.
Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer?
Y. Mor. How say you, my Lord of Warwick?
War. Nay, do your pleasures: I know how 'twill prove.
Pem. Then give him me.

‡ *had I wist*] i. e. had I known,—the exclamation of those who repent of what they have rashly done.

GAV. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die!

WAR. Yet not perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*

Y. MOR. My Lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you:
Return him on your honour.—Sound, away!

[*Exeunt all except* PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL§, GAVESTON, JAMES *and other Attendants of Pembroke.*

PEM. My lord, you‖ shall go with me:
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little; but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to balk their lips.

ARUN. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my Lord of Pembroke:
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

PEM. So, my lord.—Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee;
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge: begone.

GAV. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?

[*Exit with* JAMES *and other Attendants of* PEMBROKE.

HORSE-BOY. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

[*Exeunt.*

§ *Arundel*] Old eds. "Mat." and "Matreuis". See note, p. 229.

‖ *My lord, you*] Qy. "*My Lord* of Arundel, *you*"?

Enter GAVESTON || *mourning*, JAMES *and other Attendants of* PEMBROKE.

GAV. Oh, treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!

JAMES. I see it is your life these arms pursue¶.

GAV. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh, must this day be period of my life,
Centre of all* my bliss? An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK *and Soldiers.*

WAR. My Lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer: I will have that Gaveston.

JAMES. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

WAR. No, James; it is my country's cause I follow.—
Go, take the villain: soldiers, come away;
We'll make quick work.—Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.—
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

|| *Enter Gaveston, &c.*] Scene, another part of the country. See note, p. 217.

¶ *it is your life these arms pursue*] The words "arms" and "aims" are very frequently confounded by our old printers; but that "arms" is the right reading here is proved by a later passage of this play,—

"And all the land, I know, is up in *arms*,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate."

* *all*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

GAV. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?

WAR. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.—Away!

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and Soldiers with* GAVESTON.

JAMES. Come, fellows: it booted* not for us to strive: We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD†, *the younger* SPENSER, BALDOCK, *Noblemen of the king's side, and Soldiers with drums and fifes.*

EDW. I long to hear an answer from the barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah, Spenser, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer;
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable; and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again:
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. SPEN. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear

* *booted*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "booteth."

† *Enter King Edward, &c.*] Edward had retired to Berwick when he first heard the news of Gaveston's death, which is announced to him at p. 229: but, as the great defeat of the barons, which presently takes place, p. 235, was at Borowbridge, this scene may be supposed to pass in Yorkshire. The reader must have already perceived how little Marlowe thought about the location of the scenes.

These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuff'd of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles:
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

EDW. Yea, gentle Spenser, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And, if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

BALD. This haught* resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter the elder SPENSER‡, *with his truncheon, and Soldiers.*

E. SPEN. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

EDW. Welcome, old man: com'st thou in Edward's aid?

* *haught*] i. e. high.

‡ *the elder Spenser*] Old eds. "Hugh Spencer, an old man, father to the young Spencer."

Then tell thy§ prince of whence and what thou art.

E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly
For favour done, in him, unto us all.

Edw. Thy father, Spenser?

Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again!
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sun-shine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons;
And, Spenser, spare them not, lay it on.—
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

Y. Spen. My lord, here comes* the queen.

§ *thy*] Old eds. "the."

* *comes*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "come."

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *and* LEVUNE.

EDW. Madam, what news?

ISAB. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands:
These be the letters, this the messenger.

EDW. Welcome, Levune.—Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.—
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee now?—Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.—
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

P. EDW. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear:
And fear not, lord and father; heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

ISAB. Ah, boy, this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth!

EDW. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,

And this our son: Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company;
And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.

ISAB. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king:
God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

[*Exit with* PRINCE EDWARD.

Enter ARUNDEL*.

EDW. What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?

ARUN. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

EDW. Ah, traitors, have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

ARUN. Neither, my lord; for, as he was surpris'd,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,

* *Arundel*] Old eds. "Lord Matre." and "Lord Matreuis"; and so in all the other places of this scene, both in the dialogue and the prefixes, where I have substituted "Arundel" and "*Arun.*": compare the scene, p. 220, in which Arundel delivers the king's message to the barons. This mistake (which has occurred before in the old eds., see note, p. 223, and is afterwards repeated, see note, p. 243) was occasioned most probably by the parts of Arundel and Matrevis having been played by one and the same actor.

That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

EDW. And, tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y. SPEN. Proud recreants!

EDW. Yea, Spenser, traitors all!

ARUN. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least; and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me* pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
" My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands."

EDW. Well, and how fortunes [it] that he came not?

Y. SPEN. Some treason or some villany was cause.

ARUN. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way;
For, being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe;
But, ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Strake† off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Y. SPEN. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms!

EDW. Oh, shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

Y. SPEN. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;

* *me*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "my."—Compare, "My lords, *I will be pledge* for his return," p. 221.

† *Strake*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "Stroke."

Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends:
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting-holes.

EDW. [*kneeling.*] By earth, the common mother
of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!—
[*Rises.*
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston!—
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spenser, sweet Spenser, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Glocester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Y. SPEN. My lord, here is* a messenger from the barons
Desires access unto your majesty.

EDW. Admit him near.

† *here is*] 2to 1598 "heres *is*."—2tos 1612, 1622, "heers" and "heer's."

Enter HERALD *with his coat of arms.*

HER. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!

EDW. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither:
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices:
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

HER. The barons, up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spenser, as a putrifying branch
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves*
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Y. SPEN. Ah, traitors, will they still display their pride?

EDW. Away! tarry no answer, but begone!—
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign

* *leaves*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "leaue."

His sports, his pleasures, and his company?—
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce
[*Embraces* Y. SPENSER.
Spenser from me. Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston: hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.
[*Exit* HERALD.
My lord[s], perceive you how these rebels swell?—
Soldiers, good hearts! defend your sovereign's right,
For, now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away!

[*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat sounded, within.*

Re-enter KING EDWARD, *the elder* SPENSER, *the younger* SPENSER, BALDOCK, *and Noblemen of the king's side.*

EDW. Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.

Y. SPEN. I doubt it not, my lord; right will prevail.

E. SPEN. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe a while; our men, with sweat and dust
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Y. SPEN. Here come the rebels.

Enter the younger MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

Y. MOR. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatterers.

LAN. And there let him be,
Till he pay dearly for their company.

WAR. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

EDW. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

Y. MOR. No, Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and fly.

LAN. They'd best betimes forsake thee and their trains*,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Y. SPEN. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

PEM. Away, base upstart! brav'st thou nobles thus?

E. SPEN. A noble attempt and honourable deed,
Is it† not, trow ye, to assemble aid
And levy arms against your lawful king?

EDW. For which, ere long, their heads shall satisfy
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.

Y. MOR. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

EDW. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,

* *trains*] i. e. stratagems.

† *Is it*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "It is."

Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

WAR. A desperate and unnatural resolution!—
Alarum to the fight!
Saint George for England, and the barons' right!

EDW. Saint George for England, and King Edward's right!

[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally.*

Enter KING EDWARD* *and his followers, with the* BARONS *captive.*

EDW. Now, lusty lords, now not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd† is your pride: methinks you hang the heads;
But we'll advance them, traitors: now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels, recreants, you made him away!

KENT. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

EDW. So, sir, you have spoke: away, avoid our presence! [*Exit Kent.*
Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger‡ to request

* *Enter King Edward, &c.*] Another part of the field.

† *Vail'd*] i. e. lowered.

‡ *messenger*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "messengers."

He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms;
For which thy head shall overlook the rest
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

WAR. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

LAN. The worst is death; and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

EDW. Away with them, my Lord of Winchester!
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly, off with both their heads!
Away!

WAR. Farewell, vain world!

LAN. Sweet Mortimer, farewell!

Y. MOR. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief! behold how thou art maim'd!

EDW. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower;
There see him safe bestow'd; and, for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Begone!

Y. MOR. What, Mortimer, can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[*The captive Barons are led off.*

EDW. Sound, drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends.

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[*Exeunt all, except the younger* SPENSER, LEVUNE, *and* BALDOCK.

Y. SPEN. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land:
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment*.

LEVUNE. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levell'd † at.

BAL. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together:
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

LEVUNE. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so ‡ close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. SPEN. Then make for France amain; Levune, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt.*

* *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.
† *levell'd*] Old eds. "leuied."
‡ *clap so*] Old eds. "claps."

Enter KENT*.

KENT. Fair blows the wind for France: blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this!
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king, to slaughter noblemen
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape. Stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device!

Enter the younger MORTIMER *disguised.*

Y. MOR. Holla! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?

KENT. Mortimer, 'tis I.
But hath thy potion wrought so happily†?

Y. MOR. It hath, my lord: the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

KENT. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

* *Enter Kent*] Scene, London, near the Tower.

† *But hath thy potion wrought so happily?*] For a highly poetical description of Mortimer's escape from the Tower, see the Third Book of *The Barons' Wars* by Drayton (who makes the Queen furnish Mortimer with the potion and watch his flight).

Enter Queen Isabella† *and* Prince Edward.

Isab. Ah, boy, our friends do fail us all in France!
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind.
What shall we do‡?

P. Edw. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well; and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France!
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
'A loves me better than a thousand Spensers.

Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together!
No, no, we jar too far.—Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel, when France rejects,
Whither, oh, whither dost* thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir John *of* Hainault.

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?

Isab. Ah, good Sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless nor so far distrest!

Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness:
But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?—
How say you, my lord? will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?

† *Enter Queen Isabella,* &c.] Scene, Paris.
‡ *do*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—2to 1612 "goe."
* *dost*] Qy. "must"?

P. Edw. So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes:
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spenser's head!

Sir J. Well said, my lord!

Isab. Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!—
Ah, sweet Sir John, even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, on† the shore of Tanais,
Will we with thee to Hainault—so we will:
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

Enter Kent *and the younger* Mortimer.

Kent. Madam, long may you live
Much happier than your friends in England do!

Isab. Lord Edmund, and Lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

† *on*] Old eds. "or." The meaning seems to be,—We will with thee to Hainault, even if it were situated on the utmost verge of Europe, &c.

P. Edw. How mean you, and the king my father lives?
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.
Isab. Not, son! why not? I would it were no worse!—
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Y. Mor. Monsieur Le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news,—
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself: but, madam, right makes room,
Where weapons want; and, though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our part§ and faction,
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed‖ for our foes.
Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness!
Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserv'd¶:
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
Sir J. My lords of England, sith* th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms

§ *part*] Old eds. "partie" and "party."
‖ *appointed*] i. e. accoutred, furnished with necessaries.
¶ *deserv'd*] Equivalent here to—earned. At p. 221, l. 8, we have had "earn'd" in the sense of deserved.
* *sith*] i. e. since.

To this distressèd queen, his sister, here,
Go you with her to Hainault: doubt ye not
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends,
Ere long, to bid the English king a base*.—
How say'st†, young prince, what think you ‡ of the match?

P. Edw. I think King Edward will outrun us all.

Isab. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

Kent. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray:
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Isab. Yea, gentle brother:—and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John!

Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.—
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen and nobles in distress
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

Sir J. Madam, along; and you, my lord[s], with me,
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see.

[*Exeunt.*

* *to bid the English king a base*] To *bid a base* is—to run fast, challenging another to pursue,—in allusion to the game of *Prison-base* or *Prison-bars*.

† *say'st*] Old eds. "say" (which might stand, if "How" were altered to "Now").

‡ *you*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—Not in 4to 1612.

Enter KING EDWARD‡, ARUNDEL, *the elder* SPENSER, *the younger* SPENSER, *and others.*

EDW. Thus, after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroll'd!—
My Lord of Glocester, do you hear the news?

Y. SPEN. What news, my lord?

EDW. Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm.—My Lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?

ARUN. From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

EDW. I pray, let us see it. [*Takes the note from* ARUN.]—What have we there?—
Read it, Spenser.

[*Gives the note to* Y. SPENSER, *who reads their names* †.

Why, so: they bark'd apace a month § ago;
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Glocester, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabella || gets no aid from thence.

‡ *Enter King Edward,* &c.] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.—Old eds. have here "*Enter the king,* Matr. (and "Matreuis"), *the two Spencers, with others,*" and prefix "Matr." to the fourth speech of this scene. See note, p. 229.

† *their names*] i. e. the names of those executed.—It must be remembered that this play, like most of the early dramas which we possess, was first printed from the prompter's copy.

§ *a month*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "not long."

|| *Isabella*] Old eds. "Isabell."

What now remains? have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and, if he be in England,
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

Edw. If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,
He is in England's ground: our port-masters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? what news with thee? from whence come these?

Mes. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France;—
To you, my Lord of Glocester, from Levune.

[*Gives letters to* Y. Spenser.

Edw. Read.

Y. Spen. [reading.] *My duty to your honour premised, &c., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone: whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. This is all the news of import.*

Your honour's in all service, Levune.

Edw. Ah, villains, hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?

And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
Welcome, a' God's name, madam, and your son!
England shall welcome you and all your rout‖.
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus¶, through the sky,
And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desirèd day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field!
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills!
Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong:
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth! [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA †, PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN *of Hainault.*

ISAB. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
In civil broils make kin and countrymen

‖ *rout*] i. e. rabble.

¶ *Gallop apace, bright Phœbus*, &c.] A recollection of this passage may be traced in the following lines of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 2;

"*Gallop apace*, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in *cloudy night* immediately."

† *Enter Queen Isabella*, &c.] Scene, near Harwich.

Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gor'd! But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wrack;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel‡ overflow with blood
Of thine own people: patron shouldst thou be;
But thou—

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.—
Lords, sith§ that we are, by sufferance of heaven,
Arriv'd and armèd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours; and withal
We may remove these|| flatterers from the king
That havock¶ England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.

Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Kent. I would he never had been flatter'd more!

[*Exeunt.*

‡ *channel*] i. e. kennel.

§ *sith*] i. e. since. The following "that" should perhaps be omitted.

|| *these*] Altered by the modern editors to "those": but formerly the words were frequently confounded.

¶ *havock*] Old eds. "havocks."

Enter KING EDWARD‖, BALDOCK, *and the younger* SPENSER*.

Y. SPEN. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is overstrong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

EDW. What, was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, and let's reinforce† our troops,
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

BALD. Oh, no, my lord! this princely resolution
Fits not the time: away! we are pursu'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT, *with a sword and target.*

KENT. This way he fled; but I am come too late.
Edward, alas, my heart relents for thee!
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vild¶ wretch, and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:

‖ *Enter King Edward*, &c.] Scene, near Bristol.

* *Spenser*] The old eds. add, "flying about the stage."

† *reinforce*] Spelt in the old eds. "re'nforce" (which shews how it was intended to be pronounced).

¶ *Vild*] i. e. vile.

Oh, fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage;
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love, forsooth:
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and Sir* JOHN OF HAINAULT.

ISAB. Successful† battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since, then, successfully we have prevail'd,
Thankèd be heaven's great architect, and you!
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-belovèd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm; and, sith the Fates
Have made his father so infortunate‡,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

KENT. Madam, without offence if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

P. EDW. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

† *Successful*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "Successfulls."

‡ *infortunate*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "vnfortunate."

KENT. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Y. MOR. My Lord of Kent, what needs these questions?

'Tis not in her controlment nor in ours;
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposèd of.—
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund:
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

[*Aside to the Queen.*

ISAB. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our mind.

Y. MOR. Yea, madam; and they scape‡ not easily
That fled the field.

ISAB. Baldock is with the king:
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

SIR J. So are the Spensers, the father and the son.

Y. MOR.§ This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter RICE AP HOWEL, *the* MAYOR OF BRISTOW‖, *and the elder* SPENSER *prisoner, with Attendants.*

RICE. God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the Mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,

‡ *scape*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—2to 1612 "scapt."

§ *Y. Mor.*] Old eds. "Edm." [i. e. Kent].

‖ *the Mayor of Bristow*] I make no alteration here: but does not the following speech seem to shew that the Mayor is not present?

Spenser, the father to that wanton Spenser,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.

ISAB. We thank you all.

Y. MOR. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spenser fled?

RICE. Spenser the son, created Earl of Glocester,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. MOR. Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all!— [*Aside.*
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

P. EDW. Shall I not see the king my father yet?

KENT. Unhappy* Edward, chas'd from England's bounds! [*Aside.*

SIR J. Madam, what resteth? why stand you in a muse?

ISAB. I rue my lord's ill-fortune: but, alas,
Care of my country call'd me to this war!

Y. MOR. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint:
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.—
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

E. SPEN. Rebel is he that fights against the prince:
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

* *Unhappy*] Old eds. "Vnhappies" and "Vnhappi's."

Y. Mor. Take him away; he prates.
[*Exeunt Attendants with* E. Spenser.
You, Rice ap Howel,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.—
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice
How Baldock, Spenser, and their 'complices,
May in their fall be follow'd to their end. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Abbot*, Monks, King Edward, *the younger* Spenser, *and* Baldock *(the three latter disguised).*

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear:
As silent and as careful we will be
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
Oh, hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with sense† of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state!
Stately and proud in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful and full of pomp:

* *Enter the Abbot, &c.*] Scene, within the Abbey of Neath.

† *deeply with sense*] The modern editors print "*deeply with a sense:*" but "*deeply*" is sometimes used as a trisyllable.

But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?—
Come, Spenser, come Baldock, come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of that* philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.—
Father, this life contemplative is heaven:
Oh, that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas, are chas'd!—and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.—
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

First Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
Do wot of your abode.

Y. Spen. Not one alive: but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below;
'A gave a long look after us, my lord;
And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland; wretched we,
With awkward winds and with† sore tempests driven,
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates!

Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,

* *that*] So 4to 1598.—2to 1612 omits the word.—2to 1622 "thy."

† *with*] So 4to 1622.—Not in 4tos 1598, 1612.

That bloody man?—Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
Oh, might I never ope‡ these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
Oh, never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good: here even we are betray'd.

Enter, with Welch hooks, Rice ap Howel, *a* Mower, *and* Leicester.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray, be short;
A fair commission warrants what we do.

Leices. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer:
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen*?
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life!
Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit† veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.—
Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,

‡ *ope*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "open."

* *What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?*] So 4to 1598.—2to 1612,—

"*What cannot Mortimer with the Queene?*"

2to 1622,—

"*What cannot Mortimer* doe *with the Queene?*"

† *Quem dies vidit, &c.*] Seneca,—*Thyestes*, 613.

I arrest‡ you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest:
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—
My lord, why droop you thus?

EDW. Oh, day, the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! Oh, my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Comes§ Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

RICE. Away with them!

Y. SPEN. It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

ABBOT. My heart with pity earns* to see this sight;
A king to bear these words and proud commands!
[*Aside.*

EDW. Spenser, ah‖, sweet Spenser, thus, then, must we part?

Y. SPEN. We must, my lord; so will the angry heavens.

EDW. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer:
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

BALD. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves:

‡ *I arrest*] The modern editors print "*I* do *arrest*;" and so perhaps the author wrote.

§ *Comes*] 2to 1598 "Come."—2tos 1612, 1622, "Came."

* *earns*] i. e. yearns.

‖ *ah*] Omitted by the modern editors,—rightly perhaps.

Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.

EDW. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:—

And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?

LEICES. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

EDW. Must! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go.

LEICES. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

RICE. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

EDW. A litter hast thou? lay me in* a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore;
For friends hath Edward none† but these,
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

RICE. My lord, be going: care not for these;
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

EDW. Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must;
Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.—
Hence, feignèd weeds! unfeignèd are my woes.—
[*Throwing off his disguise.*
Father, farewell.—Leicester, thou stay'st for me;

* *in*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "on."

† *For friends hath Edward none*, &c.] Old eds.,
For friendes hath Edward none, but these, and these,
" And these must die vnder a tyrants sword."
An epithet ("hapless" or something equivalent) prefixed to "Edward" seems to have dropt out. I can hardly believe that the poet wrote "——*none but* this *and* this" (scil. Y. Spenser and Baldock).

And go I must.—Life, farewell, with my friends!

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and* LEICESTER

Y. SPEN. Oh, is he gone? is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence, never to see us more?
Rent, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas, never to make return!

BALD. Spenser, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life.
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance:
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,—
To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all;
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall.

RICE. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England. Will your lordships away?

MOW. Your lordship I trust will remember me?

RICE. Remember thee, fellow! what else? Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD†, LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.

LEICES. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
Imagine Killingworth-Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,

† *Enter King Edward*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in Killingworth [Kenilworth] Castle.

Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd;
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck ‡,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds:
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
[And], highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain
Full oft am I soaring § up to heaven,
To plain || me to the gods against them both.

‡ *The forest deer, being struck, &c.*]—

"But I suppose not that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant then Candian Dittanie;
Which wounded Dear eating, immediately
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell."

Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—The Third Day of the First Week*, p. 27, ed. 1641.

§ *soaring*] Used here perhaps as a trisyllable.—The modern editors choose to print, "*Full* often *am I soaring up to* high *heaven*."

‖ *plain*] i. e. complain.

But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment¶ is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule; I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown; but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

BISH. OF WIN. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

EDW. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But, if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head!
So shall not England's vine† be perishèd,
But Edward's name survive‡, though Edward dies.

¶ *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.

† *vine*] Old eds. "vines."

‡ *survive*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "suruiues" and "suruies."

LEICES. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer: will you yield your crown?

EDW. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That, like a mountain, overwhelms my bliss;
In which extreme † my mind here murder'd is!
But that the heavens appoint I must obey.—
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too:
[*Taking off the crown.*
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while: let me be‡ king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures, nurs'd with tiger's milk,
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see! I'll wear my crown again.
[*Putting on the crown.*

† *extreme*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "extreams" and "extreames."

‡ *be*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

What, fear you not the fury of your king?—
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly§ led;
They pass‖ not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek¶ to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments;
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

TRUS.† My lord, the parliament must have present news;
And therefore say, will you resign or no?
[*The king rageth.*

EDW. I'll not resign, but, whilst I live‡, [be king].
Traitors, begone, and join you* with Mortimer;
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

BISH. OF WIN. This answer we'll return; and so, farewell. [*Going with* TRUSSEL.

LEICES. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For, if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

§ *fondly*] i. e. foolishly, vainly.

‖ *pass*] i. e. care.

¶ *seek*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "seekes."

† *Trus.*] The old eds. mark the presence of Trussel only by prefixing to his speeches "Tru.",—which one modern editor extended into "Trusty," and another altered to "Bishop"!!

‡ *but, whilst I live*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "not *whilst I live.*"

* *you*] Thrown out by the modern editors,—rightly perhaps.

Edw. Call thou them back; I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. of Win. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. Oh, would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable. Here, receive my crown.
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime:
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay; for, rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! [*Gives the crown.*]—Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronizèd in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself!

Bish. of Win. My lord §,—

§ ——————*forget myself!*
Bish. of Winch. *My Lord,*—] Old eds.
" ——————*forget myselfe.*
Enter Bartley.
Bartley. *My Lorde.*"

But Berkeley (who in the old eds. is called *Bartley*) certainly does not enter so soon.

EDW. Call me not lord; away, out of my sight!
Ah, pardon me! grief makes me lunatic.
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs:
[*Gives a handkerchief.*
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back, and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I: yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

TRUS. And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.

EDW. Farewell.

[*Exeunt the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *and* TRUSSEL *with the crown.*

I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be:
To wretched men death is felicity.

LEICES. Another post! what news brings he?

Enter BERKELEY, *who gives a paper to Leicester.*

EDW. Such news as I expect.—Come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

BERK. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

LEICES. My lord, the council of§ the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

EDW. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

BERK. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 'tis decreed.

EDW. [*Taking the paper.*] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rent his name that rends my heart.
[*Tears it.*
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind:
So may his limbs be torn as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove‖, and grant it too!

BERK. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

EDW. Whither you will: all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

LEICES. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

BERK. Even so betide my soul as I use him!

EDW. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

BERK. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

EDW. I know not; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.—
Leicester, farewell.

§ *of*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "and."

‖ *Jove*] See note, p. 21.

LEICES. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA* *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Y. MOR. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm:
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being grip'd himself.
Think therefore, madam, it† imports us‡ much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him:
For our behoof, 'twill§ bear the greater sway
Whenas‖ a king's name shall be under-writ.

ISAB. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,

* *Enter Queen Isabella, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.

† *it*] Old eds. "that."

‡ *us*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "as."

§ *'twill*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "will."

‖ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Isab. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter the Bishop of Winchester *with the crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester.—
Sirrah, begone. [*Exit* Messenger.

Bish. of Win. The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

Isab. Oh, happy news! send for the prince my son.

Bish. of Win. Further, or this letter* was seal'd,
Lord Berkeley† came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so.
The Lord of Berkeley is so ‡ pitiful

* *letter*] Should perhaps be thrown out.

† *Berkeley*] Old eds. here, as elsewhere, "Bartley" and "Bartly."

‡ *so*] The modern editors print "as",—and perhaps rightly, the original compositor having caught "*so*" from the preceding line.

As Leicester that had charge of him before.

ISAB. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. MOR. Let me alone; here is the privy-seal.—
[*Exit the* BISH. OF WIN.*

Who's there? Call hither Gurney and Matrevis.—
[*To Attendants within.*

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

ISAB. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us or for my son?

Y. MOR. Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd and die?

ISAB. I would he were, so 't were not by my means!

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Y. MOR. Enough.—Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the Lord of Berkeley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And, when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

MAT. It shall be done, my lord. [*Writes.*

Y. MOR. Gurney.

GUR. My lord?

Y. MOR. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,

* *Exit the Bish. of Win.*] The old eds. do not mark the exit (nor indeed the entrance) of the Bishop. But it seems necessary that he should quit the stage here.

And neither give him kind word nor good look.

GUR. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. MOR. And this above the rest: because we hear
That Edmund casts* to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly† to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

MAT. Fear not, my lord; we'll do as you command.

Y. MOR. So, now away! post thitherwards amain.

ISAB. Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love. [*Gives ring.*

MAT. I will, madam. [*Exit with* GURNEY.

Y. MOR. Finely dissembled! do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

ISAB. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. MOR. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

ISAB. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

* *casts*] i. e. plans, plots.
† *curstly*] i. e. crossly.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, *and* KENT *talking with him.*

Y. MOR. How fares my honourable Lord of Kent?

KENT. In health, sweet Mortimer.—How fares your grace?

ISAB. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

KENT. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

ISAB. The more my grief.

Y. MOR. And mine.

KENT. Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*

ISAB. Sweet son, come hither; I must talk with thee.

Y. MOR. You, being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

KENT. Not I, my lord: who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the queen.

P. EDW. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
Let him be king; I am too young to reign.

ISAB. But be content, seeing 'tis† his highness' pleasure.

P. EDW. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

KENT. Ay, do, sweet nephew.

ISAB. Brother, you know it is impossible.

P. EDW. Why, is he dead?

† *'tis*] 2to 1598 "it."—2tos 1612, 1622, "*it* is."

ISAB. No, God forbid!

KENT. I would those words proceeded from your heart!

Y. MOR. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

KENT. The more cause have I now to make amends.

Y. MOR. I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.—
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

P. EDW. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

ISAB. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

P. EDW. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. MOR. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

P. EDW. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me.

ISAB. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

KENT. Sister, Edward is my charge; redeem him.

ISAB. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

KENT. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongèd me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth-Castle,
And rescue agèd Edward from his foes,

To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt, on one side,* QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *and the younger* MORTIMER; *on the other,* KENT.

Enter MATREVIS‡, GURNEY, *and Soldiers, with* KING EDWARD.

MAT. My lord, be not pensive; we are your friends:
Men are ordain'd to live in misery;
Therefore, come; dalliance dangereth our lives.

EDW. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him:
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

GUR. Not so, my liege: the queen hath given this charge,
To keep† your grace in safety:
Your passions make your dolours to§ increase.

EDW. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life‖ continue long,

‡ *Enter Matrevis, &c.*] Before Killingworth [Kenilworth] Castle.

† *To keep*] Qy. "Only *to keep*"?

§ *to*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—Not in 4to 1622.

‖ *air of life*] A Latinism,—*aura vitæ.*

When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance;
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rent¶ the closet of my heart:
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitièd by many.
Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

MAT. Here's channel-water†, as our charge is given:
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

EDW. Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water?

GUR. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescuèd.

MAT. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain.

EDW. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard.*

Immortal powers, that know‡ the painful cares
That wait§ upon my poor distressèd soul,

¶ *rent*] Old eds. "rents."
† *channel-water*] i. e. kennel-water.
‡ *know*] Old eds. "knowes."
§ *wait*] Old eds. "waites."

Oh, level all || your looks upon these daring men
That wrong¶ their liege and sovereign, England's king!
Oh, Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd!
For me both thou and both the Spensers died;
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spensers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then, tush, for them I'll die.

MAT. 'Twixt their's and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come, away! Now put the torches out:
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth‡.

GUR. How now? who comes there?

Enter KENT.

MAT. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent.

EDW. Oh, gentle brother, help to rescue me!

MAT. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

KENT. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

GUR. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

KENT. Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!

MAT. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

KENT. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

GUR. Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

|| *all*] Perhaps an interpolation.

¶ *wrong*] Old eds. "wrongs."

‡ *Killingworth*] Lest any reader should hastily imagine that this is a mistake for "Berkeley", I refer him to Mortimer's first speech, p. 267, and to the second speech of First Soldier, p. 277.

KENT. Where is the court but here? here is the king;
And I will visit him: why stay you me?
MAT. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains:
Thither shall your honour go; and so, farewell.
[*Exeunt* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *with* KING EDWARD.
KENT. Oh, miserable is that common-weal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!
FIRST SOLD. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court!
KENT. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER*.

Y. MOR. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;
The commons now begin to pity him:
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life;
[*Reads.*
Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die:

* *Enter the younger Mortimer*] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.

But read it thus, and that's another sense;
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest;
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.—
Lightborn, come forth!

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?

LIGHT. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

Y. MOR. And hast thou cast† how to accomplish it?

LIGHT. Ay, ay; and none shall know which way he died.

Y. MOR. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

LIGHT. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

Y. MOR. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

LIGHT. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man:
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust down‡ the throat;

† *cast*] i. e. planned, contrived.

‡ *down*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "through."

To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. Mor. What's that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.

Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis: [*Gives letter.*
At every ten mile end* thou hast a horse:
Take this [*Gives money*]: away, and never see me more!

Light. No?

Y. Mor. No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congè to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.
Fear'd am I more than lov'd; let me be fear'd;
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching§ to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,

* *mile end*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "miles *end*."
§ *breeching*] i. e. whipping.

And sue to me for that that I desire;
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum;*
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*, as they term it;
And, to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule || us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
Major sum ¶ *quàm cui possit fortuna nocere:*
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me and Isabel the queen.

[*Trumpets within.*

The trumpets sound; I must go take my place †.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, QUEEN ISABELLA, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ‡, CHAMPION, *and* NOBLES.

ARCHB. OF CANT. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,

|| *rule*] Old eds. "rules."

¶ *Major sum, &c.*] Ovid,—*Met* vi. 195.

† *I must go take my place*] Surely, a change of scene is supposed here.

‡ *the Archbishop of Canterbury*] Old eds. "Bishop." (So in an early scene of the play, p. 176, the old eds. have "*Enter the* Bishop *of Canterburie.*"

King of England, and Lord of Ireland!

CHAM. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. MOR. None comes: sound, trumpets!

[*Trumpets.*

EDW. THIRD. Champion, here's to thee.

[*Gives purse.*

ISAB. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter SOLDIERS *with* KENT *prisoner.*

Y. MOR. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

FIRST SOLD. Edmund the Earl of Kent.

EDW. THIRD. What hath he done?

FIRST SOLD. 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Y. MOR. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

KENT. Mortimer, I did: he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. MOR. Strike off his head: he shall have martial law.

KENT. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!

EDW. THIRD. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Kent. Stay, villains!

Edw. Third. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

Isab. Son, be content: I dare not speak a word.

Edw. Third. Nor I; and yet methinks I should command:
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him.—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.—
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

Kent. Art thou king§? must I die at thy command?

Y. Mor. At our command.—Once more, away with him!

Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go:
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them‖ thirst for Edmund's blood:
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

[*Soldiers hale* Kent *away, and carry him to be beheaded.*

Edw. Third. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murder'd thus?

§ *thou king*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "*thou* a *king*."
‖ *them*] So 4tos 1598. 1622.—2to 1612 "then."

ISAB. Fear not, sweet boy; I'll guard thee from thy foes:
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

EDW. THIRD. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

ISAB. He is a traitor; think not on him: come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MATREVIS ‖ *and* GURNEY.

MAT. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels ¶ of the castle run †,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

GUR. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.

MAT. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

GUR. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

MAT. But stay; who's this?

‖ *Enter Matrevis, &c.*] Scene, a hall in Berkeley-Castle (Lightborn presently speaks of "the next room").

¶ *channels*] i. e. kennels.

† *castle run*] So 4to 1598.—2to 1612 "Bastell *runne*."—2to 1622 "Bastell runs."

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHT. My Lord Protector greets you.
[*Gives letter.*

GUR. What's here? I know not how to construe it.

MAT. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce‡;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

LIGHT. Know you this token? I must have the king. [*Gives token*‖.

MAT. Ay, stay a while; thou shalt have answer straight.—
This villain's sent to make away the king.

GUR. I thought as much.

MAT. And, when the murder's done,
See, how he must be handled for his labour,—
Pereat iste! Let him have the king;
What else?—Here is the keys, this is the lake:
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

LIGHT. I know what I must do. Get you away:
Yet be not far off; I shall need your help:
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.

MAT. Very well.

GUR. Need you any thing besides?

LIGHT. What else? a table and a feather-bed.

GUR. That's all?

‡ *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.
‖ *Gives token*] See p. 274. l. 10.

Light. Ay, ay: so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not thou that.

Gur. Here's a light to go into the dungeon.

[*Exit with* Matrevis.

Light. So, now must I about this gear: ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.—
Foh, here's a place § indeed, with all my heart!

Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks:
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. Oh, villains!

§ *Foh, here's a place, &c.*] Here undoubtedly a change of scene is supposed,—to the dungeon in which Edward is confined. The actor who personated Lightborn most probably drew a curtain, and discovered the captive king.

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. Oh, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed*, and rest yourself a while.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death;
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then† when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

* *Lie on this bed*] From the account which the king has just given of his dungeon, we may certainly conclude that a bed was not part of its furniture. Therefore "this bed" must be the "feather-bed" which has been mentioned at p. 280, and which afterwards, p. 284, is used in murdering the king. But when is it brought upon the stage?

† *That even then*] Old eds. "*That* and *euen then*."

EDW. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

LIGHT. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDW. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this:
[*Giving jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king: oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I [still] remain alive †?

LIGHT. You're overwatch'd, my lord: lie down and rest.

EDW. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids ‡ clos'd.
Now, as I speak, they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

EDW. No, no; for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

LIGHT. He sleeps.

† *alive*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622,

‡ *eye-lids*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "eies *lids*."

EDW. Oh, let me not die yet! oh, stay a while§!
LIGHT. How now, my lord?
EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
LIGHT. Run for the table.
EDW. Oh, spare me, or despatch me in a trice!
[MATREVIS *brings in a table.* KING EDWARD *is murdered*¶ *by holding him down on the bed with the table, and stamping on it.*
LIGHT. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
MAT. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
LIGHT. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
GUR. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.
[*Stabs* LIGHTBORN.
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

§ *Oh, let me not die yet! oh, stay a while!*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, *O let me not die, yet* stay, *O stay a while.*"

¶ *King Edward is murdered,* &c.] See note, p. 282. The "red-hot spit", mentioned at p. 280, would seem not to have been produced before the audience.

Enter the younger MORTIMER || *and* MATREVIS.

Y. MOR. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

MAT. Ay, my good lord: I would it were undone!

Y. MOR. Matrevis, if thou now¶ grow'st penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

MAT. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.

Y. MOR. Fly to the savages!

MAT. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Y. MOR. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me:
All tremble at my name, and I fear none:
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

ISAB. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murder'd him!

Y. MOR. What if he have? the king is yet a child.

ISAB. Ay, but‡ he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,

|| *Enter the younger Mortimer, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.

¶ *now*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

‡ Isab. *Ay, but*] Old eds. "*I*, I [i. e. *Ay*, ay], *but*."

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him!
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, LORDS, *and Attendants.*

FIRST LORD. Fear not, my lord; know that you are a king.

EDW. THIRD. Villain!——

Y. MOR. Ho, now§, my lord!

EDW. THIRD. Think not that I am frighted with thy words:
My father's murder'd through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,
To witness to the world that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

ISAB. Weep not, sweet son.

EDW. THIRD. Forbid not me to weep; he was my father;
And, had you lov'd him half so well as I,

§ *Ho, now*] i. e. Stop, hold now (compare Shakespeare and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen;*

"Lie with her, if she ask you.
Jailer. Ho, there, doctor!"

Act v. sc. 2,—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, xi. 422, ed Dyce.)

So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "How *now*?"

You could not bear his death thus patiently:
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

FIRST LORD. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Y. MOR. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?

EDW. THIRD. Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderedst him.

Y. MOR. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

EDW. THIRD. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
[*Shewing letter.*

Y. MOR. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself. [*Aside to* QUEEN ISABELLA.

ISAB. I fear'd as much: murder can not be hid.

Y. MOR. It is my hand; what gather you by this?

EDW. THIRD. That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Y. MOR. What murderer? bring forth the man I sent.

EDW. THIRD. Ah, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain!
And so shalt thou be too.—Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up:
But bring his head back presently to me.

ISAB. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!

Y. MOR. Madam, entreat not: I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

EDW. THIRD. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer!

Y. MOR. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?—
Farewell, fair queen: weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

EDW. THIRD. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

[*Exit the younger* MORTIMER *with* FIRST LORD *and some of the Attendants.*

ISAB. As thou receivèdest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

EDW. THIRD. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

ISAB. I spill his blood! no†.

EDW. THIRD. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

ISAB. That rumour is untrue: for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.

EDW. THIRD. I do not think her so unnatural.

SEC. LORD. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

EDW. THIRD. Mother, you are suspected for his death,

† *no*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further trial may be made thereof.
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

ISAB. Nay, to my death; for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas ‡ my son thinks to abridge my days.

EDW. THIRD. Away with her! her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her, if she speak again.

ISAB. Shall I not mourn for my belovèd lord?
And with the rest accompany him to his § grave?

SEC. LORD. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

ISAB. He hath forgotten me: stay; I am his mother.

SEC. LORD. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

ISAB. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief!

[*Exit with* SECOND LORD *and some of the Attendants.*

Re-enter FIRST LORD, *with the head of the younger* MORTIMER.

FIRST LORD. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

EDW. THIRD. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;

‡ *Whenas*] i. e. when.

§ *his*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "the."

And bring my funeral robes. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Accursèd head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatch'd this monstrous treachery!—
Here comes the hearse: help me to mourn, my lords.

Re-enter Attendants, with the hearse and funeral robes.

Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency. [*Exeunt.*

THE

MASSACRE AT PARIS.

The Massacre at Paris: With the Death of the Duke of Guise. As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants. Written by Christopher Marlow. At London Printed by E. A. for Edward White, dwelling neere the little North doore of S. Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. n. d. 8*vo*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES THE NINTH, *king of France.*
DUKE OF ANJOU, *his brother, afterwards King Henry the Third.*
KING OF NAVARRE.
PRINCE OF CONDE, *his cousin.*
DUKE OF GUISE, CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, DUKE DUMAINE, *brothers.*
SON TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, *a boy.*
THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.
DUKE JOYEUX.
EPERNOUN.
PLESHE.
BARTUS.
TWO LORDS OF POLAND.
GONZAGO.
RETES.
MOUNTSORRELL.
MUGEROUN.
THE CUTPURSE.
LOREINE, *a preacher.*
SEROUNE.
RAMUS.
TALEUS.
FRIAR.
SURGEON.

English Agent.
Apothecary.
Captain of the Guard, Protestants, Schoolmasters, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, &c.

Catherine, *the Queen-Mother of France.*
Margaret, *her daughter, wife to the King of Navarre.*
The Old Queen of Navarre.
Duchess of Guise.
Wife to Seroune.
Maid to the Duchess of Guise.

THE

MASSACRE AT PARIS.

Enter CHARLES*, *the French King;* CATHERINE, *the Queen-Mother; the* KING OF NAVARRE; MARGARET, *Queen of Navarre; the* PRINCE OF CONDÉ; *the* LORD HIGH ADMIRAL; *the* OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE; *with others.*

CHAR. Prince of Navarre, my honourable brother,
Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
I wish this union and religious league,
Knit in these hands, thus join'd in nuptial rites,
May not dissolve till death dissolve our lives;
And that the native sparks of princely love,
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
May still be fuell'd in our progeny.

NAV. The many favours which your grace hath shewn,
From time to time, but specially in this,
Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,
In what Queen-Mother or your grace commands.

CATH. Thanks, son Navarre. You see we love you well,
That link you in marriage with our daughter here;
And, as you know, our difference in religion

* *Enter Charles, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

Might be a means to cross you in your love—
CHAR. Well, madam, let that rest.—
And now, my lords, the marriage-rites perform'd,
We think it good to go and consummate
The rest with hearing of a holy mass.—
Sister, I think yourself will bear us company.
MAR. I will, my good lord.
CHAR. The rest that will not go, my lords, may stay.—
Come, mother,
Let us go to honour this solemnity.
CATH. Which I'll dissolve with blood and cruelty. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all except the* KING OF NAVARRE, CONDÉ, *and the* ADMIRAL.

NAV. Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
Now Guise may storm, but do us little hurt,
Having the king, Queen-Mother on our sides*,
To stop the malice of his envious heart,
That seeks to murder all the protestants.
Have you not heard of late how he decreed
(If that the king had given consent thereto,)
That all the protestants that are in Paris
Should have been murderèd the other night?
ADM. My lord, I marvel that th' aspiring Guise
Dares once adventure, without the king's consent,
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.

* *sides*] Altered by the modern editors to "side",—unnecessarily.—"Upon our *sides* it never shall be broken." Shakespeare's *King John*, act v. sc. 2.

Con. My lord, you need not marvel at the Guise,
For what he doth, the Pope will ratify,
In murder, mischief, or in tyranny.

Nav. But he that sits and rules above the clouds
Doth hear and see the prayers of the just,
And will revenge the blood of innocents,
That Guise hath slain by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeless ends.

Adm. My lord, but did you mark the Cardinal,
The Guise's brother, and the Duke Dumaine,
How they did storm at these your nuptial rites,
Because the house of Bourbon now comes in,
And joins your lineage to the crown of France?

Nav. And that's the cause that Guise so frowns at us,
And beats his brains to catch us in his trap,
Which he hath pitch'd within his deadly toil.
Come, my lords, let's go to the church, and pray
That God may still defend the right of France,
And make his Gospel flourish in this land. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guise*.

Guise. If ever Hymen lour'd at marriage-rites,
And had his altars deck'd with dusky lights;
If ever sun stain'd heaven with bloody clouds,
And made it look with terror on the world;
If ever day were turn'd to ugly night,
And night made semblance of the hue of hell;

* *Enter Guise*] Scene, an apartment (not in the house of Guise: see note, p. 299).

This day*, this hour, this fatal night,
Shall fully shew the fury of them all.—
Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

APOTH. My lord?

GUISE. Now shall I prove, and guerdon to the full,
The love thou bear'st unto the house of Guise.
Where are those perfum'd gloves, which I sent†
To be poison'd? hast thou done them? speak;
Will every savour breed a pang of death?

APOTH. See where they be, my good lord; and he that smells
But to them, dies.

GUISE. Then thou remain'st resolute?

APOTH. I am, my lord, in what your grace commands,
Till death.

GUISE. Thanks, my good friend: I will requite thy love.
Go, then, present them to the Queen Navarre;
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
That makes these upstart heresies in France:
Begone, my friend, present them to her straight.
Soldier! [*Exit* APOTHECARY.

* *This day, &c.*] Something wanting in this line. Qy. "and *this fatal night*",—"hour" being, as it very often is, a dissyllable?

† *which I sent*] The modern editors, for the metre, print, "*which* late *I sent*."

Enter a Soldier §.

Sold. My lord?

Guise. Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic part.
Stand in some window, opening near the street,
And when thou see'st the Admiral ride by,
Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

Sold. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Guise. Now, Guise, begin ‡ those deep-engender'd thoughts
To burst abroad those never-dying flames
Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness,
And resolution honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to nought,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,

§ *Enter a Soldier, &c.*] "L'assassin fut bientôt trouvé. On choisit le fameux Maurevel, qui se cacha dans une maison devant laquelle l'amiral passoit tous les jours en revenant du Louvre," &c. Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 226, ed. 1817.

‡ *begin*] Old ed. "begins."

Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this I wait, that scorn* attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
For this, this head, this heart, this hand, and sword,
Contrives, imagines, and fully executes,
Matters of import aimèd at by many,
Yet understood by none;
For this, hath Heaven engender'd me of earth;
For this, this earth sustains my body's weight,
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world;
For this, from Spain the stately Catholics
Send‡ Indian gold to coin me French ecues§;
For this, have I a largess from the Pope,
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy hath fram'd religion.
Religion! *O Diabole!*
Fie, I am asham'd, however that I seem,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground!
The gentle king, whose pleasure uncontroll'd
Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,
If I repair not what he ruinates,

* *scorn*] Old ed. "scornes."
‡ *Send*] Old ed. "Sends."
§ *ecues*] i. e. crowns.

Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
So that for proof he barely bears the name;
I execute, and he sustains the blame.
The Mother-Queen works wonders for my sake,
And in my love entombs the hope of France,
Rifling the bowels of her treasury,
To supply my wants and necessity.
Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
As monasteries, priories, abbeys, and halls,
Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics;
And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister keep*
Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests:
All this, and more, if more may be compris'd,
To bring the will of our desires to end.
Then, Guise,
Since thou hast all the cards within thy hands,
To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing,
That, right or wrong, thou deal thyself a king.—
Ay, but, Navarre†,—'tis but a nook of France,
Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
That, with a rabblement of his heretics,
Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.
Him will we—[*Pointing to his sword.*] but first let's follow those in France,
That hinder our possession to the crown.
As Cæsar to his soldiers, so say I,—

* *keep*] i. e. dwell.—Old ed. "keeps."

† *Navarre*] Old ed. "*Nauarre*, Nauarre."

Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
Give me a look, that, when I bend the brows,
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face;
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world;
An ear to hear what my detractors say;
A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown;
That those which do behold them* may become
As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass,
Where resolution strives for victory. [*Exit.*

Enter the KING OF NAVARRE†, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE, *the* PRINCE OF CONDÉ, *and the* ADMIRAL: *they are met by the* APOTHECARY *with the gloves, which he gives to the Old Queen.*

APOTH. Madam,
I beseech your grace to accept this simple gift.
OLD Q. OF NAV. Thanks, my good friend. Hold, take thou this reward. [*Gives a purse.*
APOTH. I humbly thank your majesty. [*Exit.*
OLD Q. OF NAV. Methinks the gloves have a very strong perfume,
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.
NAV. Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?

* *them*] Old ed. "they."

† *Enter the King of Navarre, &c.*] Scene, a street.

OLD Q. OF NAV. Not well; but do remember such a man.

ADM. Your grace was ill-advis'd to take them, then,
Considering of these dangerous times.

OLD Q. OF NAV. Help, son Navarre! I am poison'd!

MAR. The Heavens forbid your highness such mishap!

NAV. The late suspicion of the Duke of Guise
Might well have mov'd your highness to beware
How you did meddle with such dangerous gifts.

MAR. Too late it is, my lord, if that be true,
To blame her highness; but I hope it be
Only some natural passion makes her sick.

OLD Q. OF NAV. Oh, no, sweet Margaret! the fatal poison
Works* within my head; my brain-pan breaks;
My heart doth faint; I die! [*Dies.*

NAV. My mother poison'd here before my face!
Oh, gracious God, what times are these!
Oh, grant, sweet God, my days may end with hers,
That I with her may die, and live again!

MAR. Let not this heavy chance, my dearest lord,
(For whose effects my soul is massacrèd,)
Infect thy gracious breast with fresh supply
To aggravate our sudden misery.

ADM. Come, my lords, let us bear her body hence,

* *Works*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "Doth *work*."—Qy. "Worketh"?

And see it honourèd with just solemnity.

[*As they are going out, the* Soldier *dischargeth his musket at the* Admiral.

Con. What, are you hurt, my Lord High Admiral?

Adm. Ay, my good lord, shot through the arm.

Nav. We are betray'd! Come, my lords,
And let us go tell the king of this.

Adm. These are
The cursèd Guisians, that do seek our death.
Oh, fatal was this marriage to us all!

[*Exeunt, bearing out the body of the Old* Queen of Navarre‡.

Enter King Charles*, Catherine *the Queen-Mother*, Guise, Anjou, *and* Dumaine.

Cath. My noble son, and princely Duke of Guise,
Now have we got the fatal, straggling deer
Within the compass of a deadly toil,
And, as we late decreed, we may perform.

‡ *the body of the Old Queen of Navarre*] "La reine de Navarre arriva à la cour au milieu du mois de mai [1572], et le 9 juin elle étoit morte. Un cri se fit entendre par toute la France qu'elle avoit été empoisonnée; cependant, malgré les recherches les plus exactes, on ne lui trouva aucune trace de poison. Mais que ne pouvoit-on pas présumer, après les exemples trop sûrs qu'on avoit des morts aussi nécessaires, procurées par différents moyens?" Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 220, ed. 1817.

* *Enter King Charles, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

CHAR. Madam, it will be noted through the world
An action bloody and tyrannical;
Chiefly, since under safety of our word
They justly challenge their protection.
Besides, my heart relents that noblemen,
Only corrupted in religion,
Ladies of honour, knights, and gentlemen,
Should, for their conscience, taste such ruthless ends.

ANJ. Though gentle minds should pity others' pains,
Yet will the wisest note their proper† griefs,
And rather seek to scourge their enemies,
Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.

GUISE. Methinks, my Lord Anjou hath well advis'd
Your highness to consider of the thing,
And rather choose to seek your country's good,
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.

CATH. I hope these reasons may serve my princely son
To have some care for fear of enemies.

CHAR. Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty,
And to my nephew here, the Duke of Guise:
What you determine, I will ratify.

CATH. Thanks to my princely son.—Then tell me, Guise,
What order will you set down for the massacre?

GUISE. Thus, madam.
They that shall be actors in this massacre,
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets*,

† *proper*] i. e. own.
* *burgonets*] i. e. helmets.

And tie white linen scarfs about their arms:
He that wants these, and is suspected † of heresy,
Shall die, be he king or emperor. Then I'll have
A peal of ordnance shot from the tower, at which
They all shall issue out, and set‡ the streets;
And then,
The watch-word being given, a bell shall ring,
Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease;
Then breathe a while.

Enter the ADMIRAL'S SERVING-MAN.

CHAR. How now, fellow, what news?

SERV.-M. An it please your grace, the Lord High Admiral,
Riding the streets, was traitorously shot;
And most humbly§ entreats your majesty
To visit him, sick in his bed.

CHAR. Messenger, tell him I will see him straight.
[*Exit Serv.-Man.*
What shall we do now with the Admiral?

CATH. Your majesty were best go visit him,
And make a show as if all were well.

CHAR. Content; I will go visit the Admiral.

GUISE. And I will go take order for his death.
[*Exeunt* CATHERINE *and* GUISE.

† *suspected*] The modern editors print "suspect"; and so the poet probably wrote: but there is no end to corruptions of the text in this play.

‡ *set*] i. e. beset.

§ *humbly*] Old ed. "humble."

The Admiral *discovered in bed*†.

Char. How fares it with my Lord High Admiral?
Hath he been hurt with villains in the street?
I vow and swear, as I am king of France,
To find, and to repay the man with death,
With death delay'd, and torments never us'd,
That durst presume, for hope of any gain,
To hurt the nobleman his ‡ sovereign loves.

Adm. Ah, my good lord, these are the Guisians,
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives!

Char. Assure yourself, my good Lord Admiral,
I deeply sorrow for your treacherous wrong;
And that I am not more secure myself,
Than I am careful you should be preserv'd.—
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guard,
And, under your direction, see they keep
All treacherous violence from our noble friend;
Repaying all attempts with present death

† *The Admiral discovered in bed*] Old ed. "Enter the Admirall in his bed." Sometimes such stage-directions meant that a bed, containing the sleeper, was to be thrust upon the stage; but we may conclude from a subsequent scene (p. 309) that here, a curtain having been drawn, the Admiral was discovered on a bed, upon what was called the upper-stage. The audience were now to suppose that they beheld the Admiral's sleeping apartment. The old ed. does not mark the *exit* of Catherine; but it is evident that our poet intended her to go out here. We are told, however, by historians that she accompanied the king when he visited the wounded Admiral: see note on *Mem. de Sully*, t. i. 48, ed. 1747, Londres.

‡ *his*] Old ed. "their."

Upon the cursèd breakers of our peace.—
And so be patient, good Lord Admiral,
And every hour I will visit you.

ADM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

[*Exeunt* CHARLES, *&c.* *Scene closes.*

Enter GUISE*, ANJOU, DUMAINE, GONZAGO, RETES‡, MOUNTSORRELL, *and* SOLDIERS, *to the massacre.*

GUISE. Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, swear
By the argent crosses in your burgonets,
To kill all that you suspect of heresy.

DUM. I swear by this, to be unmerciful.

ANJ. I am disguis'd, and none knows who I am,
And therefore mean to murder all I meet.

GON. And so will I.

RETES. And I.

GUISE. Away, then! break into the Admiral's house.

RETES. Ay, let the Admiral be first despatch'd.

GUISE. The Admiral,
Chief standard-bearer to the Lutherans,
Shall in the entrance† of this massacre
Be murder'd in his bed.
Gonzago, conduct them thither; and then

* *Enter Guise, &c.*] Scene, a street.

‡ *Gonzago, Retes*] i. e. Louis de Gonzague, Duc de Nevers; and Albert de Gondi, Duc de Retz.

† *entrance*] i. e. commencement. So in Heywood's *Four Prentises of London*, the Soldier, having captured Robert and Charles, says,—

"Take them to guard: this *entrance* to our warres
Is full of spirit, and begets much hope."

Sig. G 4. ed. 1615.

Beset his house, that not a man may live.

ANJ. That charge is mine.—Switzers, keep you the streets;

And at each corner shall the king's guard stand.

GON. Come, sirs, follow me.

[*Exit* GONZAGO *with others.*

ANJ. Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard,
Plac'd by my brother, will betray his lord.
Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again;
The head being off, the members cannot stand.

RETES. But look, my lord, there's some in the Admiral's house.

[*The* ADMIRAL *discovered in bed*; GONZAGO *and others in the house**.

ANJ. In lucky time: come, let us keep this lane,
And slay his servants that shall issue out.

GON. Where is the Admiral?

ADM. Oh, let me pray before I die!

GON. Then pray unto our Lady; kiss this cross.

[*Stabs him.*

* *The Admiral discovered in bed; Gonzago and others in the house*] Old ed. "Enter into the Admirals house, and he in his bed." Here, we must suppose that, a curtain having been drawn (as before, p. 307), the Admiral was discovered in bed, —on the upper-stage, as it appears from what Guise presently says, "Then throw him down."—The Admiral's body was thrown out of the window: see Mezeray's *Hist. de France*, t. ii. 1095, ed. 1646.—It would seem that the audience were now to suppose that they saw at once both the interior of the Admiral's dwelling, and the street or court before it!—"L'Amiral étoit logé dans la ruë Betify, dans une Auberge qui est au jourd'hui l'Hôtel S. Pierre." Note on *Mem. de Sully*, t. i. 55, ed. 1747, Londres.

ADM. Oh, God, forgive my sins! [*Dies.*

GUISE. Gonzago, what, is he dead?

GON. Ay, my lord.

GUISE. Then throw him down.

[*The body of the* ADMIRAL *is thrown down.*

ANJ. Now, cousin, view him well:
It may be 'tis some other, and he escap'd.

GUISE. Cousin, 'tis he; I know him by his look:
See where my soldier shot him through the arm;
He miss'd him near, but we have strook him now.—
Ah, base Shatillian* and degenerate,
Chief standard-bearer to the Lutherans,
Thus, in despite of thy religion,
The Duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk!

ANJ. Away with him! cut off his head and hands†,
And send them for a present to the Pope;
And, when this just revenge is finishèd,
Unto Mount Faucon‡ will we drag his corse;
And he, that living hated so the Cross,

* *Shatillian*] i. e. Châtillon.

† *cut off his head and hands, &c.*] "Vn Italien de sa garde [of the Chevalier's guard] luy coupa la teste, et la porta incontinent à la Reyne mere, qui l'ayant enbaumée, à ce que disent les Huguenots, l'enuoya à Rome." Mezeray, *ubi supra.*

‡ *Mount Faucon*] So the old ed.; and so indeed our early authors usually wrote the name;

"O, may they once as high as Haman mount,
And from *Mount Faulcon* give a sad account," &c.
Sylvester's *Du Bartas's Works* (*A Hymn of Alms*), p. 517, ed. 1641.

"La populace s'attache à ce malheureux corps sans teste, et lui fait toutes les indignitez imaginables: premierement ils luy coupent les mains et les parties honteuses, et le laissent sur le

Shall, being dead, be hang'd thereon in chains.

GUISE. Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine,
There shall not a Huguenot breathe in France.

ANJ. I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,
But slay as many as we can come near.

GUISE. Mountsorrell, go shoot the ordnance off,
That they, which have already set* the street,
May know their watchword; then toll the bell,
And so let's forward to the massacre.

MOUNT. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

GUISE. And now, my lords, let's closely to our business.

ANJ. Anjou will follow thee.

fumier d'vne escurie; puis l'apredisnée, ils le reprennent, le traisnent trois iours durant par les boües, et le iettent dans l'eau; après l'en ayant retiré, ils le portent à Montfaucon, où le pendant les pieds en haut auec vne chaisne de fer, ils allument du feu dessous pour le brusler: mais il n'en est que grillé seulement, et non pas consumé. Ainsi leur vengeance s'acharnant sur celuy qu'ils auoient tant apprehendé viuant, le tourmenta par tous les elemens, iusqu'à tant que le Mareschal de Montmorency fit desrober durant vne nuit obscure ces miserables restes, et leur donna repos dans sa Chappelle de Chantilly." Mezeray, *ubi supra.*—"A little on this side Paris, euen at the towns end, there is the fayrest Gallowes that euer I saw, built vpon a little hillocke called Mount Falcon, which consisteth of fourteene faire pillars of free-stone: this gallowes was made in the time of the Guisian massacre, to hang the Admirall of France Chatillion, who was a Protestant, Anno Dom. 1572." Coryat's *Crudities*, &c. p. 20, ed. 1611.—I may just observe that the treatment of the Admiral's body in a later scene (p. 320) is at variance with the present speech of Anjou.

* *set*] i. e. beset.

Dum. And so will Dumaine.

[*The ordnance being shot off, the bell tolls.*

Guise. Come, then, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guise †, *and the rest, with their swords drawn, chasing the Protestants.*

Guise. *Tuez, tuez, tuez!*
Let none escape! murder the Huguenots!

Anj. Kill them, kill them! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loreine*, *running;* Guise *and the rest pursuing him.*

Guise. Loreine, Loreine! follow Loreine!—
Sirrah,
Are you a preacher of these heresies?

Lor. I am a preacher of the word of God;
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.

Guise. "Dearly belovèd brother,"—thus 'tis written. [*Stabs* Loreine, *who dies.*

Anj. Stay, my lord, let me begin the psalm.

Guise. Come, drag him away, and throw him in a ditch. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Enter Mountsorrell ||, *and knocks at* Serouse's *door.*

Serouse's Wife [*within*]. Who is that which knocks there?

† *Enter Guise, &c.*] Scene, a street.
* *Enter Loreine, &c.*] Scene, another street.
|| *Enter Mountsorrell, &c.*] Scene, another street.

MOUNT. Mountsorrell, from the Duke of Guise,
SEROUNE'S WIFE [*within*]. Husband, come down;
here's one would speak with you
From the Duke of Guise.

Enter SEROUNE *from the house.*

SER. To speak with me, from such a man as he?
MOUNT. Ay, ay, for this, Seroune; and thou shalt ha't. [*Shewing his dagger.*
SER. Oh, let me pray, before I take my death!
MOUNT. Despatch, then, quickly.
SER. Oh, Christ, my Saviour!
MOUNT. Christ, villain!
Why, darest thou presume to call on Christ,
Without the intercession of some saint?
Sanctus Jacobus*, he was‖ my saint; pray to him.
SER. Oh, let me pray unto my God!
MOUNT. Then take this with you.
[*Stabs* SEROUNE, *who dies; and then exit.*

Enter RAMUS, *in his study.*

RAMUS. What fearful cries come† from the river Seine ‡,
That fright§ poor Ramus sitting at his book!
I fear the Guisians have pass'd the bridge,
And mean once more to menace me.

* *Sanctus*] Old ed. "Sancta."
‖ *was*] Qy. "is"?
† *come*] Old ed. "comes."
‡ *Seine*] Old ed. "Rene."
§ *fright*] Old ed. "frightes."

Enter TALEUS*.

TAL. Fly, Ramus, fly, if thou wilt save thy life!
RAMUS. Tell me, Taleus, wherefore should I fly?
TAL. The Guisians are hard at thy door, and mean to murder us:
Hark, hark, they come! I'll leap out at the window.
RAMUS. Sweet Taleus, stay.

Enter GONZAGO *and* RETES.

GON. Who goes there?
RETES. 'Tis Taleus, Ramus' bedfellow.
GON. What art thou?
TAL. I am, as Ramus is, a Christian.
RETES. Oh, let him go; he is a Catholic.
[*Exit* TALEUS.
GON. Come, Ramus, more gold, or thou shalt have the stab.
RAMUS. Alas, I am a scholar! how should I have gold?
All that I have is but my stipend from the king,
Which is no sooner receiv'd but it is spent.

Enter GUISE, ANJOU, DUMAINE, MOUNTSORRELL, *and Soldiers.*

ANJ. Who have you there?
RETES. 'Tis Ramus, the king's Professor of Logic.
GUISE. Stab him.

* *Taleus*] i. e. Audomarus Talæus.

RAMUS. Oh, good my lord,
Wherein hath Ramus been so offensious?

GUISE. Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,
And yet didst never sound any thing to the depth.
Was it not thou that scoff'dst* the *Organon*†,
And said it was a heap of vanities?
He that will be a flat dichotomist‡,
And seen§ in nothing but epitomes,
Is in your judgment thought a learnèd man;
And he, forsooth, must go and preach in Germany,
Excepting against doctors' actions,
And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity,
Argumentum testimonii¶ *est inartificiale.*
To contradict which, I say, Ramus shall die:
How answer you that? your *nego argumentum*
Cannot serve, sirrah.—Kill him.

RAMUS. Oh, good my lord, let me but speak a word!

ANJ. Well, say on.

RAMUS. Not for my life do I desire this pause;
But in my latter hour to purge myself,
In that I know the things that I have wrote,

* *scoff'dst*] Old ed. "scoftes."

† *the Organon*] By Aristotle.

‡ *dichotomist*] To save some of my readers the trouble of refering to their dictionaries, I may notice that *dichotomy* means—distribution of ideas by pairs.

§ *seen*] i. e. skilled.

¶ *Argumentum testimonii, &c.*] Old ed. "*Argumentum* testimonis *est* in arte fetialis." I give the emendation of the Rev. J. Mitford, which is perhaps the right reading.

Which, as I hear, one Shekius § takes it ill,
Because my places, being but three, contain ‖ all his.
I knew the *Organon* to be confus'd,
And I reduc'd it into better form:
And this for Aristotle will I say,
That he that despiseth him can ne'er
Be good in logic or philosophy;
And that's because the blockish Sorbonnists ¶
Attribute as much unto their [own] works
As to the service of the eternal God.

GUISE. Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?
Stab him, I say, and send him to his friends in hell.

ANJ. Ne'er was there collier's son* so full of pride.

[*Stabs* RAMUS, *who dies.*

GUISE. My Lord of Anjou, there are a hundred Protestants,

§ *Shekius*] Old ed. "Shekins."—Concerning Schecius (or Scheckius), see letters from Ramus "Jacobo Schecio, clarissimo Tubingensis Academiæ Philosopho,"—a letter from Schecius to Ramus,—and "Rami Defensio pro Aristotele adversus Jacobum Schecium,"—in the volume entitled *Petri Rami Professoris Regii, et Audomari Talæi, Collectaneæ Præfationes, &c., Marpurgi*, 1599, p. p. 175, 179, 185, 193, 196, 466.

‖ *contain*] Old ed. "contains."

¶ *Sorbonnists*] Old ed. "thorbonest."

* *collier's son*] "Carbonarius pater probri loco illi [scil. Ramo] objectus est. Avus certe (ut ipse commemorat in præfatione suæ Regiæ Professionis) in Eburonum gente, familia inprimis illustri fuit; sed patria a Carolo Burgundionum Duce capta et incensa, in Veromanduorum agrum profugus ob paupertatem carbonarius fuit: pater agricola fuit." . . . . Tandem vero anno ætatis quinquagesimo septimo, anno Christi millesimo quingentesimo et septuagesimo secundo, mense Augusto in tumultu Parisiensi [Ramus] periit. De caussis

Which we have chas'd into the river Seine *,
That swim about, and so preserve their lives:
How may we do? I fear me they will live.

DUM. Go place some men upon the bridge,
With bows and darts, to shoot at them they see,
And sink them in the river as they swim.

GUISE. 'Tis well advis'd, Dumaine; go see it straight be done. [*Exit* DUMAINE.

And in the meantime, my lord, could we devise
To get those pedants from the King Navarre,
That are tutors to him and the Prince of Condé—

ANJ. For that, let me alone: cousin, stay you here,
And when you see me in, then follow hard†.

ANJOU *knocketh at the door; and enter the* KING OF NAVARRE *and the* PRINCE OF CONDÉ‡, *with their two* SCHOOLMASTERS.

How now, my lords, how fare you?

mortis sunt qui adversarios ipsius insimulent: ego ut in re incerta, et censorio illo extremo die (ubi tectoria Sophistis omnia detrahentur) patefacienda, aliis hæc disceptanda relinquo." *Rami Vita per Freigium*, p. p. 581, 619, of the vol. last cited.

* *Seine*] Old ed. "Rene."

† *cousin, stay you here,*
And when you see me in, then follow hard] The scene is now before the King of Navarre's lodging in the Louvre; but, as soon as he and the Prince of Condé have entered with their Schoolmasters, it is supposed to be the interior of that lodging.

‡ *the Prince of Condé*] i. e. the young Prince of Condé, cousin and companion of the King of Navarre. It would seem from the earlier part of the play that Marlowe (who certainly did not mean to introduce two Condés) confounded him with his father.

Nav. My lord, they say
That all the Protestants are massacrèd.

Anj. Ay, so they are; but yet, what remedy?
I have done what I could to stay this broil.

Nav. But yet, my lord, the report doth run,
That you were one that made this massacre.

Anj. Who, I? you are deceiv'd; I rose but now.

[Guise, Gonzago†, Retes, Mountsorrell, *and Soldiers, come forward.*

Guise. Murder the Huguenots! take those pedants hence!

Nav. Thou traitor, Guise, lay off thy bloody hands!

Con. Come, let us go tell the king.

[*Exit with the* King of Navarre.

Guise. Come, sirs, I'll whip you to death with my poniard's point.

[*Stabs the* Schoolmasters, *who die.*

Anj. Away with them both!

[*Exeunt* Anjou *and Soldiers with the bodies.*

Guise. And now, sirs, for this night let our fury stay.
Yet will we not that the massacre shall end:
Gonzago, post you to Orleans,

† *Guise, Gonzago, &c.*] Old ed. has only "Enter Guise."—It is plain from Anjou's speech above,

"Cousin, *stay you here,*
And when you see me in, then follow hard,"

that Guise and the others were not to quit the stage while the scene was supposed to be changed: they probably retired to one side of it.

Retes to Dieppe, Mountsorrell unto Rouen,
And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.
And now stay that bell, that to the devil's matins rings.
Now every man put off his burgonet§,
And so convey him closely‖ to his bed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANJOU*, *with two* LORDS OF POLAND.

ANJ. My lords of Poland, I must needs confess,
The offer of your Prince Elector's far
Beyond the reach of my deserts;
For Poland is, as I have been inform'd,
A martial people, worthy such a king
As hath sufficient counsel in himself
To lighten doubts, and frustrate subtle foes;
And such a king, whom practice long hath taught
To please himself with manage of the wars,
The greatest wars within our Christian bounds,—
I mean our wars against the Muscovites,
And on the other side against the Turk,
Rich princes both, and mighty emperors.
Yet, by my brother Charles, our king of France,
And by his grace's council, it is thought
That, if I undertake to wear the crown
Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope
Of my inheritance to the crown of France;

§ *burgonet*] i. e. helmet.
‖ *convey him closely*] i. e. steal himself off secretly.
* *Enter Anjou, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

For, if th' Almighty take my brother hence,
By due descent the regal seat is mine.
With Poland, therefore, must I covenant thus,—
That if, by death of Charles, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then, with your leaves,
I may retire me to my native home.
If your commission serve to warrant this,
I thankfully shall undertake the charge
Of you and yours, and carefully maintain
The wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

First Lord. All this, and more, your highness shall command,
For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

Anj. Then, come, my lords, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Men*, *with the* Admiral's *body.*

First Man. Now, sirrah, what shall we do with the Admiral?

Sec. Man. Why, let us burn him for an heretic.

First Man. Oh, no! his body will infect the fire, and the fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with him.

Sec. Man. What shall we do, then?

First Man. Let's throw him into the river.

Sec. Man. Oh, 'twill corrupt the water, and the water the fish, and the† fish ourselves, when we eat them!

* *Enter two Men, &c.*] Scene, the neighbourhood of Paris.

† *and the*] Old ed. "*and* by *the.*"

First Man. Then throw him into the ditch.

Sec. Man. No, no. To decide all doubts, be ruled by me: let's hang him here upon this tree.

First Man. Agreed.

[*They hang up the body on a tree, and then exeunt.*

Enter Guise, Catherine *the* Queen Mother, *and the* Cardinal of Lorraine, *with Attendants.*

Guise. Now, madam, how like you our lusty Admiral?

Cath. Believe me, Guise, he becomes the place so well
As I could long ere this have wish'd him there.
But come, let's walk aside; th' air's not very sweet.

Guise. No, by my faith, madam.—
Sirs, take him away, and throw him in some ditch.

[*The Attendants bear off the* Admiral's *body.*

And now, madam, as I understand,
There are a hundred Huguenots and more,
Which in the woods do hold their synagogue,
And daily meet about this time of day;
And thither will I, to put them to the sword.

Cath. Do so, sweet Guise; let us delay no time;
For, if these stragglers gather head again,
And disperse themselves throughout the realm of France,
It will be hard for us to work their deaths.
Begone; delay no time, sweet Guise.

GUISE. Madam,
I go as whirlwinds rage before a storm. [*Exit.*
CATH. My Lord of Lorraine, have you mark'd of late,
How Charles our son begins for to lament
For the late night's-work which my Lord of Guise
Did make in Paris amongst the Huguenots?
CARD. Madam, I have heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of Navarre,
For to revenge their deaths upon us all.
CATH. Ay, but, my lord, let me alone for that;
For Catherine must have her will in France.
As I do live, so surely shall he die,
And Henry then shall wear the diadem;
And, if he grudge or cross his mother's will,
I'll disinherit him and all the rest;
For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown:
And, if they storm, I then may pull them down.
Come, my lord, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter five or six PROTESTANTS*, *with books, and kneel together. Then enter* GUISE *and others.*

GUISE. Down with the Huguenots! murder them!
FIRST PRO. Oh, Monsieur de Guise, hear me but speak!
GUISE. No, villain; that tongue of thine,
That hath blasphem'd the holy Church of Rome,

* *Enter five or six Protestants, &c.*] Scene, a wood.

Shall drive no plaints into the Guise's ears,
To make the justice of my heart relent.—
Tuez, tuez, tuez! let none escape.
[*They kill the* PROTESTANTS.
So, drag them away. [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

Enter KING CHARLES*, *supported by the* KING OF NAVARRE *and* EPERNOUN; CATHERINE *the* QUEEN MOTHER, *the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, PLESHÈ†, *and Attendants.*

CHAR. Oh, let me stay, and rest me here a while!
A griping pain hath seiz'd upon my heart;
A sudden pang, the messenger of death.
CATH. Oh, say not so! thou kill'st thy mother's heart.
CHAR. I must say so; pain forceth me complain.
NAV. Comfort yourself, my lord, and have no doubt
But God will sure restore you to your health.
CHAR. Oh, no, my loving brother of Navarre!
I have deserv'd a scourge, I must confess;
Yet is there patience of another sort,
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
God grant my nearest friends may prove no worse!
Oh, hold me up! my sight begins to fail,
My sinews shrink, my brains turn upside down,

* *Enter King Charles, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the Castle of Vincennes.

† *Pleshè*] i. e. Plessis,—Du-Plessis Mornay.

My heart doth break; I faint and die. [*Dies.*

CATH. What, art thou dead, sweet son? speak to thy mother!

Oh, no, his soul is fled from out his breast,
And he nor hears nor sees us what we do!
My lords, what resteth there now for to be done,
But that we presently despatch embassadors
To Poland, to call Henry back again,
To wear his brother's crown and dignity?
Epernoun, go see it presently be done,
And bid him come without delay to us.

EPER. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

CATH. And now, my lords, after these funerals be done,

We will, with all the speed we can, provide
For Henry's coronation from Polony.
Come, let us take his body hence.

[*The body of* KING CHARLES *is borne out; and exeunt all except the* KING OF NAVARRE *and* PLESHÈ.

NAV. And now, Navarre*, whilst that these broils do last,

My opportunity may serve me fit
To steal from France, and hie me to my home,
For here's no safety in the realm for me:
And now that Henry is call'd from Poland,
It is my due, by just succession.
And therefore, as speedily as I can perform,

* *And now, Navarre, &c.*] A very awkward address of the speaker to himself. Qy. "*And*, Pleshé, *now*", &c.?

I'll muster up an army secretly,
For fear that Guise, join'd with the king of Spain,
Might seek* to cross me in mine enterprise.
But God, that always doth defend the right,
Will shew his mercy, and preserve us still.

PLESHÈ. The virtues of our true religion
Cannot but march, with many graces more,
Whose army shall discomfit§ all your foes,
And, at the length, in Pampeluna† crown
(In spite of Spain, and all the popish power,
That holds it from your highness wrongfully)
Your majesty her rightful lord and sovereign.

NAV. Truth, Pleshè; and God so prosper me in all,
As I intend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word!
Come, Pleshè, let's away, whilst time doth serve.

[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets sounded within, and a cry of "Vive le Roi," two or three times. Enter ANJOU‡ *crowned as King Henry the Third;* CATHERINE *the* QUEEN MOTHER, *the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, GUISE, EPERNOUN, MUGEROUN, *the* CUTPURSE, *and others.*

ALL. *Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!*

[*A flourish of trumpets.*

* *seek*] Old ed. "seeme."

§ *discomfit*] Old ed. "discomfort."

† *Pampeluna*] Old ed. "Pampelonia."

‡ *Enter Anjou, &c.*] Scene, a hall in the Louvre.

Cath. Welcome from Poland, Henry, once again!
Welcome to France, thy father's royal seat!
Here hast thou a country void of fears,
A warlike people to maintain thy right,
A watchful senate for ordaining laws,
A loving mother to preserve thy state,
And all things that a king may wish besides;
All this, and more, hath Henry with his crown.

Card. And long may Henry enjoy all this, and more!

All. *Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!*

[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Henry. Thanks to you all. The guider of all crowns
Grant that our deeds may well deserve your loves!
And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,
And yield your thoughts to height of my deserts.
What say § our minions? think they Henry's heart
Will not both harbour love and majesty?
Put off that fear, they are already join'd:
No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slack my love's affection from his bent;
As now you are, so shall you still persist,
Removeless from the favours of your king.

Mug. We know that noble minds change not their thoughts
For wearing of a crown, in that your grace
Hath worn the Poland diadem before

§ *say*] Old ed. "sales."

You were invested in the crown of France.

HENRY. I tell thee, Mugeroun, we will be friends,
And fellows too, whatever storms arise.

MUG. Then may it please your majesty to give me leave
To punish those that do profane this holy feast.

HENRY. How mean'st thou that?

[MUGEROUN *cuts off the* CUTPURSE'S *ear, for cutting the gold buttons off his cloak.*

CUTP. Oh, Lord, mine ear!

MUG. Come, sir, give me my buttons, and here's your ear.

GUISE. Sirrah, take him away.

HENRY. Hands off, good fellow; I will be his bail
For this offence.—Go, sirrah, work no more
Till this our coronation-day be past.—
And now,
Our solemn rites of coronation done,
What now remains but for a while to feast,
And spend some days in barriers, tourney, tilt,
And like disports, such as do fit the court?
Let's go, my lords; our dinner stays for us.

[*Exeunt all except* CATHERINE *the* QUEEN MOTHER *and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.

CATH. My Lord Cardinal of Lorraine, tell me,
How likes your grace my son's pleasantness?
His mind, you see, runs on his minions,
And all his heaven is to delight himself;
And, whilst he sleeps securely thus in ease,
Thy brother Guise and we may now provide

To plant ourselves with such authority
As not a man may live without our leaves.
Then shall the Catholic faith of Rome
Flourish in France, and none deny the same.

CARD. Madam, as in secrecy I was told,
My brother Guise hath gather'd a power of men,
Which are†, he saith, to kill the Puritans;
But 'tis the house of Bourbon that he means.
Now, madam, must you insinuate with the king,
And tell him that 'tis for his country's good,
And common profit of religion.

CATH. Tush, man, let me alone with him,
To work the way to bring this thing to pass;
And, if he do deny what I do say,
I'll despatch him with his brother presently,
And then shall Monsieur wear the diadem.
Tush, all shall die unless I have my will;
For, while she lives, Catharine will be queen.
Come, my lord ‡, let us go seek the Guise,
And then determine of this enterprise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF GUISE§ *and her* MAID.

DUCH. OF G. Go fetch me pen and ink—

MAID. I will, madam.

DUCH. That I may write unto my dearest lord.

[*Exit* MAID.

† *are*] Old ed. "as."

‡ *lord*] Old ed. "Lords."

§ *Enter the Duchess of Guise, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the house of the Duke of Guise.

Sweet Mugeroun*, 'tis he that hath my heart,
And Guise usurps it 'cause I am his wife.
Fain would I find some means to speak with him,
But cannot, and therefore am enforc'd to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

Re-enter the MAID, *with pen, ink, and paper.*

So, set it down, and leave me to myself.

[*Exit* MAID. *The* DUCHESS *writes.*

Oh, would to God, this quill that here doth write,
Had late been pluck'd from out fair Cupid's wing,
That it might print these lines within his heart!

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. What, all alone, my love? and writing too?
I prithee, say to whom thou writ'st.

DUCH. To such
A one, my lord, as when she reads my lines,
Will laugh, I fear me, at their good array.

GUISE. I pray thee, let me see.

DUCH. Oh, no, my lord! a woman only must
Partake the secrets of my heart.

GUISE. But, madam, I must see.

[*Seizes the paper.*

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

* *Sweet Mugeroun, &c.*] The gallant of the Duchess was not Mugeroun (Maugiron), but Saint-Mégrin, another of the King's "Mignons." See Anquetel,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 345, ed. 1817.

Duch. Oh, pardon me, my lord!

Guise. Thou trothless and unjust, what lines are these?

Am I grown old, or is thy lust grown young?
Or hath my love been so obscur'd in thee,
That others need† to comment on my text?
Is all my love forgot, which held thee dear,
Ay, dearer than the apple of mine eye?
Is Guise's glory but a cloudy mist,
In sight and judgment of thy lustful eye?
Mort Dieu! were not the fruit within thy womb,
Of* whose increase I set some longing hope,
This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart.
Hence, strumpet! hide thy head for shame;
And fly my presence, if thou look to live!

[*Exit* Duchess.

Oh, wicked sex, perjùrèd and unjust!
Now do I see that from the very first
Her eyes and looks sow'd seeds of perjury.
But villain, he, to whom these lines should go,
Shall buy her love even with his dearest blood. [*Exit.*

† *need*] Old ed. "needs."
* *Of*] i. e. On.

Enter the KING OF NAVARRE‡, PLESHÈ, BARTUS, *and train, with drums and trumpets.*

NAV. My lords, sith§ in a quarrel just and right
We undertake to manage these our wars
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,
(I mean the Guise, the Pope, and king of Spain,
Who set themselves to tread us under foot,
And rent our true religion from this land;
But for you know our quarrel is no more
But to defend* their strange inventions,
Which they will put us to with sword and fire;)
We must with resolute minds resolve to fight,
In honour of our God, and country's good.
Spain is the council-chamber of the Pope,
Spain is the place where he makes peace and war;
And Guise for Spain hath now incens'd† the king
To send his power to meet us in the field.

BAR. Then in this bloody brunt they may behold
The sole endeavour of your princely care,
To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spain and all his heresies.

NAV. The power of vengeance now encamps itself

‡ *Enter the King of Navarre, &c.*] I must leave the location of this scene to the reader. I should have marked it—La Rochelle, but that the Messenger presently informs the King that "a mighty army comes *from France*".

§ *sith*] i. e. since.

* *defend*] i. e. hinder.

† *incens'd*] i. e. incited.

Upon the haughty mountains of my breast;
Plays with her gory colours of revenge,
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,
That change their colour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in revenge.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now, sirrah, what news?

MES. My lord, as by our scouts we understand,
A mighty army comes from France with speed;
Which are already muster'd in the land,
And mean * to meet your highness in the field.

NAV. In God's name, let them come!
This is the Guise that hath incens'd the king
To levy arms, and make these civil broils.
But canst thou tell who is their general?

MES. Not yet, my lord, for thereon do they stay;
But, as report doth go, the Duke of Joyeux
Hath made great suit unto the king therefore.

NAV. It will not countervail his pains, I hope.
I would the Guise in his stead might have come!
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,
And makes his footstool on security:
So he be safe, he cares not what becomes
Of king or country; no, not for them both.
But come, my lords, let us away with speed,
And place ourselves in order for the fight. [*Exeunt.*

* *mean*] Old eds. "meanes."

Enter KING HENRY†, GUISE, EPERNOUN, *and* JOYEUX.

HENRY. My sweet Joyeux, I make thee general
Of all my army, now in readiness
To march against the rebellious King Navarre;
At thy request I am content thou go,
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer't‡,
Regarding still the danger of thy life.

JOYEUX. Thanks to your majesty: and so, I take my leave.—
Farewell to my Lord of Guise, and Epernoun.

GUISE. Health and hearty farewell to my Lord Joyeux. [*Exit* JOYEUX.

HENRY. So* kindly, cousin of Guise, you and your wife
Do both salute our lovely minions.
Remember you the letter, gentle sir,
Which your wife writ
To my dear minion, and her chosen friend?
[*Makes horns at* GUISE.

GUISE. How now, my lord? faith, this is more than need.
Am I thus to be jested at and scorn'd?
'Tis more than kingly or imperious§:

† *Enter King Henry, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

‡ *suffer't*] Old ed. "suffer."

* *So*] The modern editors print "How." I need hardly observe that this speech is mutilated.

§ *imperious*] i. e. imperial.

And, sure, if all the proudest kings
In Christendom should bear me such derision,
They should know how I scorn'd them and their mocks.
I love your minions! dote on them yourself;
I know none else but holds them in disgrace:
And here, by all the saints in heaven, I swear,
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace,
Even for your words that have incens'd me so,
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood!
Whether he have dishonour'd me or no,
Par la mort de Dieu‖, *il mourra!* [*Exit.*

HENRY. Believe me, this jest bites sore.

EPER. My lord, 'twere good to make them friends,
For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

Enter MUGEROUN.

HENRY. How now, Mugeroun? mett'st thou not the Guise at the door?

MUG. Not I, my lord: what if I had?

HENRY. Marry, if thou hadst, thou mightst have had the stab,
For he hath solemnly sworn thy death.

MUG. I may be stabb'd, and live till he be dead:
But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?

HENRY. Because his wife bears thee such kindly love.

MUG. If that be all, the next time that I meet her,
I'll make her shake off love with her heels.

‖ *mort de Dieu*] Old ed. "mor du."

But which way is he gone? I'll go take‡ a walk
On purpose from the court to meet with him. [*Exit.*

HENRY. I like not this. Come, Epernoun,
Let us go seek the duke, and make them friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums, within, and a cry—"The DUKE JOYEUX *is slain." Enter the* KING OF NAVARRE*, BARTUS, *and train.*

NAV. The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Thus God, we see, doth ever guide the right,
To make his glory great upon the earth.

BAR. The terror of this happy victory,
I hope, will make the king surcease† his hate,
And either never manage army more,
Or else employ them in some better cause.

NAV. How many noblemen have lost their lives
In prosecution of these cruel arms,
Is ruth, and almost death, to call to mind.
But God we know will always put them down,
That lift themselves against the perfect truth;
Which I'll maintain so long as life doth last,
And with the Queen of England join my force

‡ *take*] Old ed. "make" (the compositor's eye having caught that word from the preceding line).

* *Enter the King of Navarre, &c.*] Scene, near Coutras.

† *surcease*] i. e. cease.

To beat the papal monarch from our lands,
And keep those relics from our countries' coasts.
Come, my lords; now that this storm is overpast,
Let us away with triumph to our tents. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a SOLDIER*.

SOLD. Sir, to you, sir, that dares make the duke a cuckold, and use a counterfeit key to his privy-chamber-door; and although you take out nothing but your own, yet you put in that which displeaseth him, and so forestall his market, and set up your standing where you should not; and whereas he is your landlord, you will take upon you to be his, and till the ground that he himself should occupy, which is his own free land; if it be not too free—there's the question; and though I come not to take possession

* *Enter a Soldier*] Scene, before the Louvre.—This portion of the play, as preserved in a fragment of what was most probably a prompter's copy, is given by Mr. Collier in his *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet*, iii. 134, from which it is now subjoined,—affording a remarkable proof (if any had been required) that the printed copy of *The Massacre at Paris* is wretchedly mutilated.

"*Enter a Souldier with a muskett.*

Souldier. Now, sir, to you that dares make a duke a cuckolde, and use a counterfeyt key to his privye chamber: though you take out none but your owne treasure, yett you put in that displeases him, and fill up his rome that he shold occupye. Herein, sir, you forestalle the markett, and sett up your standinge where you shold not. But you will saye you leave him rome enoghe besides: that's no answere; he's to have the choyce of his owne freeland; yf it be not too free, there's the questione. Nowe, for where he is your landlorde, you take upon you to be his, and

(as I would I might!), yet I mean to keep you out; which I will, if this gear hold.

will needs enter by defaulte: whatt though you were once in possession, yett comminge upon you once unawares, he frayde you out againe; therefore your entrye is mere intrusione: this is against the law, sir: and though I come not to keepe possessione (as I wolde I might!), yet I come to keepe you out, sir.

Enter Minion.

You are wellcome, sir: have at you! [*He kills him.*

Minion. Trayterouse Guise, ah, thou hast morthered me!

Enter Guise.

Guise. Hold the[e], tall soldier: take the[e] this, and flye. [*Exit* [*Soldier*].

Thus fall, imperfett exhalatione,
Which our great sonn of France cold not effecte;
A fyery meteor in the fermament:
Lye there, the kinge's delyght and Guise's scorne!
Revenge it, Henry, yf thou list or darst:
I did it onely in dispight of thee.
Fondlie hast thou incenste the Guise's sowle,
That of it selfe was hote enough to worke
Thy just degestione with extreamest shame.
The armye I have gatherd now shall ayme,
More at thie end then exterpatione;
And when thou thinkst I have forgotten this,
And that thou most reposest in my faythe,
Than will I wake thee from thy folishe dreame,
And lett thee see thie selfe my prysoner. [*Exeunt.*"

Mr. Collier (ubi supra) observes that "even the names of the characters [in the printed copy] were mistaken, and he who is called *Mugeron* in the old edition was, in fact [as in the above extract] called *Minion*, consistently with his situation and habits." But both names are right: *Mugeroun* (*Maugiron*) is the name of one of the king's *minions*.

Enter Mugeroun.

What, are you come so soon? have at you, sir!
[*Shoots at* Mugeroun *and kills him*§.

Enter Guise *and Attendants.*

Guise. [*Giving a purse*] Hold thee, tall‖ soldier,
take thee this, and fly. [*Exit* Soldier.
Lie there, the king's delight, and Guise's scorn!
Revenge it, Henry, as thou list or dare;
I did it only in despite of thee.
[*Attendants bear off** Mugeroun's *body.*

Enter King Henry *and* Epernoun.

Henry. My Lord of Guise, we understand
That you have gatherèd a power of men:

§ *Shoots at Mugeroun and kills him*] Mugeroun (Maugiron) fell in a duel: Anquetil, *Hist. de France*, t. v. 344, ed. 1817: but Saint-Mégrin, the gallant of the Duchess of Guise (see note p. 329), *was* assassinated. "Ils dressèrent une embuscade à la porte du Louvre. Comme Saint-Mégrin en sortoit la nuit, des assassins apostés se jetèrent sur lui, et l'étendirent sur le pavé, percé de trente-cinq coups. Il vécut cependant jusqu'au lendemain." Anquetil, *ibid.* p. 347.

‖ *tall*] i. e. bold.

* *Attendants bear off, &c.*] Old ed. "Take him away." Yet Guise has just said "Lie there, the king's delight," &c. From the fragment given in the note, p. 337, we find that this speech was originally much longer, and that Guise made his exit at the close of it; and we may therefore be sure that Guise's conference with King Henry and Epernoun, which in the printed copy so awkwardly follows the murder of Mugeroun without any change of scene, took place originally in a new scene.

What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
But we presume it is not for our good.
GUISE. Why, I am no traitor to the crown of France;
What I have done, 'tis for the Gospel' sake.
EPER. Nay, for the Pope's sake, and thine own benefit.
What peer in France but thou, aspiring Guise,
Durst be in arms without the king's consent?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.
GUISE. Ah, base Epernoun! were not his highness here,
Thou shouldst perceive the Duke of Guise is mov'd.
HENRY. Be patient, Guise, and threat not Epernoun,
Lest thou perceive the king of France be mov'd.
GUISE. Why, I am a prince of the Valois's line,
Therefore an enemy to the Bourbonites;
I am a juror in the holy league,
And therefore hated of the Protestants:
What should I do but stand upon my guard?
And, being able, I'll keep an host in pay.
EPER. Thou able to maintain an host in pay,
That liv'st by foreign exhibition*!
The Pope and King of Spain are thy good friends;
Else all France knows how poor a duke thou art.
HENRY. Ay, those are they that feed him with their gold,

* *exhibition*] i. e. allowance, pension.

To countermand our will, and check our friends.

GUISE. My lord, to speak more plainly, thus it is.
Being animated by religious zeal,
I mean to muster all the power I can,
To overthrow those sectious Puritans:
And know, my lord, the Pope will sell his triple crown,
Ay, and the catholic Philip, king of Spain,
Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians
To rip the golden bowels of America.
Navarre, that cloaks them underneath his wings,
Shall feel the house of Lorraine is his foe.
Your highness needs not fear mine army's force;
'Tis for your safety, and your enemies' wrack.

HENRY. Guise, wear our crown, and be thou king of France,
And, as dictator, make or war or peace,
Whilst I cry *placet*, like a senator!
I cannot brook thy haughty insolence:
Dismiss thy camp, or else by our edict
Be thou proclaim'd a traitor throughout France.

GUISE. The choice is hard; I must dissemble.—
[*Aside.*
My lord, in token of my true humility,
And simple meaning to your majesty,
I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,
Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.

HENRY. Then farewell, Guise; the king and thou are friends. [*Exit* GUISE.

EPER. But trust him not, my lord; for, had your highness

Seen with what a pomp he enter'd Paris,
And how the citizens with gifts and shows
Did entertain him, and promis'd to be at his com-
mand—
Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streets,
That the Guise durst stand in arms against the king,
For not effecting of his holiness' will.

HENRY. Did they of Paris entertain him so?
Then means he present treason to our state.
Well, let me alone.—Who's within there?

Enter an Attendant.*

Make a discharge of all my council straight,
And I'll subscribe my name, and seal it straight.—
[*Attendant writes.*
My head shall be my council; they are false;
And, Epernoun, I will be rul'd by thee.

EPER. My lord, I think, for safety of your royal
person,
It would be good the Guise were made away,
And so to quite† your grace of all suspect.

HENRY. First let us set our hand and seal to this,
And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do.—[*Writes.*
So; convey this to the council presently.
[*Exit Attendant.*
And, Epernoun, though I seem mild and calm,
Think not but I am tragical within.

* *Enter an Attendant*] Old ed. "*Enter* one with a pen and inke."

† *quite*] i. e. *quit*, acquit, free.

I'll secretly convey me unto Blois;
For, now that Paris takes the Guise's part,
Here is no staying for the king of France,
Unless he mean to be betray'd and die:
But, as I live, so sure the Guise shall die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING OF NAVARRE*, *reading a letter, and* BARTUS.

NAV. My lord, I am advertisèd from France
That the Guise hath taken arms against the king,
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.

BAR. Then hath your grace fit opportunity
To shew your love unto the king of France,
Offering him aid against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully receiv'd.

NAV. Bartus, it shall be so: post, then, to France,
And there salute his highness in our name;
Assure him all the aid we can provide
Against the Guisians and their complices.
Bartus, begone: commend me to his grace,
And tell him, ere it be long, I'll visit him.

BAR. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

NAV. Pleshè!

Enter PLESHÈ.

PLESHÈ. My lord?

NAV. Pleshè, go muster up our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amain,

* *Enter the King of Navarre, &c.*] Here again (as at p. 331) I must leave the reader to determine where this scene takes place.

For we must aid the king against the Guise.
Begone, I say; 'tis time that we were there.

PLESHÉ. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

NAV. That wicked Guise, I fear me much, will be
The ruin of that famous realm of France;
For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown:
'A† takes his vantage on religion,
To plant the Pope and popelings in the realm,
And bind it wholly to the see of Rome.
But, if that God do prosper mine attempts,
And send us safely to arrive in France,
We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
That basely seeks the ruin of his realm. [*Exit.*

Enter the CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD*, *and three* MURDERERS.

CAP. Come on, sirs. What, are you resolutely bent,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
What, will you not fear, when you see him come?

FIRST MURD. Fear him, said you? tush, were he here, we would kill him presently.

SEC. MURD. Oh, that his heart were leaping in my hand!

THIRD MURD. But when will he come, that we may murder him?

CAP. Well, then, I see you are resolute.

† *'A*] i. e. He.—Old ed. "And."

* *Enter the Captain of the Guard, &c*] Scene, an apartment in the residence of King Henry at Blois.

First Murd. Let us alone; I warrant you.

Cap. Then, sirs, take your standings within this chamber; for anon the Guise will come.

All three Murderers. You will give us our money?

Cap. Ay, ay, fear not: stand close: so; be resolute. [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Now falls the star whose influence governs France,
Whose light was deadly to the Protestants:
Now must he fall, and perish in his height.

Enter King Henry *and* Epernoun.

Henry. Now, captain of my guard, are these murderers ready?

Cap. They be, my good lord.

Henry. But are they resolute, and arm'd to kill,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?

Cap. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

Henry. Then come, proud Guise, and here disgorge thy breast,
Surcharg'd with surfeit of ambitious thoughts;
Breathe out that life wherein my death was hid,
And end thy endless treasons with thy death.
[*Knocking within.*

Guise. [*within*] *Holà, varlet, hé!*—Epernoun, where is the king?

Eper. Mounted his royal cabinet.

Guise. [*within*] I prithee, tell him that the Guise is here.

EPER. An please your grace, the Duke of Guise doth crave
Access unto your highness.
HENRY. Let him come in.—
Come, Guise, and see thy traitorous guile outreach'd,
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me.

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. Good morrow to your majesty.
HENRY. Good morrow to my loving cousin of Guise:
How fares it this morning with your excellence?
GUISE. I heard your majesty was scarcely pleas'd,
That in the court I bare so great a train.
HENRY. They were to blame that said I was displeas'd;
And you, good cousin, to imagine it.
'Twere hard with me, if I should doubt my kin,
Or be suspicious of my dearest friends.
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatsoever any whisper in mine ears,
Not to suspect disloyalty in thee:
And so, sweet coz, farewell.

[*Exit with* EPERNOUN.

GUISE. So;
Now sues the king for favour to the Guise,
And all his minions stoop when I command:
Why, this 'tis to have an army in the field.
Now, by the holy sacrament, I swear,
As ancient Romans o'er their captive lords,

So will I triumph o'er this wanton king;
And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.
Now do I but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vain.
Hold, sword,
For in thee is the Duke of Guise's hope.

Re-enter THIRD MURDERER.

Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly? speak.

THIRD MURD. Oh, pardon me, my Lord of Guise!

GUISE. Pardon thee! why, what hast thou done?

THIRD MURD. Oh, my lord, I am one of them that is set to murder you!

GUISE. To murder me, villain!

THIRD MURD. Ay, my lord: the rest have ta'en their standings in the next room; therefore, good my lord, go not forth.

GUISE. Yet Cæsar shall go forth.
Let mean conceits, and baser men fear death:
Tut, they are peasants; I am Duke of Guise;
And princes with their looks engender fear.

FIRST MURD. [*within.*] Stand close; he is coming;
I know him by his voice.

GUISE. As pale as ashes!* nay, then, 'tis time to look about.

* *As pale as ashes!*] A little above, Guise has said to the Third Murderer, "Why dost thou look so ghastly?" but, most probably, he is now speaking of his own appearance, which we may suppose that he sees in a mirror. "A peine il [Guise] fut entré, que, soit indisposition naturelle, soit frayeur, fruit

Enter First † *and* Second Murderers.

First *and* Sec. Murderers. Down with him, down with him! [*They stab* Guise.

Guise. Oh, I have my death's wound! give me leave to speak.

Sec. Murd. Then pray to God, and ask forgiveness of the king.

Guise. Trouble me not; I ne'er offended him,
Nor will I ask forgiveness of the king.
Oh, that I have not power to stay my life,
Nor immortality to be reveng'd!
To die by peasants, what a grief is this!
Ah, Sextus, be reveng'd upon the king!
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you!
Pope, excommunicate, Philip, depose
The wicked branch of curs'd Valois his line!
Vive la messe! perish Huguenots!
Thus Cæsar did go forth, and thus he died. [*Dies.*

Enter the Captain *of the* Guard.

Cap. What, have you done?
Then stay a while, and I'll go call the king.
But see, where he comes.

de la réflexion, *il devint pâle*, et se plaignit d'un mal de cœur. Quelques confortatifs le remirent," &c. Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 463, ed. 1817.

† *Enter First, &c.*] Here (as is evident from what precedes and follows) the scene is supposed to be changed to the adjoining room.

Enter King Henry, Epernoun, *and Attendants.*

My lord, see, where the Guise is slain.

Henry. Ah, this sweet sight is physic to my soul!
Go, fetch his son for to behold his death.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Surcharg'd with guilt of thousand massacres,
Monsieur of Lorraine, sink away to hell!
And, in remembrance of those bloody broils,
To which thou didst allure me, being alive,
And here, in presence of you all, I swear,
I ne'er was king of France until this hour.
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold
In making foreign wars and civil broils.
Did he not draw a sort * of English priests
From Douay to the seminary at Rheims,
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their natural queen?
Did he not cause the king of Spain's huge fleet
To threaten England, and to menace me?
Did he not injure Monsieur that's deceas'd?
Hath he not made me, in the Pope's defence,
To spend the treasure, that should strength my land,
In civil broils between Navarre and me?
Tush, to be short, he meant to make me monk,
Or else to murder me, and so be king.
Let Christian princes, that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead,)
Rest satisfied with this, that here I swear,

* *sort*] i. e. set.

Ne'er was there king of France so yok'd as I!

EPER. My lord, here is his son.

Enter GUISE'S SON.

HENRY. Boy, look, where your father lies.

G.'s SON. My father slain! who hath done this deed?

HENRY. Sirrah, 'twas I that slew him; and will slay
Thee too, an thou prove such a traitor.

G.'s SON. Art thou king, and hast done this bloody deed?
I'll be reveng'd. [*Offers to throw his dagger.*

HENRY. Away to prison with him! I'll clip his wings
Or ere he pass my hands. Away with him!

[*Some of the Attendants bear off* GUISE'S SON.

But what availeth that this traitor's dead,
When Duke Dumaine, his brother, is alive,
And that young cardinal that is grown so proud?
Go to the governor of Orleans,
And will * him, in my name, to kill the duke.

[*To the* CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD.

Get you away, and strangle the cardinal.

[*To the* MURDERERS.

[*Exeunt* CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD *and* MURDERERS.

These two will make one entire Duke of Guise,
Especially with our old mother's help.

* *will*] i. e. desire.

EPER. My lord, see, where she comes, as if she droop'd
To hear these news.

HENRY. And let her droop; my heart is light enough.

Enter CATHERINE *the* QUEEN MOTHER.

Mother, how like you this device of mine?
I slew the Guise, because I would be king.

CATH. King! why, so thou wert before:
Pray God thou be a king now this is done!

HENRY. Nay, he was king, and countermanded me:
But now I will be king, and rule myself,
And make the Guisians stoop that are alive.

CATH. I cannot speak for grief.—When thou wast born,
I would that I had murder'd thee, my son!
My son! thou art a changeling, not my son:
I curse thee, and exclaim thee miscreant,
Traitor to God and to the realm of France!

HENRY. Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat be hoarse!
The Guise is slain, and I rejoice therefore:
And now will I to arms.—Come, Epernoun,
And let her grieve her heart out, if she will.

[*Exit with* EPERNOUN.

CATH. Away! leave me alone to meditate.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Sweet Guise, would he had died, so thou wert here!
To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,

Or who will help to build religion?
The Protestants will glory and insult;
Wicked Navarre will get the crown of France;
The Popedom cannot stand; all goes to wrack;
And all for thee, my Guise! what may I do?
But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul!
For, since the Guise is dead, I will not live. [*Exit.*

Enter two MURDERERS*, *dragging in the* CARDINAL.

CARD. Murder me not; I am a cardinal.

FIRST MURD. Wert thou the Pope, thou mightst not scape from us.

CARD. What, will you file your hands with churchmen's blood?

SEC. MURD. Shed your blood! Oh, Lord, no! for we intend to strangle you.

CARD. Then there is no remedy, but I must die.

FIRST MURD. No remedy; therefore prepare yourself.

CARD. Yet lives my brother Duke Dumaine, and many mo†,
To revenge our deaths § upon that cursèd king;
Upon whose heart may all the Furies gripe,
And with their paws drench his black soul in hell!

FIRST MURD. Yours, my Lord Cardinal, you should have said.— [*They strangle him.*

* *Enter two Murderers, &c.*] Scene, a prison at Blois.

† *mo*] i. e. more.

§ *our deaths*] i. e. the Duke of Guise's death and his own.

So, pluck amain:
He is hard-hearted; therefore pull with violence.
Come, take him away. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Enter DUMAINE†, *reading a letter; with others.*

DUM. My noble brother murder'd by the king!
Oh, what may I do for to revenge thy death?
The king's alone, it cannot satisfy.
Sweet Duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead, here is no stay for us.
I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy death,
And root Valois his line from forth of France;
And beat proud Bourbon to his native home,
That basely seeks to join with such a king,
Whose murderous thoughts will be his overthrow.
He will'd the governor of Orleans, in his name,
That I with speed should have been put to death;
But that's prevented, for to end his life,
And all* those traitors to the Church of Rome,
That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter FRIAR.

FRI. My lord, I come to bring you news that your brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, by the king's consent, is lately strangled unto death.

DUM. My brother [the] Cardinal slain, and I alive!
Oh, words of power to kill a thousand men!—

† *Enter Dumaine, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the house of Dumaine, at Paris.

* *And all*] Old ed. "His life, *and all*," &c.

Come, let us away, and levy men;
'Tis war that must assuage this tyrant's pride.

FRI. My lord, hear me but speak.
I am a friar of the order of the Jacobins,
That for my conscience' sake will kill the king.

DUM. But what doth move thee, above the rest, to do the deed?

FRI. Oh, my lord, I have been a great sinner in my days! and the deed is meritorious.

DUM. But how wilt thou get opportunity?

FRI. Tush, my lord, let me alone for that.

DUM. Friar, come with me;
We will go talk more of this within. [*Exeunt.*

Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING HENRY †, *the* KING OF NAVARRE, EPERNOUN, BARTUS, PLESHÈ, SOLDIERS, *and Attendants.*

HENRY. Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much
That ever I was prov'd your enemy,
And that the sweet and princely mind you bear
Was ever troubled with injurious wars.
I vow, as I am lawful king of France,
To recompense your reconcilèd love
With all the honours and affections
That ever I vouchsaf'd my dearest friends.

NAV. It is enough if that Navarre may be
Esteemèd faithful to the king of France,
Whose service he may still command till death.

† *Enter King Henry, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in King Henry's residence at Saint-Cloud.

HENRY. Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre.
Then here we'll lie before Lutetia-walls ‡,
Girting this strumpet city with our siege,
Till, surfeiting with our afflicting arms,
She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. An it please your majesty, here is a friar of the order of the Jacobins, sent from the President of Paris, that craves access unto your grace.

HENRY. Let him come in. [*Exit* MESS.

Enter FRIAR §, *with a letter.*

EPER. I like not this friar's look:
'Twere not amiss, my lord, if he were search'd.

HENRY. Sweet Epernoun, our friars are holy men,
And will not offer violence to their king,
For all the wealth and treasure of the world.—
Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy king?

FRI. Ay, my good lord, and will die therein.

HENRY. Then come thou near, and tell what news thou bring'st.

FRI. My lord,
The President of Paris greets your grace,
And sends his duty by these speedy lines,
Humbly craving your gracious reply. [*Gives letter.*

‡ *Lutetia-walls*] i. e. the walls of Paris.—Old ed. "Lucrecia *walles.*"

§ *Friar*] It is hardly necessary to add his name,—Jaques Clément.

HENRY. I'll read them, friar, and then I'll answer thee.

FRI. *Sancte Jacobe**, now have mercy upon me!

[*Stabs the king with a knife*†, *as he reads the letter; and then the king gets the knife, and kills him.*

EPER. Oh, my lord, let him live a while!

HENRY. No, let the villain die, and feel in hell
Just torments for his treachery.

NAV. What, is your highness hurt?

HENRY. Yes, Navarre; but not to death, I hope.

NAV. God shield your grace from such a sudden death!—
Go, call a surgeon hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

HENRY. What irreligious pagans' parts be these,
Of such as hold them of the holy church!
Take hence that damnèd villain from my sight.

[*Attendants carry out the* FRIAR'S *body.*

* *Jacobe*] Old ed. "Jacobus."

† *Stabs the king with a knife, &c.*] "Le lendemain, premier août [1589], Henri iii, à son lever, instruit qu'un religieux, chargé de quelques dépêches des prisonniers de Paris, demandoit à lui parler, ordonne qu'on le fasse entrer, s'avance vers lui, prend ses lettres; et, dans le moment qu'il les lisoit attentivement, l'assassin tire un couteau de sa manche et le lui plonge dans le ventre. Henri blessé s'écrie, retire lui-même le couteau et en frappe le scélérat au visage. Aussitôt les gentilshommes présents, entraînés par un zèle inconsidéré, mettent en pièces le meurtrier, et enlèvent par sa mort le moyen de connoître ses complices." Anquetil, *Hist. de France*, t. v. 489, ed. 1817.

Eper. Ah, had your highness let him live,
We might have punish'd him to his deserts!

Henry. Sweet Epernoun, all rebels under heaven
Shall take example by his* punishment,
How they bear arms against their sovereign.—
Go, call the English agent hither straight:
[*Exit an Attendant.*
I'll send my sister England news of this,
And give her warning of her treacherous foes.

Enter a Surgeon.

Nav. Pleaseth your grace to let the surgeon search your wound?

Henry. The wound, I warrant you, is deep, my lord.—
Search, surgeon, and resolve† me what thou see'st.
[*The Surgeon searches the wound.*

Enter the English Agent.

Agent for England, send thy mistress word
What this detested Jacobin hath done.
Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live;
Which if I do, the papal monarch goes
To wrack, and antichristian kingdom falls:
These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown,
And fire accursèd Rome about his ears;
I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and incense

* *his*] Old ed. "their."
† *resolve*] i. e. certify, inform.

The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth †.—
Navarre, give me thy hand: I here do swear
To ruinate that wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth up such bloody practices;
And here protest eternal love to thee,
And to the Queen of England specially,
Whom God hath blest for hating papistry.

NAV. These words revive my thoughts, and comfort‡ me,
To see your highness in this virtuous mind.

HENRY. Tell me, surgeon, shall I live?

SURG. Alas, my lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poison'd knife!

HENRY. A poison'd knife! what, shall the French king die,
Wounded and poison'd both at once?

EPER. Oh, that
That damnèd villain were alive again,
That we might torture him with some new-found death!

† *I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and incense*
The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth] Old ed. "——— *to kisse the* holy *earth.*" But compare our author's *Edward the Second;*

"I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the *lowly* ground."
* * * * * * * * *
"[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth,*" &c.
p. p. 183, 257, of this vol.

Qy. should another word be adopted into the text from the lines just cited,—"enforce,"—instead of "incense"?

‡ *comfort*] Old ed. "comforts."

BAR. He died a death too good:
The devil of hell torture his wicked soul!

HENRY. Ah, curse him not, sith § he is dead!—
Oh, the fatal poison works within my breast!—
Tell me, surgeon, and flatter not—may I live?

SURG. Alas, my lord, your highness cannot live!

NAV. Surgeon, why say'st thou so? the king may live.

HENRY. Oh, no, Navarre! thou must be king of France.

NAV. Long may you live, and still be king of France!

EPER. Or else, die Epernoun!

HENRY. Sweet Epernoun, thy king must die.—
My lords,
Fight in the quarrel of this valiant prince,
For he's your lawful king, and my next heir;
Valois's line ends in my tragedy.
Now let the house of Bourbon wear the crown;
And may it ne'er end in blood, as mine hath done!—
Weep not, sweet Navarre, but revenge my death.—
Ah, Epernoun, is this thy love to me?
Henry, thy king, wipes off these childish tears,
And bids thee whet thy sword on Sextus' bones,
That it may keenly slice the Catholics.
He loves me not [the best*] that sheds most tears,
But he that makes most lavish of his blood.

§ *sith*] i. e. since.

* *the best*] So the modern editors; something, necessary for the sense, having dropt out here.

Fire Paris, where these treacherous rebels lurk.—
I die, Navarre: come bear me to my sepulchre.
Salute the Queen of England in my name,
And tell her, Henry dies her faithful friend. [*Dies.*

NAV. Come, lords, take up the body of the king,
That we may see it honourably interr'd:
And then I vow so † to revenge his death,
As Rome, and all those popish prelates there,
Shall curse the time that e'er Navarre was king,
And rul'd in France by Henry's fatal death.

[*They march out, with the body of* KING HENRY *lying on four men's shoulders, with a dead march, drawing weapons on the ground.*

† *so*] Old ed. "for" (the MS. having had "soe," which the compositor misread "for.")

THE TRAGEDY OF DIDO,
QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage: Played by the Children of her Maiesties Chappell. Written by Christopher Marlowe, and Thomas Nash. Gent.

Actors.

Jupiter.	*Ascanius.*
Ganimed.	*Dido.*
Venus.	*Anna.*
Cupid.	*Achates.*
Juno.	*Ilioneus.*
Mercurie, or	*Iarbas.*
Hermes.	*Cloanthes.*
Æneas.	*Sergestus.*

At London, Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas Woodcocke, and are to be solde at his shop, in Paules Church-yeard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594. *4to.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.
GANYMEDE.
HERMES.
CUPID.

JUNO.
VENUS.

ÆNEAS.
ASCANIUS, *his son.*
ACHATES.
ILIONEUS.
CLOANTHUS.
SERGESTUS.
OTHER TROJANS.
IARBAS.
CARTHAGINIAN LORDS.

DIDO.
ANNA, *her sister.*
NURSE.

THE TRAGEDY OF
DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

ACT I.

Here the curtains draw: there is discovered JUPITER *dandling* GANYMEDE *upon his knee, and* HERMES* *lying asleep.*

JUP. Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me;
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.
GAN. I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows!
To-day, whenas† I fill'd into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank,
She reach'd me such a rap for that I spill'd,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.
JUP. What, dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By Saturn's soul, and this earth-threatening hair‡,
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,

* *Hermes*] Here the old ed. has "*Mercury*"; but afterwards "*Hermes*."

† *whenas*] i. e. when.

‡ *hair*] Old ed. "aire".

To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,
As once I did for harming Hercules!

GAN. Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,
Oh, how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the gods to wonder at the game!
Sweet Jupiter, if e'er I pleas'd thine eye,
Or seemèd fair, wall'd-in with eagle's wings§,
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

JUP. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth?
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhal'd with thy fire-darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the Night,
Whenas they would have hal'd thee from my sight.
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Control proud Fate, and cut the thread of Time:
Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing-sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed;
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,

§ *wall'd-in with eagle's wings*] This expression is well illustrated by Titian's picture (in the National Gallery) of the rape of Ganymede.

If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But, as this one, I'll tear them all from him,
[*Plucks a feather from* HERMES' *wings.*
Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."
Hold here, my little love; these linkèd gems,
[*Gives jewels.*
My Juno ware upon her marriage-day,
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.*

GAN. I would have† a jewel for mine ear,
And a fine brooch to put in‡ my hat,
And then I'll hug with you an hundred times.

JUP. And shalt§ have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Ay, this is it: you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
Whiles my Æneas wanders on the seas,
And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,
Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Æolus entrench'd with storms,
And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,

* *my theft*] i. e. these jewels which I stole from Juno.
† *have*] Qy. "*have* too"?
‡ *in*] The modern editors print (as probably the poet wrote) "into."
§ *shalt*] Old ed. "shall."

And charg'd him drown my son with all his train.
Then 'gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all Æolia to be up in arms:
Poor Troy must now be sack'd upon the sea,
And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse, to Ætna's hill transform'd,
Preparèd stands to wrack their wooden walls;
And Æolus, like Agamemnon, sounds
The surges, his fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,
And intercepts the day, as Dolon erst!
Aye, me! the stars suppris'd,* like Rhesus' steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth Astræus' tents.†
What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
Whenas‡ the waves do threat our crystal world,
And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
False Jupiter, reward'st thou virtue so?
What, is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die, Æneas, in thine innocence,

* *suppris'd*] i. e. overcome, overpowered. So in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, translated from the French of Garnier by the Countess of Pembroke;

"Can not by them [i. e. the charms of Cleopatra] Octauius be *suppriz'd?*" Sig. C 6, ed. 1595.

The original of which is,

"Ne pourra par eux estre Octaue *combatu?*"

† *Astræus' tents*] Astræus was the father of the primeval stars:

Ἀστραίου —, ὅν ῥα τέ φασιν
Ἄστρων ἀρχαίων πατέρ' ἔμμεναι.
Aratus,—ΦΑΙΝ. 98.

‡ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

Since that religion hath no recompense.

Jup. Content thee, Cytheræa, in thy care,
Since thy Æneas' wandering fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
In those fair walls I promis'd him of yore.
But, first, in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
Or force her smile that hitherto hath frown'd:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,
And, in the end, subdue them with his sword;
And full three summers likewise shall he waste
In managing those fierce barbarian minds;
Which once perform'd, poor Troy, so long suppress'd,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once again, that erst was dead.
But bright Ascanius, beauty's better work,
Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers
That earth-born Atlas, groaning, underprops:
No bounds, but heaven, shall bound his empery,
Whose azur'd gates, enchasèd with his name,
Shall make the Morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
Till that a princess-priest, conceiv'd* by Mars,

* *conceiv'd*] i. e. become pregnant. (So in the fourth line of the next speech but two, "the heavens, *conceiv'd with hell-born clouds.*")

"Donec regina sacerdos
Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem."
Virgil,—*Æn.* i. 273.

Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternish Troy in their attempts.

VEN. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main † ?

JUP. I will take order for that presently.—
Hermes, awake ! and haste to Neptune's realm,
Whereas ‡ the wind-god, warring now with fate,
Beseige[s] th'offspring of our kingly loins :
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.
[*Exit* HERMES.
Venus, farewell : thy son shall be our care.—
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.
[*Exeunt* JUPITER *and* GANYMEDE §.

(Here the modern editors print,

"Till that a princess, *priest-conceiv'd* by Mars"!!)

† *To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main*] Here, I believe, *taint* does not mean—stain, sully, but is equivalent to—dip, bathe. In Sylvester's *Du Bartas* we meet with nearly as violent an expression ;

"In Rhines fair streams to *rinse his* amber *tresses*."

The Colonies, p. 129, ed. 1641 ;

where the original French has merely,

"Va dans les eaux du Rhin *ses* blonds *cheueux lauant*."

‡ *Whereas*] i. e. where.

§ *Exeunt Jupiter and Ganymede.*] On their going out, we are to suppose that the scene is changed to a wood on the sea-shore. In the third act we find ;

"*Æn.* Stout friend Achates, dost thou know this wood ?
Ach. As I remember, here you shot the deer

Ven. Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Æneas with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens, conceiv'd with hell-born clouds,
Veil'd his resplendent glory from your view:
For my sake, pity him, Oceanus,
That erst-while issu'd from thy watery loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth.
Triton, I know, hath fill'd his trump with Troy,
And therefore will take pity on his toil,
And call both Thetis and Cymodoce‖
To succour him in this extremity.

Enter Æneas, Ascanius, Achates, *and others.*

What, do I see¶ my son now come on shore?
Venus, how art thou compass'd with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys!
Great Jupiter, still honour'd mayst thou be
For this so friendly aid in time of need!
Here in this bush disguisèd will I stand,
Whiles my Æneas spends himself in plaints,

That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin-like," &c.

‖ *Cymodoce*] Old ed. "Cimodoce".—I give, with the modern editors, "*Cymodoce*," as it comes nearest the trace of the letters; and she doubtless was one of the Nereids: but, according to the passage in Virgil's *Æn.* (l. 144.), the name ought to be "Cymothoe."

¶ *What, do I see, &c.*] Perhaps this line should be pointed,
"What do I see? my son now come on shore!"

And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

ÆN. You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
And Helen's rape doth haunt ye* at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpass'd!
Both barking Scylla, and the sounding rocks,
The Cyclops' shelves, and grim Ceraunia's seat,
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive.
Pluck up your hearts, since Fate still rests our friend,
And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

ACH. Brave prince of Troy, thou only art our god,
That by thy virtues free'st us from annoy†,
And mak'st our hopes survive to coming‡ joys:
Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows.
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,
Yet shall the aged sun shed forth his hair‖,
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth
Bequeathe her young ones to our scanted food.

* *ye*] Old ed. "thee".—Here the modern editors print "us" on account of "us" in the preceding line: but compare what immediately follows, "have *we* overpass'd—"Have *you* o'ergone."

† *annoy*] Qy. "annoys"—for a rhyme?

‡ *coming*] Old ed. "cunning." The words are very often confounded by our early printers.

‖ *his hair*] i. e. his blazing tresses. Old ed. "air,"—a misprint which has occurred before; see p. 365.

Asc. Father, I faint; good father, give me meat.
Æn. Alas, sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we kill'd!—
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new-found victuals on this shore.
Ven. See, what strange arts necessity finds out!
How near, my sweet Æneas, art thou driven! [*Aside.*
Æn. Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow,
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal.—
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenchèd limbs,
Whiles I with my Achates rove abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.
[*Exeunt* Ascanius *and others.*
Ach. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities, and society's supports;
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.
Ven. Now is the time for me to play my part.—
[*Aside.*
Ho, young men! saw you, as you came§,
Any of all my sisters wandering here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin?
Æn. I neither saw nor heard of any such.
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name,
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,

§ *came*] Qy. "*came* along"?

Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth?
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrow'd shape:
But whether thou the Sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow-nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is call'd
On which by tempests' fury we are cast:
Tell us, oh, tell us, that are ignorant!
And this right hand shall make thy altars crack
With mountain-heaps of milk-white sacrifice.

VEN. Such honour, stranger, do I not affect:
It is the use for Tyrian‖ maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
And suit themselves in purple for the nonce¶,
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawnds*,
And overtake the tuskèd boar in chase.
But for the land whereof thou dost inquire,
It is the Punic kingdom, rich and strong,
Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,
The kingly seat of Southern Libya,
Whereas† Sidonian Dido rules as queen.
But what are you that ask of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

‖ *Tyrian*] Old ed. "Turen."
¶ *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.
* *lawnds*] i. e. lawns.
† *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

Æn. Of Troy am I, Æneas is my name;
Who, driven by war from forth my native world,
Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;
And my divine descent from sceptred Jove:
With twice twelve Phrygian ships I plough'd the deep,
And made that way my mother Venus led;
But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
And they so wrack'd and welter'd by the waves,
As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
And all of them, unburden'd of their load,
Are ballassèd † with billows' watery weight.
But hapless I, God wot, poor and unknown,
Do trace these Libyan deserts, all despis'd,
Exil'd forth Europe and wide Asia both,
And have not any coverture but heaven.

Ven. Fortune hath favour'd thee, whate'er thou be,
In sending thee unto this courteous coast.
A' God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;
And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perish'd in the storm,
But are arrivèd safe, not far from hence:
And so, I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
Wishing good luck unto thy wandering steps. [*Exit.*

Æn. Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
I know her by the movings of her feet ‡.—

† *ballassed*] i. e. ballasted.

‡ *I know her by the movings of her feet*] Every reader will of course perceive that these words answer to "*Et vera incessu patuit dea,*" in Virgil's celebrated description of Venus reas-

Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son!
Too cruel, why wilt thou forsake me thus,
Or in these shades§ deceiv'st mine eyes so oft?
Why talk we not together hand in hand,
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?
But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
To dull the air with my discoursive moan. [*Exeunt.*

Enter IARBAS‖, *followed by* ILIONEUS, CLOANTHUS¶, SERGESTUS, *and others*‡.

ILI. Follow, ye Trojans, follow this brave lord,
And plain* to him the sum of your distress.
IAR. Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?
ILI. Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds†,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet
As poor distressèd misery may plead:
Save, save, oh, save our ships from cruel fire,
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives, whom every spite pursues!
We come not, we, to wrong your Libyan gods,

suming the marks of divinity (*Æn.* 1. 405),—a description, of which our poet did not venture to borrow more, lest the audience should have smiled at its inappropriateness to the actor who "boy'd" the goddess.

§ *shades*] "Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
Ludis *imaginibus*?" Virgil,—*Æn.* 1. 407.

‖ *Enter Iarbas, &c.*] Scene, within the walls of Carthage.

¶ *Cloanthus*] Old ed. here and elsewhere "Cloanthes."

‡ *and others*] Not in old ed.

* *plain*] i. e. *complain*, piteously set forth.

† *envied of the winds*] i. e. hated, having ill-will borne them by the winds.

Or steal your household Lares from their shrines;
Our hands are not prepar'd to lawless spoil,
Nor armèd to offend in any kind;
Such force is far from our unweapon'd thoughts,
Whose fading weal, of victory forsook,
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.

IAR. But tell me, Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
Before that Boreas buckled with your sails?

CLO. There is a place, Hesperia term'd by us,
An ancient empire, famousèd for arms,
And fertile in fair Ceres' furrow'd wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we;
When, suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands,
Whereas‡ the southern wind with brackish breath
Dispers'd them all amongst the wrackful rocks:
From thence a few of us escap'd to land;
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

IAR. Brave men at arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

SERG. Ay, but the barbarous sort§ do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands;
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

‡ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.
§ *sort*] i. e. rabble.

IAR. Myself will see they shall not trouble ye:
Your men and you shall banquet in our court,
And every Trojan be as welcome here,
As Jupiter to silly Baucis'‖ house.
Come in with me; I'll bring you to my queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

SERG. Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlook'd-for grace:
Might we but once more see Æneas' face,
Then would we hope to quite¶ such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter ÆNEAS*, ACHATES, ASCANIUS, *and others*†.

ÆN. Where am I now? these should be Carthage-walls.

ACH. Why stands my sweet Æneas thus amaz'd?

ÆN. Oh, my Achates, Theban Niobe,
Who for her sons' death wept out life and breath,
And, dry with grief, was turn'd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I!

‖ *Baucis'*] Old ed. "Vausis."

¶ *quite*] i. e. requite.

* *Enter Æneas, &c.*] I cannot satisfy myself about the exact location which the poet intended to give this scene (according to Virgil, it should take place within the temple of Juno). Presently a change of scene is supposed; see p. 381, third note.

† *and others*] Not in old ed.

Methinks,
That town there should be Troy, yon Ida's hill,
There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus;
And when I know it is not, then I die.

Ach. And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,
And kiss his hand. Oh, where is Hecuba?
Here she was wont to sit; but, saving air,
Is nothing here; and what is this but stone† ?

Æn. Oh, yet this stone doth make Æneas weep!
And would my prayers (as Pygmalion's did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
We might sail back to Troy, and be reveng'd
On these hard-hearted Grecians which rejoice
That nothing now is left of Priamus!
Oh, Priamus is left, and this is he!
Come, come aboard; pursue the hateful Greeks.

Ach. What means Æneas?

Æn. Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;
And when my grievèd heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life.—
Oh, were I not at all, so thou mightst be!—
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand!
He is alive; Troy is not overcome!

Ach. Thy mind, Æneas, that would have it so,
Deludes thy eye-sight; Priamus is dead.

† *stone*] i. e. (as plainly appears from what follows) a statue,—in opposition to Virgil, who makes Æneas see, in the temple of Juno built by Dido, a *picture* of Priam, &c.

Æn. Ah, Troy is sack'd, and Priamus is dead!
And why should poor Æneas be alive?

Asc. Sweet father, leave to weep; this is not he,
For, were it Priam, he would smile on me.

Ach. Æneas, see, here come the citizens:
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Ilioneus, *and others**.

Æn. Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them;
For we are strangers driven on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.

Ill. I hear Æneas' voice, but see him not‡,
For none of these can be our general.

Ach. Like Ilioneus§ speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.

Serg. You are Achates, or I [am] deceiv'd.

* *and others*] Not in old ed. (Æneas presently says,

"Sergestus, Ilioneus, *and the rest*,
Your sight amaz'd me.")

‡ *but see him not*] i. e. but I cannot discover Æneas among persons so meanly clad: Dido afterwards (p. 382) says,

"Warlike Æneas, and in *these base robes*!"

(Virgil, as the reader will recollect, makes Venus cover Æneas and Achates with a cloud, which is not dissolved till they meet Dido.)

§ *Ilioneus*] Is it necessary to observe that a wrong quantity is given to this name?

Ach. Æneas, see, Sergestus, or his ghost!
Ili. He names¶ Æneas; let us kiss his feet.
Clo. It is our captain; see, Ascanius!
Serg. Live long Æneas and Ascanius!
Æn. Achates, speak, for I am overjoy'd.
Ach. Oh, Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?
Ili. Blest be the time I see Achates' face!
Clo. Why turns Æneas from his trusty friends?
Æn. Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
Your sight amaz'd me. Oh, what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
Oh, tell me, for I long to be resolv'd*!
Ili. Lovely Æneas, these are Carthage-walls;
And here Queen Dido wears th' imperial crown,
Who for Troy's sake hath entertain'd us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft hath she ask'd us under whom we serv'd;
And, when we told her, she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallow'd up thy ships;
And, now she sees thee, how will she rejoice!
Serg. See, where her servitors pass through the hall†,
Bearing a banquet: Dido is not far.
Ili. Look, where she comes; Æneas, view‡ her well.
Æn. Well may I view her; but she sees not me.

¶ *names*] Old ed. "meanes."

* *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, informed.

† *See, where her servitors pass through the hall, &c.*] Here, or at any rate, a little after, a change of scene is supposed,—to the hall of Dido's palace.

‡ *view*] Old ed. "viewd."

Enter DIDO, ANNA, IARBAS, *and train.*

DIDO. What stranger art thou, that dost eye me thus?

ÆN. Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen;
But Troy is not:—what shall I say I am?

ILI. Renowmèd§ Dido, 'tis our general,
Warlike Æneas.

DIDO. Warlike Æneas, and in these base robes!—
Go, fetch the garment which Sichæus ware.—

[*Exit an Attendant who brings in the garment, which* ÆNEAS *puts on.*

Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,
Both happy that Æneas is our guest.
Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen:
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus ware.

ÆN. This is no seat for one that's comfortless:
May it please your grace to let Æneas wait;
For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,
Too mean to be companion to a queen.

DIDO. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth:
Sit down, Æneas, sit in Dido's place;
And, if this be thy son, as I suppose,
Here let him sit.—Be merry, lovely child.

ÆN. This place beseems me not; oh, pardon me!

DIDO. I'll have it so; Æneas, be content.

ASC. Madam, you shall be my mother.

DIDO. And so I will, sweet child.—Be merry, man:
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars. [*Drinks.*

§ *Renowmèd*] See note, vol. i. 27.

Æn. In all humility, I thank your grace.

Dido. Remember who thou art; speak like thyself:
Humility belongs to common grooms.

Æn. And who so miserable as Æneas is?

Dido. Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest?
Then be assur'd thou art not miserable.

Æn. Oh, Priamus, oh, Troy, oh, Hecuba!

Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?
For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point:
Some say Antenor did betray the town;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead; yet how, we hear no news.

Æn. A woful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale Death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.

Dido. What, faints Æneas to remember Troy,
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up, and speak.

Æn. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue:
And, Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,
Hear me; but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
Daily inur'd to broils and massacres,
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tir'd with ten years' war,
Began to cry, "Let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible, why stay we here?"
With whose outcries Atrides being appall'd,

Summon'd the captains to his princely tent;
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreas'd,
And the remainder weak and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp,
And so in troops all march'd to Tenedos †:
Where when they came, Ulysses on the sand
Assay'd with honey words to turn them back;
And, as he spoke, to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
And heaven was darken'd with tempestuous clouds;
Then he alleg'd the gods would have them stay,
And prophesied Troy should be overcome:
And therewithal he call'd false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose 'ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
To force an hundred watchful eyes to sleep;
And him, Epeus ‡ having made the horse,

† *in troops all march'd to Tenedos*] An odd mistake on the part of the poet; similar to that which is attributed to the Duke of Newcastle in *Humphry Clinker* (vol. i. 236, ed. 1783), where his grace is made to talk about "thirty thousand French *marching* from Acadia to Cape Breton."

‡ *Epeus*] I cannot resist the present opportunity of citing from Quintus Smyrnæus a striking passage in which this personage is mentioned;

Πρῶτος μὲν κατέβαινεν ἐς ἵππον κητώεντα
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος, σὺν δ' ὁ κρατερὸς Μενέλαος, κ. τ. λ.
* * * * * *
ἄλλοι δ' αὖ κατέβαινον, ὅσοι ἔσαν ἔξοχ' ἄριστοι,
ὅσσους χάνδανεν ἵππος ἐΰξοος ἐντος ἐέργειν·
ἐν δέ σφιν πύματος κατεβήσατο δῖος Ἐπειὸς,
ὃς ῥα καὶ ἵππον ἔτευξεν· ἐπίστατο δ' ᾧ ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἢ μὲν ἀνωΐξαι κείνον πτύχας, ἠδ' ἐπερεῖσαι.

With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town;
Who, grovelling in the mire of Xanthus' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turn'd up to heaven, as one resolv'd to die,
Our Phrygian shepherd[s] hal'd within the gates,
And brought unto the court of Priamus;
To whom he us'd action so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful§, vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man, overcome,
Kiss'd him, embrac'd him, and unloos'd his bands;
And then—Oh, Dido, pardon me!

DIDO. Nay, leave not here; resolve me of the rest.

ÆN. Oh, the enchanting words of that base slave
Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
A sacrifice t' appease Minerva's wrath!
The rather, for that one Laocoon,
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two wingèd serpents stung to death.
Whereat aghast, we were commanded straight
With reverence to draw it into Troy:
In which unhappy work was I employ'd;
These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge,—

τοὔνεκα δή πάντων βῆ δεύτατος· ἔιρυσε δ' ἔισω κλίμακας, ᾗς ἀνέβησαν. ὁ δ' αὖ μάλα πάντ' ἐπερείσας, αὐτοῦ πὰρ κληῖδι καθέζετο· ΤΟΙ ΔΕ ΣΙΩΠΗ ΠΑΝΤΕΣ ΕΣΑΝ, ΜΕΣΣΗΓΥΣ ΟΜΩΣ ΝΙΚΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΟΔΕΘΡΟΥ. Lib. xii. 314. ed. Tauchn., 1829.

§ *remorseful*] i. e. piteous.

Oh, had it never enter'd, Troy had stood!
But Priamus, impatient of delay,
Enforc'd a wide breach in that rampir'd wall
Which thousand battering rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument:
At whose accursèd feet, as overjoy'd,
We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,
Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, caus'd the Greekish spies
To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp;
Then he unlock'd the horse; and suddenly
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And, after him, a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire
That after burnt the pride of Asia.
By this, the camp was come unto the walls,
And through the breach did march into the streets,
Where, meeting with the rest, "Kill, kill!" they cried.
Frighted with this confusèd noise, I rose,
And, looking from a turret, might behold
Young infants swimming in their parents' blood,
Headless carcases pilèd up in heaps,
Virgins half-dead, dragg'd by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes,
Old men with swords thrust through their agèd sides,
Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
Who with steel pole-axes dash'd out their brains.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,

With ashy visage, blueish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrow'd with wounds, and, that which made me weep,
Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
Burst from the earth, crying, "Æneas, fly!
Troy is a-fire, the Grecians have the town!"

DIDO. Oh, Hector, who weeps not to hear thy name?

ÆN. Yet flung I forth, and, desperate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness || dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild-fire in their murdering paws,
Which made the funeral flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemm'd me about, crying, "This is he!"

DIDO. Ah, how could poor Æneas scape their hands?

ÆN. My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
Convey'd me from their crookèd nets and bands;
So I escap'd the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the king,
And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
About whose wither'd neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in her's, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,

|| *harness*] i. e. armour.

He, with his falchion's point rais'd up at once,
And with Megæra's eyes, star'd in their face,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance:
To whom the agèd king thus, trembling, spoke;
" Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turn'd;
King of this city, but my Troy is fir'd;
And now am neither father, lord, nor king:
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
Oh, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, strook off his hands.

DIDO. Oh, end, Æneas! I can hear no more.

ÆN. At which the frantic queen leap'd on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
A little while prolong'd her husband's life.
At last, the soldiers pull'd her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
Whereat he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,
And with the wind ¶ thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once

¶ *wind*] Old ed. " wound."—Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet*, iii. 226) first saw the right reading here, comparing the following passage in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2;

" Unequal match'd,

He ripp'd old Priam; at whose latter gasp
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughter'd men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone-still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
By this, I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair Creusa, my belovèd wife;
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way,
And we were round environ'd with the Greeks:
Oh, there I lost my wife! and, had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
And, as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
Whom Ajax ravish'd in Diana's fane†,
Her cheeks swollen with sighs, her hair all rent,
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
But suddenly the Grecians follow'd us,
And I, alas, was forc'd to let her lie!
Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
Polyxena cried out, "Æneas, stay!
The Greeks pursue me; stay, and take me in!"

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and *wind* of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls."

† *fane*] Old ed. "Fawne."

Mov'd with her voice, I leap'd into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
For all our ships were launch'd into the deep,
And, as I swom, she, standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surpris'd,
And after by that§ Pyrrhus sacrific'd.

DIDO. I die with melting ruth; Æneas, leave‡.

ANNA. Oh, what became of agèd Hecuba?

IAR. How got Æneas to the fleet again?

DIDO. But how scap'd Helen, she that caus'd this war?

ÆN. Achates, speak; sorrow hath tir'd me quite.

ACH. What happen'd to the queen we cannot shew;
We hear they led her captive into Greece:
As for Æneas, he swom quickly back;
And Helena betray'd Deiphobus,
Her lover, after Alexander died,
And so was reconcil'd to Menelaus.

DIDO. Oh, had that 'ticing strumpet ne'er been born!
Trojan, thy ruthful tale hath made me sad:
Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

[*Exeunt all except* ASCANIUS, *whom* VENUS, *entering with* CUPID *at another door, takes by the sleeve as he is going off.*

§ *And after by that*] May be right: but qy. "*And, after* that, by"?

‡ *leave*] i. e. cease.

Ven. Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting-maid;
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

Asc. Are you Queen Dido's son?

Cup. Ay; and my mother gave me this fine bow.

Asc. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

Ven. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat:
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing*. [*Sings.*
Now is he fast asleep; and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes, I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
Blushing roses, purple hyacinths§:
These milk-white doves shall be his centronels†,
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cythærea's‡ fist.

* *I will sing*] Here, most probably, the boy who acted Venus was to sing any song that he happened to know. After the song, the scene is supposed to be changed to a grove.

§ *hyacinths*] Old ed. "Hyacinthe."—"Read," says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841),

'With *blushing roses, purple hyacinth*'."

† *centronels*] i. e. sentinels. Compare B. Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607;

"And here for this night I keepe *centrenell*
For Muscopateron great king of flyes," &c.
Sig. F 2.

‡ *Cytherea's*] Old ed. "Citheidas."

Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee:
Then touch her white breast with this arrow-head,
That she may dote upon Æneas' love,
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he, at last, depart to Italy,
Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

CUP. I will, fair mother; and so play my part
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart.
[*Exit.*

VEN. Sleep, my sweet nephew§, in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmur of these running streams,
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves: all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return, and take thee hence again. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter CUPID‖ *as* ASCANIUS.

CUP. Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen
To be enamour'd of thy brother's looks:
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;

§ *nephew*] i. e. grandson (Lat. *nepos*).
‖ *Enter Cupid, &c.*] Scene, a hall in Dido's palace.

And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter DIDO, ANNA, *and* IARBAS.

IAR. How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,
But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.

DIDO. Iarbas, know, that thou, of all my wooers,—
And yet have I had many mightier kings,—
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.
I fear me, Dido hath been counted light
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
Albeit the gods do know, no wanton thought
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.

IAR. But Dido is the favour I request.

DIDO. Fear not, Iarbas; Dido may be thine.

ANNA. Look, sister, how Æneas' little son
Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

CUP. No, Dido will not take me in her arms;
I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

DIDO. Weep not, sweet boy; thou shalt be Dido's son:
Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing.

[CUPID *sings* *.

No more, my child; now talk another while,
And tell me where learn'dst thou this pretty song.

CUP. My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.

* *Cupid sings*] See note, p. 391.

DIDO. How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!
CUP. Will Dido let me hang about her neck?
DIDO. Ay, wag; and give thee leave to kiss her too.
CUP. What will you give me now? I'll have this fan.
DIDO. Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.
IAR. Come, Dido, leave Ascanius; let us walk.
DIDO. Go thou away; Ascanius shall stay.
IAR. Ungentle queen, is this thy love to me?
DIDO. Oh, stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee!
CUP. And if my mother go, I'll follow her.
DIDO. Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of mine.
IAR. Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee!
DIDO. No; live, Iarbas: what hast thou deserv'd,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?
Something thou hast deserv'd. Away, I say!
Depart from Carthage; come not in my sight.
IAR. Am I not king of rich Gætulia?
DIDO. Iarbas, pardon me, and stay a while.
CUP. Mother, look here.
DIDO. What tell'st thou me of rich Gætulia?
Am not I queen of Libya? then depart.
IAR. I go to feed the humour of my love,
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.
DIDO. Iarbas!
IAR. Doth Dido call me back?
DIDO. No; but I charge thee never look on me.
IAR. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die.
[*Exit.*
ANNA. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?

DIDO. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another love.
Oh, Anna, didst thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon wouldst thou abjure this single life!

ANNA. Poor soul, I know too well the sour of love:
Oh, that Iarbas could but fancy me! [*Aside.*

DIDO. Is not Æneas fair and beautiful?

ANNA. Yes; and Iarbas foul and favourless*.

DIDO. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

ANNA. Yes; and Iarbas rude and rustical.

DIDO. Name not Iarbas: but, sweet Anna, say,
Is not Æneas worthy Dido's love?

ANNA. Oh, sister, were you empress of the world,
Æneas well deserves to be your love!
So lovely is he, that, where'er he goes,
The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

DIDO. But tell them, none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.
Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.

ANNA. Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?

DIDO. Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
Run for Æneas, or I'll fly to him. [*Exit* ANNA.

CUP. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

DIDO. No; for thy sake, I'll love thy father well.—
Oh, dull-conceited Dido, that till now
Didst never think Æneas beautiful!

* *foul and favourless*] A pleonastic expression; for both words have much the same meaning, viz. ugly.

But now, for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glistering eyes shall be my looking-glass;
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands;
Instead of music I will hear him speak;
His looks shall be my only library;
And thou, Æneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
Than twenty thousand Indias can afford.
Oh, here he comes! Love, love, give Dido leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS, *and* CLOANTHUS.

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?

ACH. That will Æneas shew your majesty.

DIDO. Æneas, art thou there?

ÆN. I understand, your highness sent for me.

DIDO. No; but, now thou art here, tell me, in sooth,
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.

ÆN. So much have I receiv'd at Dido's hands,
As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigg'd,
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;
Nor stern nor anchor have our maimèd fleet;
Our masts the furious winds strook overboard:

Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,
We will account her author of our lives.

DIDO. Æneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of rivell'd* gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees;
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thy anchors shall be hew'd from crystal rocks,
Which, if thou lose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow pyramides† of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy,—but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballass‡, empty Dido's treasury:
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here.

* *rivell'd*] i. e. (I suppose) twisted.

† *pyramides*] Old ed. "pyramids"; which Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 228) thinks is right, Marlowe having left the metre of this line imperfect, for the sake of variety. I cannot agree with him: our early writers generally wrote "*pyramides*" (a plural regularly formed from "pyramis"); and we have already had in these plays,—

"Like to the shadows of *Pyramides*."
First Part of Tamburlane, vol. i. 79.

"Besides the gates, and high *pyramides*."
Faustus, p. 47 of the present vol.

"Set me to scale the high *Pyramides*."
Massacre at Paris, p. 299 of the present vol.

‡ *ballass*] Spelt here in old ed. "ballace",—i. e. ballast.

Achates, thou shalt be so seemly§ clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
So that Æneas may but stay with me.

ÆN. Wherefore would Dido have Æneas stay?

DIDO. To war against my bordering enemies.
Æneas, think not Dido is in love;
For, if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere Æneas came:
See, where the pictures of my suitors hang;
And are not these as fair as fair may be?

ACH. I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sack'd.

ÆN. I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair Helen.

ILI. This man and I were at Olympia's‖ games.

SERG. I know this face; he is a Persian born:
I travell'd with him to Ætolia.

CLOAN. And I in Athens with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceiv'd, disputed once.

DIDO. But speak, Æneas; know you none of these?

ÆN. No, madam; but it seems that these are kings.

DIDO. All these, and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love;

§ *seemly*] Old ed. "meanly" (and so the modern editors).—I at first conjectured "meetly."—The Rev. J. Mitford proposes a very bold alteration of the line,—"Meantime, *Achates, thou shalt be so clad.*"

‖ *Olympia's*] Old ed. "Olympus."

Some came in person, others sent their legates,
Yet none obtain'd me: I am free from all;
And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
This was an orator, and thought by words
To compass me; but yet he was deceiv'd:
And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild;
But his fantastic humours pleas'd not me:
This was Alcion, a musician;
But, play'd he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
This was the wealthy king of Thessaly;
But I had gold enough, and cast him off:
This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince;
But weapons 'gree not with my tender years:
The rest are such as all the world well knows:
Yet now¶ I swear, by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.

ÆN. Oh, happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

DIDO. Then never say that thou art miserable,
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:
Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,—
And yet I hate thee not.—Oh, if I speak,
I shall betray myself! [*Aside.*]—Æneas, speak*:
We two will go a hunting in the woods;
But not so much for thee,—thou art but one,—
As for Achates and his followers. [*Exeunt.*

¶ *now*] Old ed. "how."

* *speak*] Is surely an error of the compositor, whose eye had caught the word from the preceding line. The sense seems to require "come," or "hark."

Enter JUNO* *to* ASCANIUS, *who lies asleep.*

JUNO. Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursèd brat,
The boy wherein false Destiny delights,
The heir of Fury, the favourite of the Fates†,
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
And wrong my deity with high disgrace.
But I will take another order now,
And raze th' eternal register of Time:
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;
For here, in spite of Heaven, I'll murder him,
And feed infection with his let-out‡ life.
Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?
Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die?
Oh, no! God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit¶ good turns with double fee down told!
Tut, I am simple, without mind§ to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes!
But lustful Jove and his adulterous child
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only Juno rules in Rhamnus' town‖.

* *Enter Juno, &c.*] Scene, a grove.

† *Fates*] Old ed. "face."—"Omit," says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841), "the second 'the' in this line."

‡ *let-out*] Old ed. "left *out*."

¶ *quit*] i. e. requite.

§ *mind*] Old ed. "made".—The modern editors print "might."

‖ *That only Juno rules in Rhamnus' town.*] i. e. that Juno only is the goddess of vengeance, Nemesis.

Enter VENUS.

VEN. What should this mean? my doves are back return'd,
Who warn me of such danger prest‡ at hand
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life—
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.

JUNO. Fie, Venus, that such causeless words of wrath
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine!
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,
And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

VEN. Out, hateful hag! thou wouldst have slain my son,
Had not my doves discover'd thy intent:
But I will tear thy eyes fro forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

JUNO. Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have
For saving him from snakes' and serpents' stings,
That would have kill'd him, sleeping, as he lay?
What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was advancèd by my Hebe's shame,

‡ *prest*] i. e. ready, near.

And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I muster'd all the winds unto his wrack,
And urg'd each element to his annoy?
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had never wrong'd him so.
Bootless, I saw, it was to war with Fate
That hath so many unresisted * friends:
Wherefore I chang'd § my counsel with the time,
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

VEN. Sister of Jove, if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
We two, as friends, one fortune will divide:
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
And to a sceptre change his golden shafts;
Fancy || and modesty shall live as mates,
And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:
Love my Æneas, and desire is thine;
The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine.

JUNO. More than melodious are these words to me,
That overcloy my soul with their content.
Venus, sweet Venus, how may I deserve
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
But, that thou mayst more easily perceive
How highly I do prize this amity,
Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love.
Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,

* *unresisted*] i. e. irresistible.
§ *chang'd*] Old ed. "change."
|| *Fancy*] i. e. Love.

And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;
She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk nor think of aught but him:
Why should not they, then, join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage-town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirm'd
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike;
And both our deities, conjoin'd in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

VEN. Well could I like this reconcilement's means;
But much I fear, my son will ne'er consent,
Whose armèd soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light to¶ Lavinia's shore.

JUNO. Fair queen of love, I will divorce these doubts,
And find the way to weary such fond* thoughts.
This day they both a-hunting forth will ride
Into the† woods adjoining to these walls;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the clouds dissolve their watery works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers;
Then in one cave the queen and he shall meet,
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
Whose short conclusion will seal up their hearts
Unto the purpose which we now propound.

VEN. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles:

¶ *light to*] Qy. "lightning *to*"? or "*light* unto"?
* *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.
† *the*] Old ed. "these."

Be it as you will have‡ for this once.
Mean time Ascanius shall be my charge;
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DIDO§, ÆNEAS, ANNA, IARBAS, ACHATES, CUPID *as* ASCANIUS, *and followers.*

DIDO. Æneas, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robès, thou see'st, are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud‖ supplies;
All fellows now, dispos'd alike to sport;
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow a while,
Until I gird my quiver to my side.—
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.

IAR. Ungentle, can she wrong Iarbas so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
"We two will talk alone"—what words be these!
[*Aside.*

DIDO. What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?
We could have gone without your company.

ÆN. But love and duty led him on perhaps
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.

IAR. Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou griev'd thy betters press so nigh?

‡ *have*] Qy. "*have* it"?
§ *Enter Dido, &c.*] Scene, a wood.
‖ *shroud*] Old ed. "shrowdes."

DIDO. How now, Gætulian! are you grown so brave,
To challenge us with your comparisons?
Peasant, go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love.—
Æneas, be not mov'd at what he says;
For otherwhile he will be out of joint.

IAR. Women may wrong by privilege of love;
But, should that man of men, Dido except,
Have taunted me in these opprobious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage.

DIDO. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?

ANNA. Sister, see, see Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand!

DIDO. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?

CUP. Ay, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;
Meantime these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.

DIDO. What, dar'st thou look a lion in the face?

CUP. Ay; and outface him too, do what he can.

ANNA. How like his father speaketh he in all!

ÆN. And mought* I live to see him sack rich Thebes,
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,

* *mought*] i. e. might.

And dead to honour that hath brought me up.

IAR. And might I live to see thee shipp'd away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursu'd me so. [*Aside.*

ÆN. Stout friend Achates, dost thou know this wood?

ACH. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin-like,
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

ÆN. Oh, how these irksome labours now delight,
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stor'd with such a winter's tale?

DIDO. Æneas, leave these dumps, and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil*,
You to the valleys,—thou unto the house.

[*Exeunt all except* IARBAS.

IAR. Ay, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far-fet o'er† the sea,
Preferr'd before a man of majesty.
Oh, love! Oh, hate! Oh, cruel women's hearts,
That imitate the moon in every change,

* *soil*] "Perhaps is used here for the flat fertile land." J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841.) No doubt, it is equivalent here to—plain.

† *far-fet o'er*] Old ed. "*far fet* to:" *fet*, i. e. fetched. In our author's translation of *The first Book of Lucan* we have "*far-fet* story."

And, like the planets, ever love to range!
What shall I do, thus wrongèd with disdain?
Revenge me on Æneas or on her?
On her! fond‡ man, that were to war 'gainst heaven,
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts.
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire.
But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancies'§ shapes.
Oh, God of heaven, turn the hand of Fate
Unto that happy day of my delight!
And then—what then? Iarbas shall but love:
So doth he now, though not with equal gain;
That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain. [*Exit.*

The storm. Enter Æneas* *and* Dido *in the cave, at several times.*

Dido. Æneas!

Æn. Dido!

Dido. Tell me, dear love, how found you out this cave?

Æn. By chance, sweet queen, as Mars and Venus met.

‡ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

§ *fancies'*] i. e. loves'.

* *The storm. Enter Æneas, &c.*] So the old ed.

DIDO. Why, that was in a net, where † we are loose
And yet I am not free; oh, would I were!

ÆN. Why, what is it that Dido may desire
And not obtain, be it in human power?

DIDO. The thing that I will die before I ask,
And yet desire to have before I die.

ÆN. It is not aught Æneas may achieve?

DIDO. Æneas! no; although his eyes do pierce.

ÆN. What, hath Iarbas anger'd her in aught?
And will she be avengèd on his life?

DIDO. Not anger'd me, except in angering thee.

ÆN. Who, then, of all so cruel may he be
That should detain thy eye in his defects?

DIDO. The man that I do eye where'er I am;
Whose amorous face, like Pæan, sparkles fire,
Whenas ‡ he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
Prometheus § hath put on Cupid's shape,
And I must perish in his burning arms:
Æneas, oh, Æneas, quench these flames!

ÆN. What ails my queen? is she faln sick of late?

DIDO. Not sick, my love; but sick I must conceal
The torment that it boots me not reveal:
And yet I'll speak,—and yet I'll hold my peace.
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:
Æneas, thou art he:—what did I say?
Something it was that now I have forgot.

ÆN. What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech?

† *where*] i. e. whereas.

‡ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

§ *Prometheus*] A quadrisyllable here.

DIDO. Nay, nothing; but Æneas loves me not.
ÆN. Æneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.
DIDO. It was because I saw no king like thee,
Whose golden crown might balance my content;
But now that I have found what to affect‖,
I follow one that loveth fame 'fore¶ me,
And rather had seem fair [in] Sirens' eyes,
Than to the Carthage queen that dies for him.
ÆN. If that your majesty can look so low
As my despisèd worths that shun all praise,
With this my hand I give to you my heart,
And vow, by all the gods of hospitality,
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
By Paphos, Capys*, and the purple sea
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this sword that sav'd me from the Greeks,
Never to leave these new-uprearèd walls,
Whiles Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,—
Never to like or love any but her!
DIDO. What more than Delian music do I hear,
That calls my soul from forth his living seat
To move unto the measures of delight?
Kind clouds, that sent forth such a courteous storm,
As made disdain to fly to fancy's† lap!

‖ *affect*] i. e. love.—Old ed. "effect."
¶ *'fore*] Old ed. "for."
* *Capys*] The father of Anchises, and grandfather of Æneas.
† *fancy's*] i. e. love's.

Stout love, in mine arms make thy Italy,
Whose crown and kingdom rests at thy command:
Sichæus, not Æneas, be thou call'd;
The king of Carthage, not Anchises' son:
Hold, take these jewels at thy lover's hand,
[*Giving jewels, &c.*
These golden bracelets, and this wedding-ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maid,
And be thou king of Libya by my gift.
[*Exeunt to the cave* ‡.

ACT IV.

Enter ACHATES‖, CUPID *as* ASCANIUS, IARBAS, *and* ANNA.

ACH. Did ever men see such a sudden storm,
Or day so clear so suddenly o'ercast?
IAR. I think some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth whenas¶ she please,
And dive into black tempest's treasury,
Whenas she means to mask the world with clouds.
ANNA. In all my life I never knew the like;
It hail'd, it snow'd, it lighten'd, all at once.
ACH. I think, it was the devil's revelling night,

‡ *Exeunt to the cave*] So the old ed.;—i. e. They retire into the innermost part of the cave.

‖ *Enter Achates, &c.*] Scene, before the cave.

¶ *whenas*] i. e. when.—The line is corrupted. "Read," says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841).

'*One* that can call them forth, *&c.*'"

There was such hurly-burly in the heavens:
Doubtless, Apollo's axle-tree is crack'd,
Or agèd Atlas' shoulder out of joint,
The motion was so over-violent.

IAR. In all this coil*, where have ye left the queen?

ASC. Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?

ANNA. Behold, where both of them come forth the cave.

IAR. Come forth the cave! can heaven endure this sight?

Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
Whose flinty darts slept in Typhœus' † den,
Whiles these adulterers surfeited with sin.
Nature, why mad'st me not some poisonous beast,
That with the sharpness of my edgèd sting
I might have stak'd them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome cave?

Enter, from the cave, ÆNEAS *and* DIDO.

ÆN. The air is clear, and southern winds are whist‡.
Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy Æolus doth cease to frown.

DIDO. Achates and Ascanius, well met.

ÆN. Fair Anna, how escap'd you from the shower?

ANNA. As others did, by running to the wood.

* *coil*] i. e. stir, bustle.

† *Typhœus'*] Old ed. "Tiphous."

‡ *whist*] i. e. still.

Dido. But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?
Iar. Not with Æneas in the ugly cave.
Dido. I see, Æneas sticketh in your mind;
But I will soon put by that stumbling-block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares ‡.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Iarbas§ *to sacrifice.*

Iar. Come, servants, come; bring forth the sacrifice,
That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarg'd our ills.—
[*Servants bring in the sacrifice, and then exeunt.*
Eternal Jove, great master of the clouds,
Father of gladness and all frolic thoughts,
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
When airy creatures war amongst themselves;
Hear, hear, oh, hear Iarbas' plaining‖ prayers,
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods Eliza¶ to resound!
The woman that thou will'd us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
She crav'd a hide of ground to build a town,

‡ *cares*] Old ed. "eares."

§ *Enter Iarbas, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the dwelling of Iarbas.

‖ *plaining*] i. e. complaining.

¶ *Eliza*] i. e. Dido.—So, probably, our poet wrote: but it should be "Elissa". "Nec me meminisse pigebit *Elissæ*." Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 335.

With whom we did divide both laws and land,
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage-rites,
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straightway fled:
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA. How now, Iarbas? at your prayers so hard?

IAR. Ay, Anna: is there aught you would with me?

ANNA. Nay, no such weighty business of import
But may be slack'd until another time:
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

IAR. Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love,
And dive into her heart by colour'd looks.

ANNA. Alas, poor king, that lâbours so in vain
For her that so delighteth in thy pain!
Be rul'd by me, and seek some other love,
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

IAR. Mine eye is fix'd where fancy* cannot start:
Oh, leave me, leave me to my silent thoughts,
That register the numbers of my ruth,

* *fancy*] i. e. love.

And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
Before my sorrow's tide have any stint!

ANNA. I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,
In this delight of dying pensiveness.
Away with Dido! Anna be thy song;
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven.

IAR. I may nor will list to such loathsome change,
That intercepts the course of my desire.—
Servants, come fetch these empty vessels here;
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes.

[*Exit.—Servants re-enter, and carry out the vessels, &c.*

ANNA. Iarbas, stay, loving Iarbas, stay!
For I have honey to present thee with.
Hard-hearted, wilt not deign to hear me speak?
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
And strew thy walks with my dishevell'd hair. [*Exit.*

Enter ÆNEAS*.

ÆN. Carthage, my friendly host, adieu!
Since Destiny doth call me from thy† shore:
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
Hath summon'd me to fruitful Italy;
Jove wills it so; my mother wills it so:
Let my Phœnissa‡ grant, and then I go.

* *Enter Æneas*] Scene, an apartment in Dido's palace.

† *thy*] Old ed. "the."

‡ *Phœnissa*] "Hunc *Phœnissa* tenet Dido". . . .
. . . . . .
Expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
Phœnissa." Virgil, *Æn*. i. 670. 713.

Grant she or no, Æneas must away;
Whose golden fortunes, clogg'd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to Fame's immortal house,
Or banquet in bright Honour's burnish'd hall,
Till he hath furrow'd Neptune's glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless§ hills.—
Achates, come forth; Sergestus, Ilioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away! Æneas calls.

Enter Achates, Cloanthus, Sergestus, *and* Ilioneus.

Ach. What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?

Æn. The dream‖, brave mates, that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embrac'd the night,
Commands me leave these unrenowmèd¶ reams*,
Whereas† nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide.
Aboard, aboard! since Fates do bid aboard,
And slice the sea with sable-colour'd ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait,
And follow them, as footmen, through the deep.
Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
"Come back, come back," I hear her cry a-far,

§ *topless*] i. e. not exceeded in height by any.

‖ *dream*] Old ed. "dreames."

¶ *unrenowmèd*] i. e. unrenowned. See note, vol. i. 27.

* *reams*] A common form of *realms*: see note, vol. i. 320.—Old ed. "beames."

† *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

"And let me link thy‡ body to my lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
We may, as one, sail into* Italy."

ACH. Banish that 'ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your fore-seeing stars in all:
This is no life for men-at-arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inur'd to war.

ILI. Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand lingering here for amorous looks.
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Grecks did burn?
No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Æneas in her arms.

CLO. To Italy, sweet friends, to Italy!
We will not stay a minute longer here.

ÆN. Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you.
[*Exeunt all except* ÆNEAS.

I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
To leave her so, and not once say farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love.
But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coll§ me round about,

‡ *thy*] Old ed. "my."

* *into*] Used here (as the word was often used formerly) for *unto*. (In vol. i. p. 270, I altered it to "*unto*", for the sake of avoiding a very awkward expression).

§ *coll*] i. e. embrace (properly, round the neck).

And tears of pearl cry, "Stay, Æneas, stay!"
Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:
I may not dure this female drudgery:
To sea, Æneas! find out Italy. [*Exit.*

Enter Dido‖ *and* Anna.

Dido. Oh, Anna, run unto the water-side!
They say Æneas' men are going aboard;
It may be, he will steal away with them:
Stay not to answer me; run, Anna, run! [*Exit Anna.*
Oh, foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift!
I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Libyan spice;
The common soldiers rich embroider'd coats,
And silver whistles to control the winds,
Which Circe¶ sent Sichæus when he liv'd:
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
See, where they come: how might I do to chide?

Re-enter Anna, *with* Æneas, Achates, Ilioneus, Sergestus, *and Carthaginian Lords.*

Anna. 'Twas time to run; Æneas had been gone;
The sails were hoising up, and he aboard.

Dido. Is this thy love to me?

Æn. Oh, princely Dido, give me leave to speak!
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

‖ *Enter Dido, &c.*] Another apartment in Dido's palace.

¶ *Circe*] Old ed. "Circes": see note, p. 187.

DIDO. How haps Achates bid me not farewell?

ACHA. Because I fear'd your grace would keep me here.

DIDO. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again: I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

ACH. Then let Æneas go aboard with us.

DIDO. Get you aboard; Æneas means to stay.

ÆN. The sea is rough, the winds blow to the shore.

DIDO. Oh, false Æneas! now the sea is rough; But, when you were aboard, 'twas calm enough: Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

ÆN. Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son? Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?

DIDO. Æneas, pardon me; for I forgot That young Ascanius lay with me this night; Love made me jealous: but, to make amends, Wear the imperial crown of Libya,

[*Giving him her crown and sceptre.*

Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead, And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.

ÆN. This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

DIDO. Oh, how a crown becomes Æneas' head! Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.

ÆN. How vain am I to wear this diadem, And bear this golden sceptre in my hand! A burgonet* of steel, and not a crown, A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.

DIDO. Oh, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill!

* *burgonet*] i. e. helmet.

Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove:
Oh, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face!
Oh, that the clouds were here wherein thou fled'st†,
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves!
Heaven‡, envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
And, when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.

ÆN. Oh, Dido, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment!
Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward Destinies!
Blow, winds! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks:
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

DIDO. Not all the world can take thee from mine arms.
Æneas may command as many Moors
As in the sea are little water-drops:
And now, to make experience of my love,—

† *fled'st*] Old ed. "fleest."—An allusion, I suppose, to the incident mentioned in the fifth book of the *Iliad*: when Venus, having carried off Æneas from the fury of Diomede, was pursued and wounded by the latter,—

"She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his bosom, caught him far away."
Cowper's Translation.

‡ *Heaven*] Old ed. "Heauens."

Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,
And, seated on my jennet, let him ride,
As Dido's husband, through the Punic streets;
And will§ my guard, with Mauritanian darts
To wait upon him as their sovereign lord.

ANNA. What, if the citizens repine thereat?

DIDO. Those that dislike what Dido gives in charge,
Command my guard to slay for their offence.
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives;
And I, the goddess of all these, command
Æneas ride as Carthaginian king.

ACH. Æneas, for his parentage, deserves
As large a kingdom as is Libya.

ÆN. Ay, and, unless the Destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

DIDO. Speak of no other land; this land is thine;
Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord.—
Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way;
And from a turret I'll behold my love.

ÆN. Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race;
And thou and I, Achates, for revenge
For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,
Our kinsmen's lives‖ and thousand guiltless souls,
Will lead an host against the hateful Greeks,

§ *will*] i. e. desire.
‖ *lives*] Old ed. "loues."

And fire proud Lacedæmon o'er their heads.

[*Exeunt all except* DIDO *and* CARTHAGINIAN LORDS.

DIDO. Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?
Oh, blessèd tempests that did drive him in!
Oh, happy sand that made him run aground!
Henceforth you shall be our* Carthage gods.
Ay, but it may be, he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land call'd Italy:
Oh, that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwrack on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail!
I must prevent him; wishing will not serve.—
Go, bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house;
Æneas will not go without his son;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.

[*Exit* FIRST LORD.

What if I sink his ships? oh, he will frown!
Better he frown, than I should die for grief.
I cannot see him frown; it may not be:
Armies of foes resolv'd to win this town,
Or impious traitors vow'd to have my life,
Affright me not; only Æneas' frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart:

* *be our*] Qy. "*be* 'mong *our*"?

Not bloody spears, appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten‡ Dido's death;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days.
If he forsake me not, I never die;
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Re-enter First Lord, *with tackling, &c.*

First Lord. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

Dido. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
Pack'd§ with the winds to bear Æneas hence?
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;
Drive, if you can, my house to Italy:
I'll set the casement open, that the winds
May enter in, and once again conspire
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen:
But, though ye* go, he stays in Carthage still;
And let rich Carthage fleet‖ upon the seas,
So I may have Æneas in mine arms.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
And would be toiling in the watery billows,
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?

‡ *threaten*] Old. ed. "threatens."
§ *Pack'd*] i. e. insidiously conspired.
* *ye*] Old ed. "he."
‖ *fleet*] i. e. float.

Oh, cursèd tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize Æneas' love,
Thou wouldst have leapt from out the sailors' hands,
And told me that Æneas meant to go!
And yet I blame thee not; thou art but wood.
The water, which our poets term a nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?
The water is an element, no nymph.
Why should I blame Æneas for his flight?
Oh, Dido, blame not him, but break his oars!
These were the instruments that launch'd him forth.
There's not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart:
Was it not you that hoisèd up these sails?
Why burst† you not, and they fell in the seas?
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
And shear ye all asunder with her hands:
Now serve to chàstise shipboys for their faults;
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.
Now, let him hang my favours on his masts,
And see if those will serve instead of sails;
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold
Which I bestow'd upon his followers;
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
And swim to Italy. I'll keep these sure.—
Come, bear them in. [*Exeunt.*

† *burst*] i. e. broke.

Enter NURSE‡, *with* CUPID *as* ASCANIUS.

NURSE. My Lord Ascanius, you must go with me.

CUP. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.

NURSE. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.
I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, servises§, ripe figs, and dates,
Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges;
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers;
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
Where thou shalt see the red-gill'd fishes leap,
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls.
Now speak, Ascanius, will you go or no?

CUP. Come, come, I'll go. How far hence is your house?

NURSE. But hereby, child; we shall get thither straight.

CUP. Nurse, I am weary; will you carry me?

NURSE. Ay, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.

CUP. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

NURSE. That I might live to see this boy a man!
How prettily he laughs! Go‖, you wag!

‡ *Enter Nurse, &c.*] Scene, The country.

§ *servises*] See the quotation from Miller in Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Service*, example 19.

‖ *Go*] "Read", says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841), 'Go, *go*.'"

You'll be a twigger when you come to age.
Say Dido what she will, I am not old;
I'll be no more a widow; I am young;
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

CUP. A husband, and no teeth!

NURSE. Oh, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts?
Foolish is love, a toy. Oh, sacred love!
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,
Especially in women of your years.
Blush, blush for shame! why shouldst thou think of love?
A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age.
A grave! why, I may live a hundred years;
Fourscore is but a girl's age: love is sweet.
My veins are wither'd, and my sinews dry:
Why do I think of love, now I should die?

CUP. Come, nurse.

NURSE. Well, if he come a-wooing, he shall speed:
Oh, how unwise was I to say him nay! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Æneas*, *with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform† of the city;* Achates, Sergestus, Cloanthus, *and* Ilioneus.

Æn. Triumph, my mates! our travels are at end:
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more;
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clad‡ her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight;
From golden India Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,
And triple-wise entrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
Wherewith his burning beams, (like labouring bees
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey-spoils§,)
Shall here unburden their exhalèd sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her‖ fumes.

Ach. What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

* *Enter Æneas, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in Dido's palace.

† *platform*] i. e. ground-plan.

‡ *clad*] i. e. clothe.

§ *honey-spoils*] Old ed. "honeys *spoyles.*"

‖ *her*] If right, can only mean—Egypt's: but qy. "their"?

Æn. Not past four thousand paces at the most.
Ili. But what shall it be call'd? Troy, as before?
Æn. That have I not determin'd with myself.
Clo. Let it be term'd Ænea, by your name.
Serg. Rather Ascania, by your little son.
Æn. Nay, I will have it callèd Anchisæon,
Of my old father's name.

Enter Hermes *with* Ascanius.

Her. Æneas, stay; Jove's herald bids thee stay.
Æn. Whom do I see? Jove's wingèd messenger!
Welcome to Carthage' new-erected town.
Her. Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?
Too, too forgetful of thine own affairs,
Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?
The king of gods sent me from highest heaven,
To sound this angry message in thine ears:
Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?
Or with what thought sleep'st thou in Libya-shore?
If that all glory hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts,
Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,
And young Iulus' more than thousand years,
Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,
And bore young Cupid unto Cyprus' isle.
Æn. This was my mother that beguil'd the queen,
And made me take my brother for my son:

No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,
That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms.—
Welcome, sweet child! where hast thou been this long?

Asc. Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,
Who ever since hath lull'd me in her arms.

Æn. Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying him, keep him for a pledge.

[*Exit* Sergestus *with* Ascanius.

Her. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?
I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove. [*Exit.*

Æn. How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
Though she repair'd my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern* aboard.

Enter Iarbas.

Iar. How now, Æneas? sad! what mean† these dumps?

Æn. Iarbas, I am clean besides myself;
Jove hath heap'd on me such a desperate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,

* *stern*] i. e. rudder.

† *mean*] Old ed. "meanes."

Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

IAR. As how, I pray? may I entreat you tell?

ÆN. With speed he bids me sail to Italy,
Whenas‡ I want both rigging for my fleet,
And also furniture for these my men.

IAR. If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.

ÆN. Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid:
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whilst I rest thankful for this courtesy.

[*Exeunt all except* ÆNEAS.

Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.
Witness the gods, and witness heaven and earth,
How loath I am to leave these Libyan bounds,
But that eternal Jupiter commands!

Enter DIDO.

DIDO. I fear I saw Æneas' little son
Led by Achates* to the Trojan fleet.
If it be so, his father means to fly:
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit.— [*Aside.*
Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new-rigg'd? or to what end,
Launch'd from the haven, lie they in the road?

‡ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

* *Achates*] Qy. "Sergestus"? see the preceding page.

Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.

ÆN. Oh, pardon me, if I resolve† thee why!
Æneas will not feign with his dear love.
I must from hence: this day, swift Mercury,
When I was laying a platform for these walls,
Sent from his father Jove, appear'd to me,
And in his name rebuk'd me bitterly
For lingering here, neglecting Italy.

DIDO. But yet Æneas will not leave his love.

ÆN. I am commanded by immortal Jove
To leave this town and pass to Italy;
And therefore must of force.

DIDO. These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.

ÆN. Not from my heart, for I can hardly go;
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell.

DIDO. Farewell! is this the 'mends for Dido's love?
Do Trojans use to quit§ their lovers thus?
Fare well may Dido, so Æneas stay;
I die, if my Æneas say farewell.

ÆN. Then let me go, and never say farewell:
Let me go; farewell: I must from hence.

DIDO. These words are poison to poor Dido's soul:
Oh, speak like my Æneas, like my love!
Why look'st thou toward the sea? the time hath been
When Dido's beauty chain'd* thine eyes to her.
Am I less fair than when thou saw'st me first?

† *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

§ *quit*] i. e. requite.

* *chain'd*] Old ed. "chaungd."

Oh, then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee!
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy† queen,
And Dido's beauty will return again.
Æneas, say, how canst thou take thy leave?
Wilt thou kiss Dido? oh, thy lips have sworn
To stay with Dido! canst thou take her hand?
Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith;
Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,
"Then let me go, and never say farewell."

ÆN. Oh, queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly-black,
Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear!
Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.

DIDO. The gods! what gods be those that seek my death?
Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine arms?
Oh, no! the gods weigh not what lovers do:
It is Æneas calls Æneas hence;
And woful Dido, by these blubber'd cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rites,
Desires Æneas to remain with her;
Si bene quid‡ *de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam*
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis, et istam,
Oro, si quis adhuc§ *precibus locus, exue mentem.*

ÆN. *Desine meque*‖ *tuis incendere teque querelis;*
Italiam non sponte sequor.

† *thy*] Old ed. "my."
‡ *Si bene quid, &c.*] Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 317.
§ *adhuc*] Old ed. "ad hæc."
‖ *Desine meque, &c.*] *Ibid.* 360.

DIDO. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were up in arms, for making thee my love?
How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,
And all the world call'd ¶ me a second Helen,
For being entangled by a stranger's looks?
So thou wouldst prove as true as Paris did,
Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sack'd,
And I be call'd a second Helena!
Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,
That I might see Æneas in his face:
Now if thou goest, what canst thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe?

ÆN. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath:
If words might move me, I were overcome.

DIDO. And wilt thou not be mov'd with Dido's words?
Thy mother was no goddess, perjur'd man,
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.—
Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear this long*!—
Wast thou not wrack'd upon this Libyan shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?
Repair'd not I thy ships, made thee a king,

¶ *call'd*] Old ed. "calles."

* *this long*] Altered by one of the modern editors to "thus *long*": but compare, "Where hast thou been *this long*?" p. 428. (In writers of much earlier date than Marlowe "*this*" is often used for "thus.")

And all thy needy followers noblemen?
Oh, serpent, that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harbour'd in my bosom,
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?
Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:
I hope that that which love forbids me do,
The rocks and sea-gulfs will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor Dido doth bequeathe revenge:
Ay, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false Achates first set foot;
Which if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcases,
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee;
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,
I have not power to stay thee. [*Exit* Æneas.
Is he gone?
Ay, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too, too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still.
By this, is he got to the water-side;
And see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, remembering me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Æneas? ah, he's gone, he's gone!

Enter ANNA.

ANNA. What means my sister, thus to rave and cry?

DIDO. Oh, Anna, my Æneas is aboard,
And, leaving me, will sail to Italy!
Once didst thou go, and he came back again:
Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a queen,
And I will live a private life with him.

ANNA. Wicked Æneas!

DIDO. Call him not wicked, sister: speak him fair,
And look upon him with a mermaid's eye;
Tell him, I never vow'd at Aulis' gulf
The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him;
Request him gently, Anna, to return:
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently;
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run; stay not to answer me.

ANNA. I go, fair sister: Heavens grant good success! [*Exit.*

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Oh, Dido, your little son Ascanius
Is gone! he lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stoln from me:
I think, some fairies have beguilèd me.

DIDO. Oh, cursèd hag, and false dissembling
wretch,
That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale!
Thou for some petty gift hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy.—
Away with her to prison presently,

Enter Attendants.

Trait'ress too keend* and cursèd sorceress!

NURSE. I know not what you mean by treason, I;
I am as true as any one of yours.

DIDO. Away with her! suffer her not to speak.

[*Exit* NURSE *with Attendants.*

My sister comes: I like not her sad looks.

Re-enter ANNA.

ANNA. Before I came, Æneas was aboard,
And, spying me, hois'd up the sails amain;
But I cried out, "Æneas, false Æneas, stay†!"
Then 'gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,
Made me suppose he would have heard me speak;
Then 'gan they drive into the ocean:
Which when I view'd, I cried, "Æneas, stay!
Dido, fair Dido wills Æneas stay!"
Yet he, whose heart['s] of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit.

* *keend*] i. e., I suppose, *kenned*, known, manifest (the modern editors print "keen").

† *stay*] "Should be omitted", says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841).

Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief:
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They 'gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay a while to hear what I could say;
But he, clapp'd under hatches, sail'd away.

DIDO. Oh, Anna, Anna, I will follow him!

ANNA. How can you go, when he hath all your fleet?

DIDO. I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ships, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
Or else I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece.
Oh, Anna*, fetch Arion's** harp,
That I may 'tice a dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love!
Look, sister, look! lovely Æneas' ships!
See, see, the billows heave him up to heaven,
And now down fall† the keels into the deep!
Oh, sister, sister, take away the rocks!
They'll break his ships. Oh, Proteus, Neptune, Jove,
Save, save Æneas, Dido's liefest‡ love!
Now is he come on shore, safe without hurt:
But, see, Achates wills him put to sea,
And all the sailors merry make for joy;

* *Anna*] Qy. "*Anna*, Anna"? compare Dido's speech above.

** *Arion's*] Old ed. "Orions."

† *fall*] Old ed. "falles."

‡ *liefest*] i. e. dearest.

But he, remembering me, shrinks back again:
See, where he comes! welcome, welcome, my love!

ANNA. Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies!
Sweet sister, cease; remember who you are.

DIDO. Dido I am, unless I be deceiv'd:
And must I rave thus for a runagate?
Must I make ships for him to sail away?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
And he hath all my§ fleet. What shall I do,
But die in fury of this oversight?
Ay, I must be the murderer of myself;
No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.
Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:
Not far from hence
There is a woman famousèd for arts,
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
Who will'd me sacrifice his 'ticing reliques:
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire.

[*Exit* ANNA.

Enter IARBAS.

IAR. How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight
That hath dishonour'd her and Carthage both?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?

§ *my*] Old ed. "thy."

Enter Attendants with wood and torches.

DIDO. Iarbas‖, talk not of Æneas; let him go:
Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left;
For I intend a private sacrifice,
To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.

IAR. But, afterwards, will Dido grant me love?

DIDO. Ay, ay, Iarbas; after this is done,
None in the world shall have my love but thou.
[*They make a fire.*
So, leave me now; let none approach this place.
[*Exeunt* IARBAS *and Attendants.*
Now, Dido, with these reliques burn thyself,
And make Æneas famous through the world
For perjury and slaughter of a queen.
Here lie[s] the sword that in the darksome cave
He drew, and swore by, to be true to me:
Thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his.
Here lie[s] the garment which I cloth'd him in
When first he came on shore: perish thou too.
These letters, lines, and perjur'd papers, all
Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,
They may be still tormented with unrest;

‖ *Iarbas*] "I should omit '*Iarbas*', and read, 'Oh! talk not of Æneas; let him go'". J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841).

And from mine ashes let a conqueror rise,
That may revenge this treason to a queen
By ploughing up his countries with the sword!
Betwixt this land and that be never league;
Litora litoribus† *contraria, fluctibus undas*
Imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotes!
Live, false Æneas! truest Dido dies;
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras‡.

[*Throws herself into the flames.*

Re-enter Anna.

Anna. Oh, help, Iarbas! Dido in these flames
Hath burnt herself! aye, me, unhappy me!

Re-enter Iarbas, *running.*

Iar. Cursèd Iarbas, die to expiate
The grief that tires upon§ thine inward soul!—
Dido, I come to thee.—Aye me, Æneas!

[*Stabs himself, and dies.*

Anna. What can my tears or cries prevail‖ me now?

† *Litora litoribus, &c.*] Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 628. (The approved reading is, "*pugnent ipsique nepotes*que": see Heyne and Wagner *ad locum.*)

‡ *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras*] *Ibid.* 660.

§ *tires upon*] Equivalent here to—preys upon (a term in falconry).

‖ *prevail*] i. e. avail (in which sense the word was often used: so Wither,—

"Nor any seruice may *preuaile* me now."
Fidelia, Sig. v 6, ed. 1620),

Dido is dead!
Iarbas slain, Iarbas my dear love!
Oh, sweet Iarbas, Anna's sole delight!
What fatal Destiny envies me thus,
To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself?
But Anna now shall honour thee in death,
And mix her blood with thine; this shall I do,
That gods and men may pity this my death,
And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath:
Now, sweet Iarbas, stay! I come to thee.
[*Stabs herself, and dies.*

END OF VOL. II.

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